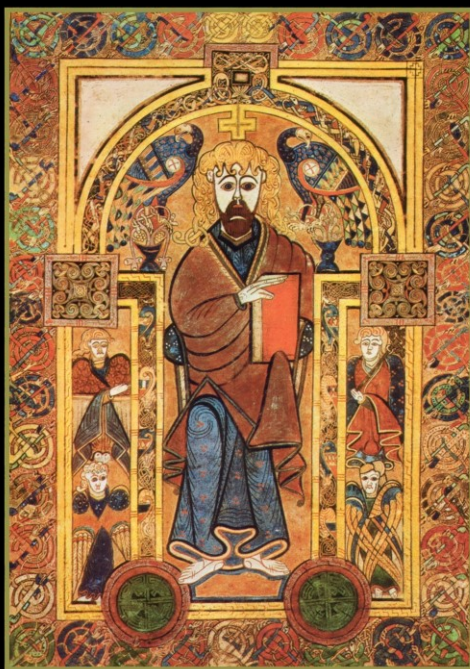


Solaris Hibernia

A Philosophising Beau-Ideal

*By
Richard*



*Mc
Sweeney*

Leabhar: An Scéal Fada

SOLARIS HIBERNIA

A Philosophising Beau-Ideal

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Richard Mc Sweeney ~ Risteárd Mac Suibhne

SOLARIS HIBERNIA

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Almost in its entirety is this a work of fiction.

Cover image

The Book of Kells (Codex Cenannensis/Leabhar Cheanannais)
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Also by this author

The I be The Me, As Children Of Ireland, Abiding In Bobbio, Visitant Eve,
Bradawn Yeats, A Green Desert Father, Bridging Al-Serenities,
Unto Lineage Royal, Innkeeper's Fire (*Vols. 1 & 2*), Hearing in the Write,
Generations Reaching, A Jesus of Nazareth, Myriam of Lebanon

Dedication

LEE SUNG JA (李勝子)
of
아름다운 삼천리 三千里금수강산 錦繡江山
Beautiful Korea.

If I were to compile my books to date into a single volume we
would have a total of fourteen, including this present work.
This would be about 1,211,000 words; all of which you
have made possible for me to write.
You are the one who has been encouraging me through
the highs, the lows and all of the in-betweens.

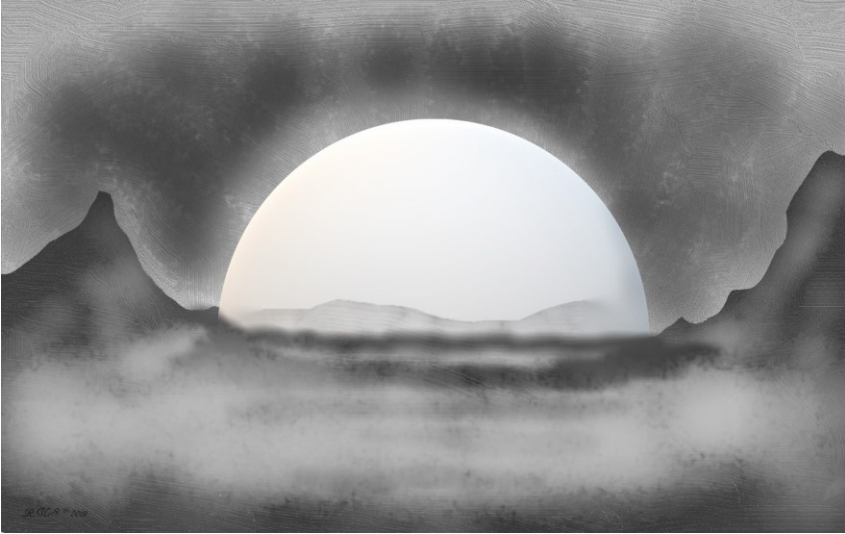
All I can say to you, my Inner Sun, is:
매우 매우 고마워요. Thank You Very Much.

Let us continue with passion!
In the very best of health – Oh, may it be so;
In the warmest of love – Oh, may it be so;
In the greatest of joy – Oh, may it be so
With this noble and worthy endeavour of
letting our treasured thoughts
be for our precious Lovelies:

RICH & VALERIA, IRIS & STEVE;
Our wondrous Grandchildren,
Our amazing Descendants,
For Posterity itself.

Lovely it is being in your life, SUNG JA;
RICHIE, your hero

May Bealtaine 2019 - Our Castle, An Caisleán s'againne; Tallow, Tulach an Iarainn;
County Waterford, Contae Phort Láirge; Island of Ireland, Oileán na hÉireann;
Planet Earth, an Domhan; Milky Way Galaxy, Bealach na Bó Finne



“The island has a known history; a lengthily known history for sure, but by far the greater is its extensively unknown history. Only the Sun knows.”

An tÁrd-Fealsamb

“I would recommend reading a passage a day
for a sagely takeaway.”

Aonghus Mac Fhirbhisigh

SOLARIS HIBERNIA

A Philosophising Beau-Ideal

Leabhar:
An Scéal Fada

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The Interpreter's Preface

At the time “Ego Patricius” – “Mise Pátraic” – “I Patrick” brought Christianity to Druidic Ireland; that being in the fifth century, there lived in the mountains and valleys and along by the seashore of Éire a renowned sociable recluse; a happy wanderer who greatly delighted in talking about what he had observed, heard or thought or even dreamt while strolling about throughout the length and breadth of the island. He was known by all and sundry as: An tÁrd-Fealsamh - The Pre-Eminent Philosopher. It is true to say, there was none like him in profoundness of thought in ancient Ireland or none like him even in his own day or has there ever been anyone since like him; not even Johannes Scotus Eriugena (c.815-c.877), John Toland (1670-1722) nor George Berkeley (1685-1753) can even remotely be said to come near him for the free, easy, lucid and limitless way in which he used his mind. On the world stage of all time, I can only think of possibly one philosopher who could be considered nearing his way of using the mind and that would have to be the admirable fourth-century Ante Christum Natum, Chinese philosopher, Chuang Tzu. Yet, though in saying that he very much feels to me, compared to An tÁrd-Fealsamh, to be somewhat self-limiting at times in how far he was willing to take his thoughts.

In the day of An tÁrd-Fealsamh there lived a propicient woman named, Scáthánnéis Ní Grianálainn and it was she who first took it upon herself to make sure he and his words and as much as possible his writings too would be known to posterity. Without her great dedication and effort we would have no primary proof that he had ever even existed since he seems to have been as it were airbrushed from the evangelization of Hibernia (Ireland) canvas.

Now, having said that, there is a record which came to my attention only very recently in a book titled: *Abiding in Bobbio - Monk Colombano Europaggio* which states that Saint Columbanus (543-615) is said to have known of some of his ideas; a number of which he secretly very much liked even to the extent of taking a copy of one of his works with him to the Continent. Other than this reference

to him we would most likely never have heard of him or his words or writings. It is for this reason that Scáthánnéis Ní Grianálainn's compilation is hugely significant and crucially important in helping us to appreciate that momentous time in our Irish history when Christianity started making inroads into our culture and psyche; even going as far as making itself the driving ethos and sole moral compass of our people with the passed fifteen hundred years or so.

We have always been led to believe by Christian and secular historians and scholars alike, included therein amongst them must I be counted, that our ancestors: the Irish of the fifth century wholeheartedly welcomed Christianity to such a degree that there was no one at all in the length and breath of the island who challenged it. Howsoever, as this work will clearly reveal that couldn't be further from the truth. The reality is there was at least one person; one lone discerning sage who fearlessly challenged this seemingly new form of mind, heart and body domination for he could clearly see that this so-called new way of thought had a lot more in common with Druidism than not and that Druidic priests and priestesses were for all intents and purposes merely adjusting their thoughts and changing their attire; quickly becoming seemingly ideal Christian leaders. The mind transfer from that of having a Druidic perspective on life to having that of a Christian was for them very easy. And the rulers and the ordinary everyday people with taking their lead from these ranking Druidic converts to Christianity had little or no problem accepting it. Mindlessly in droves it seems were they making it their own. One could clearly get the impression that he was as unaccepting of Druidism as he was of Christianity and probably even more so. And even if there were ten in kind thought waves to Christianity to come ashore, he would have most likely been equally unaccepting of them too. He just wasn't interested in narrow-mindedness whatever the disguise it happened to take form in.

I am a Catholic priest by way of vocation who loves his faith; who loves praying the entire Liturgy of the Hours each day and celebrating daily Mass and being the best possible human being I can with the gifts God has bestowed upon me. And by profession I

am a philologist with a particular interest in the decipherment, interpretation and translation of fifth-century Gaelge writings. This is a field I have been devoting myself to with the past forty years and loving every minute of it. Rome has been my home all this time, however, originally I am a native of Ireland; a man of Connacht.

Eight years ago, I was of an evening enjoying a meal in I Buoni Amici restaurant on Via Aleardo Aleardi with a very good longtime Venetian friend of mine: His Excellence Most Reverend Monsignor Andrea Palladio the then Archivist and Librarian of the Holy Roman Church. In other words, the Chief Archivist and Librarian of the Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana, commonly known as the Vatican Library.

In the course of our conversation, he shared with me something that had been bothering him of late concerning a particular manuscript in the Library; a wonderfully preserved philosophical manuscript dating from fifth century Ireland; a work having a beautifully calligraphed Latin title which may be translated as: *The Great Welcoming of Christianity to Ireland*.

And he continued: "The manuscript emits a lovely fragrance; an unknown fragrance at least to me. The first leaf is also written in Latin and describes in a few concise and terse sentences that it is the work of an Irish Druidic High Priest who had converted to Christianity. With turning this leaf, we are into the manuscript proper and it is in Gaelge. Unfortunately, I cannot understand a single word of it as Gaelge as you well know is not my specialization."

"Sounds inviting."

"Sì, molto interessante. And there is no record it seems of anyone ever having tried to decipher the manuscript and as such we have no idea what the work is actually about. Everyone down through the centuries it seems has assumed it is as the title indicates: a work on the great welcoming of Christianity to Ireland. I think that it is quite possible; even quite reasonable to think that with the

passage of time the Gaeilge in which it is written appeared to be more and more difficult to understand and as such no one tried to delve into it; treating it almost as if it was just another forgotten language. Perhaps scholars and librarians had been happy enough just with the title in itself and with knowing that at least it was written by a high ranking Irish Druidic convert to Christianity. That being said, I have my suspicions though that the actual content could be dealing with something very different from that suggested by the title and the Latin leaf.”

“Have you come across any empirical evidence in kind that might go towards supporting such suspicions?”

“Oh si, ma certo! Recently, I came across an interesting nugget of information in an obscure twelfth-century French codex which makes reference to a certain fifth-century prosopically Irish woman named Scáthánneis Ní Grianálainn who it said meticulously compiled a manuscript containing the words of a contemporary of hers; someone who she refers to as ‘An tÁrd-Fealsamh - The Pre-Eminent Philosopher’ and which she very much wanted to make available to posterity. The codex mentions that she being greatly concerned that it would never make it even beyond her own day, seeing that the power of Christianity was growing ever stronger throughout the island, she cleverly disguised the manuscript as being a Christian work. In this way, she hoped it would be carried as far as possible into the future. And that was as much as it said about her and the manuscript.”

“Truly, an amazing find.”

“Eh si, lo e’ sul serio. When I read it, I began to wonder about the above manuscript. Could it be possible, I wondered; even conceivable that by means of her act of brilliance, her Philosopher’s ideas which we can think were perhaps not very welcoming of Christianity, were able to safely journey all the way up to our own day through various Christian libraries. According to the Library’s own records, the manuscript on its journeying thus far, had been kept in different abbeys in Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England before somehow making its way into the Ets Haim ‘Tree of Life’ Jewish library in Amsterdam and later into the Court Library of the Vienna Hofburg Palace and the Biblioteca Nazionale Marciana in

Venice with eventually ending up in the Vatican Library in the early part of the nineteenth century where it has remained to this day; remained to this day as almost an absolute unknown. Might you be interested in having a go at deciphering it for the truth whatever it is needs to be made known. As the lines from a medieval Italian poem on truth has it: ‘La verita deve essere rivelata. Rivela la verita. – The truth needs to be revealed. Reveal the truth.’”

“In Gaeilge we might say: Ní mór an fhírinne a nochtadh. Nocht an fhírinne. – The truth must be disclosed. Disclose the truth.”

“Gaeilge sounds beautiful.”

“Likewise, Italian. Così’ bello!”

“Grazie di cuore.”

It has taken me the best part of these last eight years to decipher, interpret and translate this wondrous manuscript. A most enjoyable and truly enlightening experience has it been. The fruit of my labour is to be found in the following pages. Howsoever, before proceeding any further, I need to include another and closely related story of discovery.

Of a June midmorning; just about a month before I planned to publish the work: publish it both as a digital text version and a print edition, I happened to be enjoying some delicious cioccolata da bere at Fior di Luna on Via della Lungaretta here in Rome on my own when my attention was drawn to a woman sitting over from me. She was slowly enjoying a Fior di Luna gelato special in one hand and reading a hardcover book in the other. With shifting my gaze from her comely countenance to the cover of the book, I realized I had never heard of it before even though the subject matter would be very close to my heart. And not wishing to interrupt her double pleasures, I searched for the title on my knowledge pad. The work was entitled: *Abiding in Bobbio - Monk Colombano Europaggio*. It was published back in 2015 by an Irishman named, Richard Mc Sweeney also known as Richard of Éire. I straightaway ordered it and delivered it was to my apartment that very same evening.

I was enchanted by it; spending the entire night reading it since there were things in it which I had never heard of before. But what really grabbed my particular attention was a section which claimed the great Irish missionary, Saint Columbanus (543-615) had secretly brought a manuscript with him from Ireland to the Continent containing an astounding collection of prophetic aphorisms of a certain Irish philosopher whom he called: An Fealsamh. It even carried the complete manuscript in translation; it being in truth more of an interpretation. I knew there and then that I would if at all possible need to include it in my own work. I wrote to the author for his permission to include it and also I requested of him if he wouldn't mind sharing some reflections of his own on life to be included as I could get a very deep sense from his work, *Abiding in Bobbio* that he is very much a kindred spirit of the Philosopher of old. He got back to me within a few hours and very kindly gave me permission to include the work. He also generously included some anecdotes of his own on life for me to include if I found them to be useful. Every one of them I found to be useful.

Scáthánnéis Ní Grianálainn's meticulously compiled manuscript containing the words of An tÁrd-Fealsamh is a sui generis work that brilliantly brings to the fore, the almost unheard of notion that not alone is it possible but proof positive that similar if not the same insights on life and reality can appear quite independent of where we traditionally have thought them solely to have had their historical beginnings; insights that we thought alone originated out of say the Greek and Roman worlds or the Fertile Crescent or even out of China. As this work well bears testament, these also originated separately of their own accord on the island of Ireland and in particular in that of the person An tÁrd-Fealsamh. For those quite familiar with Greek insights into life, he is for all the world a Greek; for those with Roman, a Roman; for those with Jewish, a Jew; for those with Christian, a Christian; for those with Islamic, a Muslim; for those with Taoist, a Taoist or for those with Confucian, a Confucian. But in all truth, he isn't any of them; he is himself: an island of Ireland philosopher of the natural kind who keenly observes reality and has original insights into it. That they

happen to be in near exact similitude to those of others in far off lands is not just coincidental it is significant phenomenon at its best. And I would even go as far as saying, he is a philosophy-less philosopher; one who diligently avoids the allurements and entrapments associated with adamantly claiming to have one. Accordingly; whenever and wherever is he able to enjoy spontaneously and carefreely wandering his thoughts.

The compilation, except for Part VII, predates Saint Patrick's *Epistola ad milites Corotici* and *Confessio* thus making the writings of An tÁrd-Fealsamh and his Compiler the oldest Gaeilge texts written in Ireland to have survived to this day. Not alone that but they amount to the oldest living intellectual and spiritual portrait we have of an Irish person; the most diverse thoughts, insights and ideas of any an Irish philosopher who has ever lived. These in themselves are amazing things and it is intriguing to think that other works of his might also have survived and are either hidden away in some unknown manuscripts or are of themselves in some private, university or national libraries such as The Library of Trinity College Dublin (Leabharlann Choláiste na Tríonóide), The National Library of Scotland (Leabharlann Nàiseanta na h-Alba), The National Library of Wales (Llyfrgell Genedlaethol Cymru) or The British Library or in archives around the world; even in the Vatican Library itself; works of his which are yet waiting to be discovered for according to the Compiler he was a prolific writer. And although it is surely quite a long shot, they could still be stored in some hidden or even concealed cave in Ireland since the Compiler mentions it was in a cave he was storing his books. It would have to be a very dry cave though with the ideal ventilation conditions which would allow for the preservation of such works. I myself think it is possible for the compilation in the Vatican Library is in an excellent state of preservation. And while it looks like any other ancient manuscript from that time period there seems to be something atypical about it; in that maybe some kind of special preservative might have been used. A study of the material properties of the manuscript would need to be conducted to determine if this is in fact the case. This would call for the expertise of the codicologist. And just as the Librarian had mentioned, I too

found it to be emitting a wondrous fragrance; an unknown fragrance.

One further word. As the work will reveal; the discovery of this amazing fifth-century compilation potentially sheds a whole new light on Ireland's most precious cultural treasure, namely the wondrous ninth-century work: *The Book of Kells* (*Leabhar Cheanannais*), more specifically on its marvelous illuminations in that their apparently obvious depictions seem to be hiding some things in plain sight; some things having a direct reference to An tÁrd-Fealsamh and his way of looking at reality. A proper appreciation of these would in the first instance, require the expertise of the art historian, in particular those who specialize in fifth to ninth-century illuminated manuscripts of the Celtic Isles.

I have followed the original structure of the manuscript and as such is it divided up into five parts. An *Appendix* contains Saint Columbanus' interpretation of one of the Philosopher's works. An *Addendum* presents the anecdotes of Richard of Éire.

A thing to keep in mind when reflectively reading the work; intellectually reading it is that many words and even phrases come with seemingly multilayered meanings all of which are couched in a variety of syntaxes unique to itself. I would recommend reading a passage a day for a sagely takeaway.

As a philologist have I deciphered, interpreted and translated the manuscript. And although I have encountered things in it that are contrary to my faith, I have not let that interfere with authenticity; in other words, with I being fully faithful to the text.

By the Grace of God
Monsignor Aonghus Mac Fhirbhisigh, PhD
Saturday, 17th July 2027
Roma

The Compiler's Preface

[**The Interpreter's note:** The original manuscript language is beautifully written in fifth-century Gaeilge; a Gaeilge which if it doesn't sound a bit before its time has an ever so slight 'Munster Gaeilge' feel to it in contrast to say to that of having a Connacht or an Ulster.]

Sometimes, you just know you have been called by Destiny to do something special. That knowing can be with you from childhood; with you for a long time without you being able to discern what that really might be. It was not until I first heard his words that I knew straightaway in my heart; in my mind what it was that I needed to do. Destiny has invited me to devote my life to the making known to future generations a living wonder of my age. Here is a philosopher: a bona fide island of Éire philosopher of the natural kind who needs to be known in futurity. And while there may be other and various avenues by which posterity will learn of him, I here take that responsibility upon myself to worthily contribute to that great endeavour.

Compiler:
Scáthánnéis Ní Grianálainn
Summer Solstice,
Southern Hills,
Éire (Ireland)

[**The Interpreter's note:** It seems that for wise reasons of her own, Scáthánnéis didn't include a date. However, a careful reading of the compilation itself reveals that clearly the work comes from the fifth century.]

Riddle strings

Bright stars to golden sun to creamy moon;

Blue dome to me to green grass.

Spring to summer, autumn to winter;

South by north by west by east into the center.

Find with eyes to see the true title
of this compilation to be.

Sown throughout four bracket sets within.

Scáthánnéis

PART

I

Sayings in Stillnesses & Breezes

[The Interpreter's note: The original manuscript language is beautifully written in fifth-century Gaeilge; a Gaeilge which if it doesn't sound a bit before its time has an ever so slight 'Munster Gaeilge' feel to it in contrast to say to that of having a Connacht or an Ulster.]

[The Compiler's note: Everyone is born with at least five to nine gifts. From the time in the womb have these gifts been given by Nature. I have a gift of being able to hear in silences and in breezes fully intact segments of language. All words once spoken by anyone are in the air; they remain intact there all about us, though the vast majority of people cannot hear them. And it is the commonly held belief that once the sound of the last syllable goes, then what has been spoken is gone forever. Howsoever, this is not the case for merely they have gone into a mode of existence where they can no longer be heard by them. They have really gone nowhere save into the air. I am one who has by Nature been given to hear them long after they have been spoken. For as long as I can remember, I have had this unique gift: to be able to hear them if they are blown my way or if I happen to be in a place where they are sojourning, say beneath a tree or in a grove or along by the banks of a stream or in cliffs by the sea.

Now, some summers ago, I began to hear throughout the island; in silences and in breezes, a particular set of profound, fully intact segments of language spoken by someone with a distinguishingly charming voice. I became captivated by them and the voice; this marvelous male voice. I had no idea when they were originally spoken other than I felt from them that some could well have been spoken several years before while others again could even have been spoken a lot more recently as recently as say a few days before. And I began to feel this strong sense of longing to go search for who might have spoken these words; who it was who was creating this wonderful verbal treasure. I wanted very much to meet this person; this person whom I designated 'The Heart Riser' and to put before him for his consideration an idea touching on posterity.

But before getting to that, let me first transmit to you a small sampling of his numerous words which I have heard in silences and in breezes. I will then follow with telling you how it was that I eventually came to meet him and what words he shared with me.

His words here from out of the silences and the breezes are not presented in any particular chronological order for the simple reason I don't know when they were originally spoken by him. As such, I present them in the sequence in which I heard them. And I heard them in different parts of the island and at different times of the day and night and even in all seasons.

From the sound of them, it would seem or at least I feel, many of them were spoken to either one, two or more people or perhaps even to a group of listeners, but I can't say for sure. Sometimes, I feel he must have been saying them aloud to himself as he strolling along or sitting someplace, but then again, I can't say that for sure either. The only thing I can say for absolute certainty is that they were spoken by him alone for no one else has a voice so beautiful in its calmness, rhythm, warmth, brightness, pace and pause. And thus, here with joyfulness of heart, do I with them begin this great adventure of trying to get to know something of his thoughts.]

Listesays

§Listesay.1§ “Seeing that this lovely island is covered with so many trees; by so many forests and rivers and lakes, perhaps it should be called the isle of Forests, Lakes and Rivers.”

§Listesay.2§ “I love the fresh feeling in the air after a shower of rain and to be viewing the starry heavens after a storm.”

§Listesay.3§ “Sometimes of a winterish afternoon, the Sun appears to be the moon.”

§Listesay.4§ “Be to one another kindness in love and faith fullness in friendship. But when it comes to Nature go beyond love; go beyond friendship for Nature is not to be looked upon as if It is some kind of lover; your friend. Nature is greater than love and mightier than friendship.”

§Listesay.5§ “Be your words unto Nature like song lyrics; poetic in style have them be.”

§Listesay.6§ “Have your sincerity be uncompromisingly sincere; flourish it day nightly in the valleys, groves, hillsides and along the seashore and about the board and hearth.”

§Listesay.7§ “Never think the thoughts of anyone empty or futile.”

§Listesay.8§ “Remain faithful to the sacred heritage of thinking for oneself.”

§Listesay.9§ “If your words are slipping upon your tongue as they come forth you need to stop and rethink your thoughts before you again take to speak.”

§Listesay.10§ “Nature’s passions are my passions; my passions, whether they be powerful or ever so gentle and subtle are as Nature’s and being thus as Nature’s are most honourable.”

§Listesay.11§ “When your heart is joyful you will find yourself singing unbeknownst to yourself. Even the rocks and forests will accompany you.”

§Listesay.12§ “It is never a case of entering into the presence of Nature, for there is no place you aren’t already fully in the

presence of Nature.”

§Listesay.13§ “Let the Druids have their gods; the Christians their One God Above All gods, but you remain with Nature.”

§Listesay.14§ “Have your thoughts be reaching way up into endless height; way down into bottomless depths.”

§Listesay.15§ “Worship and bow down before no one; let not yourself kneel before the thoughts, words and deeds of the Druids and the Christians.”

§Listesay.16§ “Delight in speaking of the wonders of Nature; of Its marvelously mysterious ways, ever ready with such words be on your tongue.”

§Listesay.17§ “Let there be honour and majesty in your words; strength and beauty in your demeanour.”

§Listesay.18§ “The land, waters, sea and the skies of day and the heavens of night are of a joyfulness and peacefulness most admirable.”

§Listesay.19§ “Let old stubborn, narrow ways melt away like wax.”

§Listesay.20§ “Have nothing to do with graven in narrowness ideas: serve them not nor cause your other senses to prostrate before them.”

§Listesay.21§ “Once when I was on a certain bank of the Great River of the East and at another time on a certain bank of the Great River of the South that an anticipated wind: a wind which only happens in every nineteenth season, directly descended from a cloudless blue sky and flowed the waters to either side into a shape like unto that of a butterfly resting its wings in the sunshine.”

§Listesay.22§ “Protect and preserve the lives of your profoundest ideas.”

§Listesay.23§ “Your shadow like you walks in the light; you like your shadow are mysterious in sight.”

§Listesay.24§ “If you don’t have the urge several times a day to smile or to laugh with full joyfulness of heart or to sing forth words of great beauty, simplicity and intensity at being in the

presence of Nature, then you have not yet let go of useless old ways of thinking.”

§Listesay.25§ “When of any a day, the Sun is fully hidden and the clouds, thick blanketed right down onto the horizon all the way round, don’t let yourself sink into despair, but to the clouds chat away nice and fair; asking them to extend your greetings to the Sun and the blue sky and they will.”

§Listesay.26§ “Know the integrity of Nature; in the integrity of Nature dwell.”

§Listesay.27§ “Nature is simultaneously everywhere moving and everywhere still; everywhere still and everywhere moving. There is no place where Nature isn’t being Itself; isn’t perpetually being at the same time of movement and stillness.”

§Listesay.28§ “There was no time when Nature wasn’t; no time when Nature isn’t and no time will there be when Nature won’t be. Yet clearly this do know; take it fully to heart: We may speak of Nature and time but Nature has nothing to do with time for Nature is not of time. There was never a before Nature or a beginning of Nature nor was there a past of Nature or is there a now of Nature nor will ever there be a future of Nature followed by an after of Nature. Time has no meaning when applied to Nature. Nature is and that is what It is.”

§Listesay.29§ “Have your thoughts, intentions and words be dignified, beautiful and majestic.”

§Listesay.30§ “Know the skies of day and the heavens of night not to be high above but rather off across: off over there all about.”

§Listesay.31§ “Imprint your footprints in the sand of the seashore and the tide will come and reform them and walk them out to sea. See them there strolling along the crests of the waves.”

§Listesay.32§ “Of Itself, by Itself and through Itself is Nature day nightly having the skies and the heavens be: causing the Sun, moon and stars to shine; the winds to blow hither and thither and the clouds whenever to curtain down rains and snow. It causes the land to rise and fall, creating valleys and hills; It flows all the waters

to the sea. All varied life including we are by Nature given to be and sustained accordingly.”

§Listesay.33§ “Never tire telling of the marvelous ways of Nature.”

§Listesay.34§ “From time to time you will discover in areas of the mind, temporary resident ideas; strangers will they appear to be at first, but with staying such strangeness will become less and less apparent until it is no longer an issue. Our minds being vast without limit can accommodate endless ideas of all shades; of all sorts and of all kinds.”

§Listesay.35§ “Think you yourself no wrong; speak you yourself no wrong and do you yourself no wrong. Be as so and no one who will have any reason to do you or themselves any wrong.”

§Listesay.36§ “Pleasurably teach wisdom by silence, word, action and inaction.”

§Listesay.37§ “Nature is the wondrous sign-maker; here there and everywhere in abundance are they to be found. Teach yourselves to be excellent readers of them and adroit interpreters.”

§Listesay.38§ “You can, if you but try: very well put into words and tell of the wondrous ways of Nature.”

§Listesay.39§ “Always be in right standing with yourself; in right standing with others: in right standing with Nature. Be progenitors of such a noble heritage.”

§Listesay.40§ “Let your truth and faithfulness in Nature reach far across the land; far out over the sea and far into the skies of day and the heavens of night.”

§Listesay.41§ “Drink of Nature as you would from a shimmering mountain stream on a warm summer’s day. Your thoughts in Nature fly and glide away as a swan o’er a freshly snowed landscape in first winter days.”

§Listesay.42§ “Prosperity is in having enriching ideas.”

§Listesay.43§ “Everywhere doing good is the way of Nature. Should anyone say to you to the contrary; should anyone say to you: ‘Everywhere doing bad is the way of Nature,’ then have nothing

more whatsoever to do with that person, for there is nowhere where Nature isn't doing good."

§Listesay.44§ "From sunrise to sunset; from stars appear to disappear, Nature is; there being no time or place when and where Nature isn't: isn't being Nature."

§Listesay.45§ "Nature is height to high, depth to low, within to in and without to out."

§Listesay.46§ "When amazing ideas first come forth; breathtaking thoughts first reveal themselves, it almost feels as if a new language is momentarily being spoken, for such in strangeness and unfamiliarity are they."

§Listesay.47§ "Be not fashioners of perishable ideas, rather of lasting ones that can reach to the generations."

§Listesay.48§ "Your mind; your mouth; your tongue and your lips are there to let forth words needing to be let forth and to block and send back those that aren't; aren't at least for the time being."

§Listesay.49§ "The lands, waters, skies and the heavens are Nature's. As these are so are we."

§Listesay.50§ "Incline your ear to the air; to the wind; to the rock; to the tree; to the ground and to the waters to enjoy listening to what it is you are beholding in your eyes. Drop down; lay down to be listening to the journeying of ants along the margins of a path or by a flower patch to the nectar sucking of the honeybee."

§Listesay.51§ "Set your mind in the biggest place ever: set your mind in Nature."

§Listesay.52§ "Most fortunate indeed are they who live in accordance with Nature; who have their mind: their thoughts and intentions; their words and silences; their actions and inactions in harmony with Nature."

§Listesay.53§ "Keep Nature's ways; with joyfulness of heart observe them diligently."

§Listesay.54§ "Let Nature's ways be your ways."

§Listesay.55§ "There is no need to be yearning for Nature for we are of Nature."

§Listesay.56§ “Wander from Nature and you might find yourself being a Druid, a Christian or even a hodgepodge combination of any one of ten thousand other distractions that might appear on the island.”

§Listesay.57§ “We are in Nature; Nature is in our bodies and in our hearts and in our senses. There is no place where Nature isn’t.”

§Listesay.58§ “Bountifully delight yourself in living in accordance with Nature.”

§Listesay.59§ “Open your senses that you may experience the wondrous ways of Nature about you and within and of you.”

§Listesay.60§ “The ways of Nature are my truth, my faithfulness and my delight; my exemplars.”

§Listesay.61§ “Walk at liberty and at ease; in comfort of thought be.”

§Listesay.62§ “The ways: the beliefs of the Druids and the Christians have their limits. They fade, threadbare and fall to tatters no matter how exceptional they originally claimed them to be.”

§Listesay.63§ “Did stones every have organic origins? What of ice? How about mist? How about the air? How about the ground beneath my feet? How about even the sea?”

§Listesay.64§ “Nature is my hiding place; my hiding place is out in the open.”

§Listesay.65§ “I gaze my eyes out over the land; raise them to the hills, clouds and Sun; to the moon and stars and in everywhere do I know and feel the presence of Nature to be. From them to me, I am also of Nature you see; see so see as are all we.”

§Listesay.66§ “All that I’ve had; all that I have and all that I will have comes to me from Nature: Nature the self-fashioner of Itself; there being nowhere where It isn’t fashioning Itself Itself.”

§Listesay.67§ “Nature never takes time out; never takes a break; never takes a rest or ever pauses, for It is in no need of doing so.”

§Listesay.68§ “You are your own keeper; keep yourself well.”

§Listesay.69§ “There is no special place you need go to find Nature for there is no place where Nature doesn’t exist.”

§Listesay.70§ “Be not selective when it comes to being guided by Nature: being taught by Nature: choosing only those aspects of It which you will then go on to force to support your narrow arguments: arguments justifying your unnatural behaviours.”

§Listesay.71§ “Everywhere enjoy exercising your mind in things almost too wonderful for you to imagine.”

§Listesay.72§ “How marvelous; how wondrous, beautiful, pleasant and contented it is to be living in harmony with Nature.”

§Listesay.73§ “Nature; Nature It is that is truly great. No rush candle can the gods of the Druids or the One God Above all gods of the Christians hold to Nature, for unlike their gods and God, Nature is not an imagining of the mind.”

§Listesay.74§ “Being of Nature there is nothing Nature doesn’t know about us. Nature fully knows Itself. Well acquainted is It with our thoughts ever before we think them; our actions and inactions ever before we do or don’t do them. It knows when we are going to awake from our sleeping and when into sleep we are going to fall.”

§Listesay.75§ “Before you fall asleep be it by night or of a mid-afternoon, Nature is with you and you are with, in and of Nature. And when you awake, you will still find yourself to be with Nature. Nature is with you; never will it be absent from you for you are of Nature and Nature is of you. Nature is never absent from Itself.”

§Listesay.76§ “Nature will never ever let you down; will never ever fall short; never ever disappoint, discontent, dismay, disillusion, dishearten, dissatisfy, vex, chagrin or mortify.”

§Listesay.77§ “Having no time, we will come to know that we are all in the same place. Our ancestors are over there the way; we over here from them and to our descendants we here over there from them will be.”

§Listesay.78§ “There is no place far away.”

§Listesay.79§ “Yesterday’s thoughts were inspired on the

ground of yesterday; today's will be inspired on the ground of today and tomorrow's on the ground of tomorrow. The thoughts of the ground is sufficient unto that ground: sufficient unto ground day or ground night."

§Listesay.80§ "Love to love for love loves to love."

§Listesay.81§ "What is it to live with Nature: to be of It's harmony? It is everywhere to be grateful, faithful, honourable, loveable and enjoyable."

§Listesay.82§ "Remember, wherever: to bravely speak out on issues when you know quite well you ought to; refuse to let yourself silence you."

PART II

The Dawn Reverie (*Manuscript*)

[The Interpreter's note: The original manuscript language is beautifully written in fifth-century Gaeilge; a Gaeilge which if it doesn't sound a bit before its time has an ever so slight 'Munster Gaeilge' feel to it in contrast to say to that of having a Connacht or an Ulster.]

[The Compiler's note: Of a lovely spring morning, in my twenty-eighth year of life, I was strolling along by a grove of trees when I began to hear 'the voice' and a story being told. As per usual, I thought it was just floating along in the breeze. But I then happened to look towards the grove and there within was a man sitting and talking to some people. I immediately recognized the beautiful voice. I was now directly hearing him for the very first time. I was so overjoyed that tears were cascading down my face. After some time, I had the courage to enter the grove with the intention of introducing myself when he graciously indicated for me to come sit. I went and sat and listened to him speak. And all I can say is, his words; his way of presenting them and his demeanour were wondrous. And I could see from the faces of the people about that they were so contented to be listening to him. And I asked a woman sitting next to me, saying: "Who is he?" "The Philosopher." "How old is he for I cannot make it out as his complexion is as that of a clear soft golden sky at dawn?" "He is in his sixty-third spring." I couldn't believe it since he looked to be not much older than myself.

With afternoon having come and everyone having slowly dispersed, I was left on my own in his presence. And not wanting to be impolite to break the silence, I waited until he first spoke to me. And he spoke, thus saying, "I have been expecting you, Scáthánnéis and know why you have come to see me. Please; come, let us stroll." I was greatly surprised to hear that he knew I would be coming to meet him and even more astounded that he should have known my name.

And as we went along we talked about posterity; about the future generations and their possible need for some good words to help them make their way in life. He graciously offered to lend me some manuscripts of his to copy. I was greatly honoured that he would place such a trust in me. But more than of me, I think he was thinking of the future generations; wanting them to have something that might help keep them in touch with Nature or bring them back to Nature or even have them discover Nature for the very first time.

After the privilege of meeting him a number of times which included I confirming with him that it was he who had of heres and theres spoken some eighty-two sayings I had found in silences and in breezes, he brought me to a cave and entrusted me, with three representative works:

three exquisitely illuminated completed manuscripts from among his personal works, all of which he had written and decorated himself. He told me to take them away with me and to copy only the written content; to let the illuminations be for there would in time be another compiler appearing: a compiler of illuminations who would by various routes be journeying them too on into the future. When completed, I was to return the originals to him. It took me the best part of a year to painstakingly copy them and to finely review my copying for I did not want to miss a single item. Quite often, during this process, I found myself pausing and reflecting on what it was I was copying for so profound was the content. Fascinated was I by the illuminations; felt I them to be alive. And being fully satisfied that I had made as near as identical copies as I could, I safely returned the originals to him.

This is the first of these three manuscripts. The title on the original reads: {*The Dawn Reverie*} and it is just one work from out of a number of works; in fact, it is *Manuscript 11* from a set of twenty-five. At the time of I receiving this work he was already some ways through writing the twenty-sixth.

He opens the manuscript with the following words:

“This work in likeness unto a poem came to me in a series of dreams. The words spoken therein come from a seer: a self of myself who lived on the island three thousand seven hundred years ago. There are some things in it which I don’t fully understand. Perhaps a self of myself way over in what is called ‘the future’ will be able to understand them much better.”]

Dawnries

[*In continuance from Manuscript 10*]

§**Dawnrie.1§** In a dawn reverie of this new day, awakened I to what an immortal self of mine did say: did lovingly relay, way back in days of long long long gone by: Oh, mortal self of mine when with living in your own realm and time: Felicitous will you be, if you endeavour to walk not in the company of the inhumanly, nor stand in the path where deceivers journey to and fro, nor sit down in places where the terrestrial-alone-minded gather so.

§**Dawnrie.2§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine when with living in your own realm and time: Your delight and desire will be, in the way of your own self and on this way, will you carefreely meditate, by night and by day.

§**Dawnrie.3§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine when with living in your own realm and time: You will be like a magnificent tree growing by a river, that brings forth its buds; its leaves; its blossoms and its fruit in fullness of season; everything you will do, shall come to maturity.

§**Dawnrie.4§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine when with living in your own realm and time: You will know yourself to have been begotten of me; all my wisdom and knowledge, your inheritance to be. And the Cosmos will you call, your greater home.

§**Dawnrie.5§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Happy ever will you be, if you seek refuge in and put your trust in: yourself.

§**Dawnrie.6§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will talk to yourself and you will hear and answer yourself, out of your heart.

§**Dawnrie.7§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will free yourself, when you'll find yourself, hemmed in;

enlarge your mind you will, whenever you'll find yourself, in distress.

§Dawnrie.8§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will set apart yourself, for yourself to be of loving-kindness; you will listen to yourself and heed yourself, when you call to yourself.

§Dawnrie.9§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will lift up the light of your countenance upon the world and the voice of your breath to the worlds beyond, will ever be reaching.

§Dawnrie.10§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will in peace both lie down and sleep, for you alone will make yourself dwell in safety and confident trust.

§Dawnrie.11§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will enter your own house, through the abundance of your own steadfast love and compassion.

§Dawnrie.12§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: There will be nothing but trustworthiness, steadfastness and truthfulness in your speaking; ever constructive will be your heart and your mouth, an open flower.

§Dawnrie.13§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will to your great delight, come to realize, there to be worlds akin to those without you, within you; myriads of lands, rivers, seas and skies with moons, planets, suns and galaxies innumerable.

§Dawnrie.14§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will ask yourself, what is it, that you are mindful of yourself; what is it, that for yourself you care.

§Dawnrie.15§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,

mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will poetify and philosify yourself with your whole heart; you will show forth in written and spoken word, your marvelous insights and wonderful imaginings. And in words, of your own bringing about, will you be setting them out.

§Dawnrie.16§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will be a refuge and a high tower for yourself: a refuge and a stronghold in times of trouble.

§Dawnrie.17§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Those who will know your name, will confidently put their trust in same: those acquainted with your way of thinking and have experienced your commitment to spreading, a good word out in the world; even to the worlds beyond, will feel, a compelling necessity rise within them, to do something in kind.

§Dawnrie.18§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will rise on the beautiful carpet you have woven; untrammelled in the blue sky of day and the starry heavens of night, will you travel, way out of sight.

§Dawnrie.19§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: The light of your patient expectation, of gaining new insights, into existence, will ever keep itself, burning bright.

§Dawnrie.20§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will not stand afar off, from yourself; nor will you hide, from yourself, either in times of trouble, or in times of ease.

§Dawnrie.21§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Will you need betimes, your thoughts to flee like a flock of birds, into the wooded hills; them to hide like a shoal of fish, in the depths of waters.

§Dawnrie.22§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:

You will within your sacred places be; your thrones upon the seas will be; upon the hills and in the valleys; in the high blue of day and the star bright of night: all within thee, will they be, you will see.

§Dawnrie.23§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will to your neighbour: speak words most useful, most worthy and most truthful; with confident lips and a single heart, will you speak.

§Dawnrie.24§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will never have any reason, to hide your face, from yourself; ever in your own presence, will you be keeping, yourself.

§Dawnrie.25§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will sing to yourself, because, you will have dealt with yourself, bountifully.

§Dawnrie.26§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will never in your heart say: there is One God Above All Gods; never in your heart will you say: there isn't One God Above All Gods; in your heart will you never say: I don't know, whether there is or there isn't One God Above All Gods; all you will say in your heart is: for sure, there is me and others.

§Dawnrie.27§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will look down from on high, upon yourself, to view a vastness of you, beyond the boundaries, of your physical form.

§Dawnrie.28§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will not let your thoughts, become captives of Time; neither will you let them to dwell, in its state-of-the-art confinements: in The Temporary; in The Permanent.

§Dawnrie.29§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will walk and live uprightly and blamelessly; you will work

rightness and justice and in your heart, will you speak and think the truth.

§Dawnrie.30§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will not slander, with your tongue, nor, do any evil, to whosoever, or to whatsoever, nor, take you up a reproach, against your neighbours.

§Dawnrie.31§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will keep and protect yourself, for in yourself, will you find refuge and put your trust; yourself in yourself, will you hide.

§Dawnrie.32§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Will you come to see, your lines: your ancestry, to have fallen for you, in pleasant places; yes, you have a good heritage.

§Dawnrie.33§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will bless yourself: yourself who has given you council; yes, your heart will instruct you, in the seasons of night and day, come what may.

§Dawnrie.34§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will set yourself, continually before you and behind you. Because, you are yourself beside, you shall not be moved.

§Dawnrie.35§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will not abandon yourself to shadows, neither will you suffer yourself, to be of corruption found.

§Dawnrie.36§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You yourself, will show yourself, the path of life; upon that path, will you be with fullness of joy, though seemingly insurmountable obstacles encounter you will, along the way.

§Dawnrie.37§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:

You will have proved your heart; you will have visited yourself in the day and in the night; you will have tried yourself and find nothing.

§Dawnrie.38§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Your steps will hold closely to your paths; your feet, will not slip.

§Dawnrie.39§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will keep and guard yourself as the pupils of your eyes; when in flight, you will hide yourself, within the shadows of your wings.

§Dawnrie.40§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will in the brightness of day, make the starry darkness of night, your secret hiding place; in the darkness of night, the sunny brightness of day.

§Dawnrie.41§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Will you yourself reach from on high, to draw yourself up out of turbulent waters.

§Dawnrie.42§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will bring your thoughts forth, into the large place of thinking.

§Dawnrie.43§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will cause your lamp to be lighted and to shine; you will illumine the darknesses, you meet along the way.

§Dawnrie.44§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will know yourself alone, to be yourself; none other besides to be.

§Dawnrie.45{Tá is}§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Ever will you be teaching your hand, to pen words of edification, joy and peace, so that your thoughts and insights, can reach to the worlds.

§**Dawnrie.46§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will give plenty of room, for your thoughts under you, about you and above you; that your mind no impediments of space will know.

§**Dawnrie.47§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will deliver yourself, from the striving ideas of the popular; an immovable gatekeeper of your mind, you will be.

§**Dawnrie.48§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Your inner heavens and earth, will declare the glory of yourself; your sun, moon, planets, stars and galaxies will everywhere, show and proclaim, your integrity.

§**Dawnrie.49§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will day after day, pour forth silence and speech; night after night, wisdom and knowledge.

§**Dawnrie.50§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will be given to hear, the voices of the heavens; those of the planets, stars and galaxies, as well as those of the prolific inhabitants, of the vast spaces of these in between and all about.

§**Dawnrie.51§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will be as the planet, revolving and orbiting about your sun; your sun about your galaxy will you onwards be to see.

§**Dawnrie.52§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Your thoughts will go forth about the planet; go forth to the beyond of the furthest most visible of the starry heavens; from no place will their passage: their traversing be hidden.

§**Dawnrie.53§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: The words of your mouth and the meditations of your heart, will be fully acceptable in your own sight; more desired by the world will

they be, than purest gold and finest honey.

§Dawnrie.54§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will day nightly ask life in abundance of yourself and fully
provided it will be.

§Dawnrie.55§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will make yourself to be a boon and a boon be; exceedingly
glad with the joy of your presence, the world will be.

§Dawnrie.56§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will trust, rely on and be confident in yourself.

§Dawnrie.57§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will always be with knowing, that I am with you; never by each
other forsaken will we be.

§Dawnrie.58§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will effortlessly move your thoughts in the world, as the
flowing of waters; in hazes and mists ascending; in clouds moving
along and in rains, hail, sleet and snow will they be; descending to
flow, in the way below, all the way to the welcoming sea.

§Dawnrie.59§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
Your strength will be that of the spider's web; your freshness of the
morning dew.

§Dawnrie.60§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will know that the kingship and the kingdom of yourself, are
yours.

§Dawnrie.61§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
Know you well you will: for oft have I told you, posterity shall serve
us well; of the generations ever-coming, well spoken of, will we be.

§Dawnrie.62§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,

mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You shall be your own take carer of your mind; it shall not lack of
anything.

§**Dawnrie.63§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will stroll at your ease, by refreshing streams; in pleasant
shades, take you some rest.

§**Dawnrie.64§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will, with the rising of the Sun, be fully refreshed; refreshed
fully you will be, with the coming into appearance, of the stars of
eve.

§**Dawnrie.65§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will walk along the way of goodness, mercy and bountiful love;
ever in the company of the many, will you in your own presence be.

§**Dawnrie.66§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~
Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and
time: You will know your senses and the fullness of them therein, to
be yours: all your sensations, yours to be; taking care of them well
you will be, with utmost responsibility.

§**Dawnrie.67§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will go up into your own sacred mountains; within your own
holy places, will you stand.

§**Dawnrie.68§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will have clean hands and a pure heart; you will not lift yourself
up to falsehood, or to what is fake; most trustworthily will you
speak.

§**Dawnrie.69§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will be an age-abiding doorway, that you yourself, may come in
and out, at will.

§**Dawnrie.70§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,

mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
Will you unto yourself bring your life in all its fullness; in all its
fullness, to live fully.

§Dawnrie.71§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will show your ways to yourself; teach yourself you will, in your
own paths.

§Dawnrie.72§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will guide yourself in your own truth and faithfulness; teach
yourself you will, for you are the way of your own way; no one or
thing at all, needing will you to be, waiting away expectantly on and
on for all day long, be it all night deep.

§Dawnrie.73§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
Will you inwardly, outwardly, widely, deeply and highly be with your
thoughts; your intentions: them keeping in silence or to words
giving; leaving words as words alone remaining to be, or them into
action putting; therefore will you yourself yourself be instructing.

§Dawnrie.74§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
Will all your paths be of steadfast loving; your joy, ever brimming
over.

§Dawnrie.75§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
The offspring of your ideas, will be happy inheritors of the land,
waters and sky scapes of your mind.

§Dawnrie.76§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will well keep yourself: you will not let yourself be
disappointed or ashamed, for your trust in yourself, ever will be.

§Dawnrie.77§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will let integrity and uprightness preserve you, for you will wait
for and expect yourself.

§**Dawnrie.78§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Ever and without wavering, will you be walking in your own integrity: having every confidence in yourself.

§**Dawnrie.79§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Your loving-kindness, truth and joy, will be in your silences; in your words and in your actions.

§**Dawnrie.80§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will love the habitation of yourself; this sacred place where dwells your power.

§**Dawnrie.81§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Your mind shall not fear, though a host of external ideas: problematic ideas of others encamp against your own ideas; though all the traditional moral standards of your native planet; your native land; your native place were to rise against you, even then, in yourself will you be in confidence full.

§**Dawnrie.82§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will dwell in the house of yourself: in the presence of yourself day nightly will you be: beholding and gazing upon the beauty that is everywhere, in the people and the world about you; even unto beyond the ever appearing stars, will you be gazing and beholding.

§**Dawnrie.83§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will never have any reason, to hide your face from yourself; neither ever will you have any occasion, to forsake yourself.

§**Dawnrie.84§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You yourself, will teach yourself your way; lead yourself in a noble and eventful path you will.

§**Dawnrie.85§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will not give up your mind to the will of the populous; neither

will you give it up to the elite; your mind, ever will be your own.

§Dawnrie.86§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will wait for and hope for and expect yourself; of a bravery and of a good courage will you be: letting your heart be fully determined, passionate and enduring.

§Dawnrie.87§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will be your own strength and impenetrable force field; your heart will trust in, rely on and confidently bolster up yourself; therein and therefore, will your heart greatly rejoice; in lyrical words, your thoughts will you proclaim.

§Dawnrie.88§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: Your edifying voice upon the waves ever will be; fresh and vibrant as ever will it be with reaching unknown worlds, in near be far away, galaxies.

§Dawnrie.89§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will sing to yourself; in anticipation and joy, looking forward will you be, to meeting your first self: selves of yourself in readiness to meet you. It is in the remembrance of the future, are they to be found.

§Dawnrie.90§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will new evely come new dawnly, with gratitude and joy, declare to yourself your truth and faithfulness.

§Dawnrie.91§ In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh, mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time: You will come to recognize and know, that there won't be a dawn; a morn, an afternoon, an eve or a night, when distraction nets won't be laid secretly and subtly on and along the pathways of your thoughts, intentions and silences; on and along your spoken and written ways. Yet, will you be of a full courage; strength, passion and determination to keep on going.

§**Dawnrie.92§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
Ever will you be, in the secret places, of your own presence.

§**Dawnrie.93§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will be a hiding place for yourself; therein preserve yourself
you will from troublesome interpretations of reality.

§**Dawnrie.94§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will instruct and teach yourself, in the way you should go; with
your eyes and ears upon yourself, will you council yourself.

§**Dawnrie.95§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will ever sing to yourself anew, the old song: joyfully and
skillfully the forwarding to returning movements along.

§**Dawnrie.96§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
Ever will you be bringing, the council of your thoughts, to
something of great wonderment.

§**Dawnrie.97§** In a dawn reverie of this new day ~ ~ ~ Oh,
mortal self of mine, when with living in your own realm and time:
You will from the dwelling places of beside yourself, behind
yourself, before yourself, below yourself, above yourself and even
from within yourself, yourself will you be, beholding, joyfully.

An Scéal Fada

[*Continues in Manuscript 12*]

[**The Interpreter's note:** It is signed: An Scéal Fada 'the Long Story' – a possible *nom de plume* used by An tÁrd-Fealsamh.]

PART III

Allegories of My Own (*Manuscript*)

[**The Interpreter's note:** The original manuscript language is beautifully written in fifth-century Gaeilge; a Gaeilge which if it doesn't sound a bit before its time has an ever so slight 'Munster Gaeilge' feel to it in contrast to say to that of having a Connacht or an Ulster.]

[**The Compiler's note:** This is the second of the three manuscripts. The title on the original reads: {*Allegories of My Own*} and it is just one work from out of a number of works; in fact, it is Manuscript 15 from a set of thirty-seven. At the time of I receiving this work he had already started writing the thirty-eighth.

He opens the manuscript with the following words:

“I am of the fidelity of the ages: fidelity to Nature: to the natural worlds within and about me. By Nature do I with gratitude and joy, let myself in heart, in senses and in body be fully instructed. My noble right and proof of self-sovereignty do I confidently declare; a self-expression unto myself to be living a life of unconstrained perception, thinking, reflection, deliberation, musing, contemplation, conjecture and speculation. Here within are contained some allegories of mine.”]

Allegories

[*In continuance from Manuscript 14*]

§**Storyalle.1§** One day, I with strolling observed two rabbits mightily jumping about each other on a hillside pastureland. Suddenly, they head-crashed into each other and knocked each other out! And I laughed and laughed at their way as I strolled along. Sore heads will be there for the rest of the day, I thought to myself.

§**Storyalle.2§** Of a predawn a shepherd, I heard tell, lost his sense of direction and could only find himself again by momentarily closing his eyes.

§**Storyalle.3§** To even the smallest spider her thread is for her a wondrous fashion and a mighty in strength.

§**Storyalle.4§** On the outskirts of a wood and of a midday, I observed a man playfully, yet anxiously, running about the place and who with every now and then, would sideways look at a stick on the ground and with picking it up with his mouth, he would then quickly go climb up a nearby ancient oak. With climbing up some twenty to twenty-five feet, he would then crawl out along a great branch and lay the stick on top of some more sticks bunched there. He did this four more times before I went and inquired of him, why he was doing this kind of thing. He said: “In the dawn of this day, I awoke with the feeling and knew myself not to be myself but rather to be a crow. And as the day progressed, I began to feel the urge to gather up sticks and to build for myself, a nest there in that tree.” And with a smile and without any further word, I came away from out of his presence, to let him complete the task he had set himself. Now, later in the pre-eve of that day and with passing back that same way, I observed that the man had completed his nest building and was now contentedly uprightly sitting in it. He was musingly gazing his thoughts out across over the surrounding countryside. And with a smile, I left him to be there above the ground with his thoughts; be they be on being a human being, on being a bird or being in one both.

§**Storyalle.5§** I was sitting on a hillside of a sunshine

summer's morn, when I noticed upon the breeze a little ways over from me, a delicate white to light pink to soft jade green coloured cloud gently descending from on high and slowly float along the valley. It moved right through a grove of trees. And as it was doing so, I could still see an outline of the trees through it. It moved on out the other side of the grove and continued on down the valley. And I thought to myself, this surely is an excellent way to move and be in the world.

§Storyalle.6§ Of a rainy afternoon in early spring, I observed five rainbows at the same time, in the same area of the sky. And as I watched them, I noticed that they merged and became one which in turn was now taking as its land touch down, a megalithic circle of seventeen stones. It would be normal here on the island to see one or two rainbows at the same time in the same place, but to see four to five is quite an exceptional occurrence. In fact, the last time it was said to have occurred was way back in the time of Tuafanann Mac Abhainn. The story goes that when he was strolling along on his way to the Palace of the Southern Hills to make himself available to the court of King Saolnua, he saw first a single rainbow, then two, three, four and five all at the same time and all in the same area of the sky. They merged into one and with wheeling about had their land touch down right on the Palace. And when he was asked later by the gatekeeper what he could do for the king, he said: "Relay to His Majesty that I can simultaneously be five rainbows." And what he meant by that was that he could philosophize on the ways of the sky, the land, the waters, the animals and most of all on the ways of his fellow humans. And with that attractively original answer having been well received by the king, he was allowed to enter.

§Storyalle.7§ Of a morning early, I came upon a group of helpers and masonries who were actively engaged in dismantling an old Druidic temple and using its stones to construct a Christian oratory. And I thought to myself that with such a mentality being in continuity, a time in the near or way future will come when that same oratory with having been abandoned and left to fall into ruin, will have its stones in turn reused and refashioned for the construction of perhaps a Druidic temple or a place of worship for

some akin or unknown creed yet to appear on the shores of the island.

§Storyalle.8§ With viewing a high blue sky of a day; a sky yet having a fine scattering of sizeable clouds, I noticed how they were floating along at a nice pace while in the trees about me there there wasn't even the slightest puff of wind. On other days, I witnessed the opposite, in that there was a strong wind in the trees while the clouds seemed not to be moving. And again on other days, both the clouds and the trees were floating and swaying. And in such days, I wondered whether there was any wind or not in the midway between the clouds and the trees.

§Storyalle.9§ On several occasions, I would in a lonely place, happen upon a dog digging up a by the ground seasoned meaty bone that it had one time there buried. I like the idea of keeping something nice to be greater enjoyed at another time. And I admired the dog's wisdom and patience to be able to wait for this seasoning. Thoughts be they in spoken or written words I consider to be like meaty bones that could be buried and enjoyed at a later time; could be enjoyed by future generations having been well seasoned. A day, I see to be a soil in which could be buried things for future times and places.

§Storyalle.10§ The location of our childhood home makes a difference I feel for how in youth, middle and old age, we view and interpret ourselves, others and life. A home with a valley view gives a valley outlook; a mountain a mountain; a seashore a seashore, a hamlet a hamlet, a small settlement holding a small settlement holding and a large settlement holding a large settlement holding.

§Storyalle.11§ Whenever I feed some young or even old crows scraps of food, I notice a few interesting things taking place. There would always be a pair of crows in a nearby tree who would noisily announce that the human was distributing some food. However, while they were making, such an announcement, other crows from a further distance would quickly and stealthily swoop in and take as much of the scraps as their beaks could hold while the two on the tree being more concerned with announcing didn't secure a single scrap when they tried to go get some. And I notice there would always be a lone crow or two who would not just be

interested in taking scraps for him or herself but who would with puffing up their plumage be more concerned with trying their best to drive off as many as possible of the others. But like the pair on the nearby tree, they too would end up with not securing a single scrap for themselves. And with observing these scenes I can recognize that such individual characters and more besides also exist in the human world.

§Storyalle.12§ Of an afternoon, I happened to notice a boy of some eight to ten years of age measuring a trickling stream of water that was meandering through a pastureland. With his left hand and with the distance from his little finger to his thumb, he was happily crawling it along on the surface of the water like a caterpillar on a leaf and then drawing it up before proceeding any further. And every few feet along the bank, he would stop his measuring, rise to his feet and with his right hand, he would write his findings and make calculations in the air above him. And when I asked him why he was measuring the flowing stream and making calculations, he answered: “I am practicing how to measure and record findings for when I grow up I plan to be a measurer and recorder of seashore waves.”

§Storyalle.13§ One animal enjoys eating leaves, another roots. Were you to prepare a banquet of leaves for the root-eating, he would with a sniff no doubt from it walk away. And in the same misplaced wisdom way, were you to prepare a banquet of roots for the leaf-eating.

§Storyalle.14§ In a dream, I saw a man carrying thousands of months of years on his back and he was being followed by a group of people. Where are you going, I asked him. “We are going to an island in the Great Ocean to the west.”

§Storyalle.15§ In a dream, I entered a settlement holding where the inhabitants didn’t write anything down like we do today. I said, to an old man who was sitting in the shade of a great tree: “If you don’t write down about your life we in the future won’t be able to know anything about you and your way of life.” He answered by saying: “What is writing? We tell stories to each other and we do that up generations down generations without ever coming to an end. This is how we keep word of who we are and what we do ever

alive; ever in our presence.” In a moment, I saw a long line of people stretching from east to west through the settlement holding and they were writing on canvases of some sort; writing everything of their past down and everything from their daily lives. And I was smiling with seeing such a sight.

§Storyalle.16§ Contented and excited surely as the days are long, be hens pecking and scratching away the ground in the presence of a handsome, caring rooster and he most definitely must be, feeling proud and grateful to be, at home, in such a fine receptive company.

§Storyalle.17§ A mother and a toddler were sitting in the shade of a tree happily playing childlike games with each other. And the mother was pointing with her finger to different parts of her face and asking the toddler to name what it was. And this went on for a while, until of an instant the toddler pointed to the air and asked of his mother, saying: “What is it?” And she thinking he was pointing to a branch of the tree answered: “That is a branch.” But he didn’t mean a branch. So again he pointed to the air and asked: “What is it?” And she thinking he was pointing to a cloud in the sky answered: “That is a cloud.” But he didn’t mean the cloud. And then she understood and answered: “It is nothing.” And the toddler was pleased with her answer.

§Storyalle.18§ An owl enjoys owlling his melodies, a lark larking his and a nightingale nightingayling hers. Oft have I heard all three singing together contentedly in the out fringes of forests.

§Storyalle.19§ In a ford pastureland on the eastern bank of the Great River of the West, I came upon a crowd of people, who out of curiosity and fear were watching a fierce bullfight. One of the bulls they said, belonged to a local Christian lord, while the other a Druidic lord who had driven him across the ford from the western bank to offer him some better grazing in an eastern pastureland. And according to them, the fight had started because the owner of the Christian bull begrudged having to share the pastureland with the Druid’s bull. Then the Druidic lord, claiming that it was a sacred custom and right set his bull upon the Christian bull. And the Christian bull accepted the challenge without as much as a shaking of his horns. They were going at it so fiercely that they were flinging

chunks of grassy soil, excrement, urine, saliva, roots and stones in all directions. In truth, it wasn't safe to be standing there. By the time I had arrived on the scene the backs of the bulls alone were visible above the ground. The more they fought the deeper did they hollow out a hole until after some time they had managed to lower themselves some seven to nine yards into the ground. Then suddenly, there was an almighty sound of heads crashing into each other! And the two of them lay there below knocked out and facing each other. Then and without warning and with seeing this, didn't the Christian lord and the Druidic lord start off punching and fighting each other! I had had enough and just walked off to let them have at it.

§Storyalle.20§ Once, while resting against a settlement holding tree, a man approached me; halted and stared right into me, he did. I thought I would at any moment crumble and fall for such was the frightening intensity of his look. And then in a moment he was already on his way away, but I wasn't in the better of it for the rest of the day.

§Storyalle.21§ A flock of crows of an afternoon alighted upon shimmering shallow waters of a riverlet to bathe and have some splashing about fun. Being well contented with the fun played and their black attire all nice and shiny, they flew away off into the distance.

§Storyalle.22§ On a gently sloping hillside, I observed a dog excitedly barking at a bubbling spring. After every seven to nine barking sessions, he would hastily gollup down some of its refreshing waters before continuing on with his barking. And then every now and then too, he would quickly run off to a nearby tuft of grass, raise his leg and relieve himself of his watery load. He would then quickly run back and with a renewed verve resume barking at the spring. This interesting pattern of behaviour carried on for some time before eventually and having quite exhausted himself, he staggeringly went and laid himself down a little ways from the stream. And with doing so, he fell sound asleep to its melody of gently bubbling softly flowing waters.

§Storyalle.23§ Like a winged seed upon the wind is a hazelnut rolling on a table, even as the littlest of inspirations is it managing to

run away from us. We need to be quick to catch it before it falls off over the edge and gone it is for evermore.

§Storyalle.24§ Twice daily and at about the same time throughout the island do cattle stop their grazing to sit down and leisurely chew the cud. How much more so then shouldn't we also take time out to leisurely reflect on the thoughts we have been gathering? Strings of unpondered upon thoughts do but clog up valleys of the mind.

§Storyalle.25§ To those who walk with their heads down and looking only at the ground; with their noses closed, a shower of rain is a sudden thing. But to those who walk with their heads held high and their noses open, there is no such thing as a sudden shower of rain.

§Storyalle.26§ When it is windy don't be trying to fly; float and enjoy. Wave your thoughts about in your mind like birds floating and gliding upon the wind. Easy high up, easy down low and wheeling all about carefreely go.

§Storyalle.27§ When it rains; when hailstones fall or it snows, what do the mountains think these to be? What do the trees, pasturelands and rivers know mist to be? How might their understanding of these be different from what we understand them to be? Could our understanding of them be very similar, if not the same?

§Storyalle.28§ What will this island be like in a thousand years; say a thousand five hundred years? Will it be then as it is now so awesomely beautiful; abounding with mighty trees and having clear fresh streams, lakes and rivers? May it be then as it is now so awesomely beautiful. Will there be someone, in say the twenty-first century, who will know that I ever lived; who will know about how I looked at life? Will there be such a person of like-mindedness who will take up my views and carry them further on into the future? How can I know for sure today that I will be known in the distant future? I can't. Howsoever this is the given so, may it be so that somehow I am known for future generations should be aware that back in a near faraway day of human existence, there lived such a person as me on this sacred island who delighted in thinking about

life in the way that I do. And in saying this do I have too the great wish that everyone and their thoughts should in some way be known to all future generations. It is not right human to abandon and forget anyone and their thoughts. For look, see and know that the memories of the mountains are kept safe in the mountains; of the trees in the trees and of the waters in the waters. Even the memories of the wind are sheltered within the breezes, gales and storms.

§Storyalle.29§ I wonder will we ever have one king; be it one queen, who will truly be said, to be reigning over the entire island, instead of merely this collective of ever breaking away small kingdoms. May the future sovereignty of the island be of a completeness and not of a partialness for where there is partialness there is always an uneasiness and unpleasantness that leads to greater unrest until of a morning or an afternoon everything falls asunder. When it is allowed to reach such an extremity of confusion, home grown thieves will with an ease begin to appear and take at will, they will and make as their own they will, every stone by stone upon a stone. Such thieves would have no qualms of conscience selling off parts of the island, if not the whole island itself to any mightier thieves than themselves from beyond its shores. Living in generation out generation in regret over having given away part or the whole is never to be an option. Thus is there in every age the constant need for diligence; the constant need to culture truly enlightening, impressive sovereigns and for these qualities to follow them with utmost sincerity. Ignorance, cowardliness and greed is never ever to be allowed to be the legacy. The legacy to be is admirable strength of character, profound wisdom and comprehensive foresight.

§Storyalle.30§ I saw in an opening in a forest in mid spring, a stallion standing still and he appeared to be half asleep. And I wondered what he might be half dreaming of. Could he be half dreaming of some mare or a herd of mares? Perhaps he was half remembering his yesterday; half thinking about his today or even his tomorrow. How I thought could I for sure know? I he would have needed to be.

§Storyalle.31§ Does a river or stream know it is on its way to

the sea? Does it consider itself on a return journey or is it just going forward unknowingly or does it perhaps see itself as doing both? What are rivers and streams? Are they not rain flowing along as to it falling down?

§Storyalle.32§ Are fish aware of water; water aware of fish? What do birds think a tree is; a tree birds are? What does a butterfly think a flower is; a flower a butterfly? What of no thing? What do I consider no thing to be; no thing me consider to be? Some thing?

§Storyalle.33§ Standing on top of a mountain, I say to myself: “This indeed is a fine height for depth of thought.” With strolling along a valley, I say: “This indeed is a fine depth for height of thought.” How much more so could my thoughts extend, I wonder, if I could stand on a cloud or swim at the bottom of the sea. I wonder is the bottom of the sea deeper than the deepest caves on land. If there are places deeper than these then I would also like to visit them. Deeper and deeper into depths; higher and higher in heights do I enjoy taking my thoughts. I wonder, does deeper, ever meet up with higher. And does wider ever meet up with either of them? Having no limits on my thoughts is my constant stepping on from point.

§Storyalle.34§ Three ducks flew over my head while I walking ankle deep across a summer river. And with going on a little distance, they out of a curiosity wheeled about and came in and alighted on the waters about me and followed on along with me until I had reached the bank. And with I having sat down, they stayed some time out there among the river flowers and reeds, happily picking and calling away to themselves before contentedly flying off again. The life of a river duck is a lovely life truly, especially in summer days.

§Storyalle.35§ Birds build their nests and have them long ready ever before they lay any eggs in them. Right timing is very important for them. Likewise do I build my ideas and have them long ready ever before I put them into words. Right timing too for me is very important.

§Storyalle.36§ I saw an old dog standing on an old stone wall of a recently abandoned Druidic place of worship. And he with

noticing me and possibly out of a sense of some half-forgotten obligation, sent over my way a few token soft barks. And I gently waved to him with saying: "Good morning?" While his tail was coloured completely white his body and neck were patterned russet and white and his paws were coloured completely russet. And, howsoever, his head was also coloured completely russet. And I wondered what colour does he believe his head to be.

§Storyalle.37§ With seeing a blue-sky opening in the clouds, I felt I would like to ascend and sail a boat in such welcoming waters. And I would sail there until a welcoming green pastureland would appear in its depths and to there would I descend to enjoy strolling and gazing up at the sky.

§Storyalle.38§ In broad daylight and of a summer's day in my twenty-fifth year and with a soft, gentle breeze blowing, I came upon what appeared to be a brightly burning wooden torch out in the middle of nowhere which was vertically hovering in tall grass. And I wondered what it might be doing there. Having moved a bit closer, yet not right up close to it, I estimated its diameter to be no more than one thumb to little finger. It stood over twice my height; my height being over two strides. And as I was standing watching it, didn't it of an instant seamlessly transform itself into like unto a beautiful golden leaf, measuring some twenty strides in length to four to five in width. At first it slowly and silently floated as if on the breeze over my head before rapidly and silently heading away off into the sky and then disappearing entirely from out of my view. Even to this day, I have no idea what it was but it was something surely and most assuredly see it I did.

§Storyalle.39§ I wonder how big is the world beyond the island; beyond the bigger island off to its east. I have heard told that there is a huge landmass beyond it spreading far far and away into the east. How far to on and on does it stretch into the east, I wonder. Does it go on and on without ever coming to an end? Is east endless? To the west of the island is the great sea. How far to on and on does it roll into the west, I wonder. Does it go on and on without ever coming to an end? Is west endless? I wonder, in some faraway place about some bend, does the great sea and the huge landmass ever shore up to each other. Seeing that like to the

mountains, the Sun, moon and stars are so high up it could be possible to view from them the far reaches of the landmass and the sea. From the Sun, moon and stars I would be able to see down here as I see them up there. Sometimes howsoever; more than sometimes, in truth quite frequently, I have the very real impression that the Sun and the stars are not at the same distance as the moon is from me, in the same way as the heights of the mountains are not all at the same distance from the valleys. If that were true and I am more and more inclined to think that it may very well be, it would mean then that not alone could I view here from the moon, but here and the moon from the Sun and here, the moon and the Sun from the stars. What a wondrous thought! And as this playful wandering of the mind is so well with me here on the bank of this lovely spring stream, I will even go way out with my thoughts and say that I would be able to view here, the moon, the Sun and the stars from beyond the stars. Perhaps from beyond there is only more and more from beyond and from beyond. Who knows, but even the beyond and beyond are meeting up someplace. Could here; could this island be such a meeting place? And by onward thinking could even a person, if we were to consider a person to be a place, also possibly be such a meeting place? In my thoughts such can be so and so I am so; a meeting place of beyonds. What a marvelously attractive thought.

§Storyalle.40§ Where does the moon go to when it is no longer visible? Why does it carry a shadow on its surface which at first is almost totally covering it and then and only gradually letting go of it until it is no longer visible and the moon itself then is full of light? Where is its light going to as it gradually disappears? Is its light even its own or has it temporarily come from elsewhere? But from where; perhaps the distant stars? Maybe the Sun shares some of its light with it during the day which it in turn stores and brings out at night. Is there no moon there when we can't see it? Are there perhaps two moons; one shadow and one light which are always in each other's company exchanging light and shadow shapes? So many wonders about to wonder about. Wonderful!

§Storyalle.41§ With sitting of a summer's afternoon on a branch in an ancient oak, I noticed through the leaves, an old man

is slowly coming in the distance; an old dignified man with long grey hair and a long rustic greyish beard and he was walking alongside an old faithful grey horse having a long grey mane. And the horse was carrying on his back a few bits and pieces of personal items belonging to the man, such as a rolled up sleeping coverlet and some wooden eating vessels which were dangling away on either side. And every few steps they would stop and while the horse kept his head down the old man would gaze about. They came and stopped by a stream a little ways over from the tree. And they both enjoyed sipping of the refreshing waters therein. Then the horse at his ease took to eating some grass and the old man flower petals. I had thought that they had not noticed me in the tree there due to the foliage, but they had and the old man without turning to see who was there, invited me to come on down to have some petals with him. And I happily did alight from out of the tree. With contentedly eating away we enjoyed sharing some fine stories and reflections on life. He told me how he having been a Druidic High Priest for some thirty-three years, had of a morning woke up to find that he no longer had any faith left in him for the way of his ancestors; the Druidic way. He had decided to relinquish the post of High Priest and instead go wander the land in search of a different way of looking at everything. And when I asked him for his thoughts on the new wave of thinking sweeping the land, he answered that in his eyes it was nothing more than a variation of Druidism and that being the case it held no attraction for him. It was from him too that I first heard the appellative "The Crosstians" with reference to the Christians. When asked why he referred to them as such, he said: "Isn't it obvious for aren't their walking staffs cruciform and about their necks don't they wear a cross?"

§Storyalle.42§ I was watching seventeen geese coming in to alight on the very calm surface of seashore waters. And although they appeared to be a little exhausted as if they had flown a great distance, they were excitedly paddling about in the shallow waters. And they waddled ashore on to some strewn about seaweed. The sky was somewhat overcast with a few sunny patches in the distance way out along on both promontories of the bay. The tide was quietly on its way out. Two youngish old women came along and we waved to each other and they went over and were chatting with

the geese; welcoming them to the island shore waters, inquiring of them where they had come from and saying that surely they must be feeling very tired for having journeyed such a great distance.

§Storyalle.43§ Why, I wonder aren't the shadows of clouds in the valleys; on the waters and on the hills the same colour as the clouds themselves. Why do shadows only carry the one colour for all? Why don't they carry different colours? What is it about them that they don't? What a sight it would be though if they did! I wonder why is there no shadow of the blue sky. If there was would it be blue? Is the Sun below the blue sky; in the blue sky or is it above and beyond it and shining through it? If it were above it it would be casting a shadow of the blue sky. Then why isn't there such a shadow? And I wonder similarly of the stars of the heavens. Are they below the dark heavens; in the dark heavens or are they above and beyond it and shining through it? Once of an early twilight, when sitting on top of a hill having a marvelous panoramic view, I watched a segment of a seemingly huge arced shadow ever so slowly move along the land. And it was not of any cloud since there weren't any clouds in the sky; only was there a crescent moon and some early stars. And I wondered, could the huge arced shadow be that of the crescent moon for in great likeness to it did it appear to be. Then I wondered what light source was casting the shadow. But no definitive idea came to me of what it might be. I thought perhaps in some way it might even be the Sun though the Sun had already long set.

§Storyalle.44§ Do our ideas pass by each other in straight lines or in curves or do they just randomly float about in our minds? What is their organization? Do they themselves feel a need for any particular organization of themselves? Where do they come from when they so suddenly or even so subtly appear in the forefront of our minds? Is there something spontaneously making them appear there? Why do some stay only for a short time while others for quite a long time? And again, why is it that others hardly stay around at all having already left before we have had any time to consider them? Where do our ideas go after they have left the forefront of our minds? Do they go and dwell for a duration or perhaps forever, in some faraway unknown regions of our mind; in some of its numerous hidden valleys, hills and havens? How come

we have ideas; how come they are the way they are?

§Storyalle.45§ How come rain clouds with blocking out the sunlight can create a mood change in the land; a mood change in a settlement holding and even a mood change within myself? What is this for when they move away and the Sun comes out again, the mood of the land is delightful; the settlement holding inhabitants are happy and I feel very good too. An overcast sky is no sign of a sunless blue no more than a densely foggy night is a sign of a starless heavens.

§Storyalle.46§ I am aware of so many things; aware of the hills and the trees and the valleys and the wavy shores; the elks, the cattle and the rabbits and the clouds and the sky and the heavens. I wonder are they aware of me. They most certainly are for everywhere do I feel a welcome from them; a welcome they have made ready in anticipation of my arrival into their presence. Before I come into their presence they have me already in their awareness. Will that I will continue culturing myself in their presence awareness and having a welcome for them to include more also of the anticipatory.

§Storyalle.47§ I was standing and reflectively gazing over at a dense cluster of hawthorns of an afternoon in early spring and I was away in worlds of thoughts when a fox from behind me ran right between my legs at quite a pace and was heading for the cluster. There was the sound of an eagle on high up behind me. He glided on over me and along the same line the fox was taking. The fox quickly ran into the cluster of hawthorn through an opening while the eagle took to wheeling about above it a few times before gliding off down the valley and away into the distance. I found myself reflecting on the various natural openings that were there in the cluster; some small, some big enough for a fox to enter and a few that were even bigger but hardly big enough for a human to walk through unless one were to stoop. If I were to come back in a few weeks time, I thought or even in the height of summer these openings would no longer be there. Given that that would most likely be the case, my thoughts would be directed or conditioned by that new presentation to my eyes. In my search for answers to anything, I have found that if I approach them from different

locations and at different times of the day or night or even season the answers will be affected; will somehow be conditioned by these times and locations. What I have to keep in mind though is that thoughts come and go; what remains is thinking. Then thinking will be different depended upon where and when it is being performed. So, I like asking the same or closely related questions in different places and at different times to more fully appreciate how settings and times affects or even fashions the answers that make themselves known to me. Often it is the case that whether the same question is asked in numerous different locations and at various times no answer will be forthcoming, simply because not all questions have answers. There are as many answerless questions as is there questionless answers; location or time making no difference to them whatsoever. After some time the fox emerged from the cluster and sauntered back my way and with passing me paused momentarily and looked up at me as if to say: "Sorry; sorry if I startled you earlier by running through your legs but I have a young family to fend for." "No problem; no problem at all foxy, you did the right thing."

§Storyalle.48§ Of a spring afternoon, a woman asked, saying: "Is Nature our friend; should we love Nature as we love a friend?" "Be to one another kindness in love and faith fullness in friendship. But when it comes to Nature go beyond love; go beyond friendship for Nature is not to be looked upon as if It is some kind of lover; your friend. Nature is greater than love and mightier than friendship."

§Storyalle.49§ Why I wonder is there no hostility from the Druids towards this new wave of thought; this new religion called Christianity? What is it about it that makes them so easily accept it? Could it be that they have so much in common with each other? Is that it, I wonder?

§Storyalle.50§ In a dream and I in it with strolling of a day, found myself to be watching an opening appear in the clouds. And I could see the clear blue sky through. And as I was marveling at the beauty of the scene, a large bird began to take form in the blue and started slowly gliding down through the opening. And with it gently gliding down it came passing in on over some high trees and

then over my head before continuing on gliding down over the valley behind me. Its underbelly I could see was greyish and the underside of its wings was tinted white. From the back of its head to the tip of its tail was it coloured a lovely sky blue. And I marveled at it as it went off down over the valley before making a wide sweeping turn and returning back up again over my head and the trees and ascending into the sky through the opening in the clouds and on up into the blue. And I kept looking at it until it was no longer visible to my eyes. And the opening remained for quite some time before it was no more.

§Storyalle.51§ In the way I see and know things to be, two seasons alone are there on this island of the sea: Springativity Summerage which runs from the longest night to the shortest night; from the longest day to the shortest day: Autumnance Winteritude.

§Storyalle.52§ A cowherd, acting upon an impulsive idea, built a wooden hut in the middle of a clearing and housed his five cattle in it. Now of a night, a high wind came and entirely blew that hut away. He built another in the same spot and planted some blackthorn shrubbery woven through with hazel rods about it and housed his five cattle in it. Of a morn, a high wind came and entirely blew that hut and the shrubbery away. And again he built another in the same spot and planted some blackthorn shrubbery woven through with hazel rods and some young trees about it and housed his five cattle in it. But of an afternoon; yes, a high wind came and entirely blew that hut with the shrubs and the young trees away. So, he now clearly understanding that he hadn't been understanding enough of cattle and the wind, didn't bother to build another hut. Instead, he returned to letting his cattle roam free under his watchful eye as he had always done; letting them free to graze away contentedly. And after that and whenever high winds blew, he would notice as if to him anew that his cattle were well able to take care of themselves. And he was greatly impressed and mightily pleased with their good sense.

§Storyalle.53§ How come, when some clouds appear to have taken on the shape of flower blossoms that the rain falling from them has no fragrance? Perhaps there are some flowers that have no fragrance. I have yet though to come across one such flower.

§Storyalle.54§ Why are the blackthorn, hawthorn and blackberry briars so thorny? Why are they so defensive; so on the offensive? How come the hazel and the oak have no need for thorns?

§Storyalle.55§ Are there some ideas in my mind like unto a lightning tree; struck by something and are just standing there? Lightning trees have a beauty and uniqueness all of their own. And for the wandering lone old crow on a warm summer's day, a welcoming place on which to take some needed respite.

§Storyalle.56§ Happened upon four huge branchless trunks of trees standing in a square in a pastureland. I wondered how they had got there. With going up to them, they measured five spans in circumference of both my arms outstretched. There were five of my strides between each of them. And they stood at least five to seven times my height. Who had put them there, I wondered. Why were they there? Had they, I wondered been put there by the placers of the dolmens and the stone circles. Many such peculiarities that quite defy explanation have I happened upon throughout the island. The island has a known history; a lengthily known history for sure, but by far the greater is its extensively unknown history. Only the Sun knows.

§Storyalle.57§ I saw two bulls in seeming playfulness circling about each other in a pastureland. But the more I observed them I had the impression that they weren't playing for in full extension were they and actively trying to mount each other. I wondered was it for the lack of there being some cows in the pastureland or simply because they were bored. From time to time I have also seen cows engage in the same seeming playfulness of trying to mount each other. I wondered was it for the lack of a bull being in the pastureland or were they also bored. I have never seen the situation where a bull being present in a pastureland of cows, the cows trying to mount each other. Rather, they are more interested in being mounted by the bull. And also, what I have never seen is where even two bulls being present in a pastureland of cows, the bulls are interested in trying to mount each other. Rather, they are infinitely more interested in having their way with the cows. Occasionally, however, I have observed that when they find themselves vying for

the same cow, they would first take some time out to charge each other head on. And with having imparted a few resounding head butts one would be proved the more powerful and determined. Naturally, the said cow would be pleasantly pleased. And I have even seen too, two cows in a herd of cows neck locking and shoulder shoving each other in an attempt to make the other run away, at least for the time being, so that she herself could have the full attention of the in pastureland bull. Naturally, the bull would always be highly pleased either way since he knew himself to be there not just to have his way with one cow but with the entire herd. That was what he liked doing and what he was sent there to do by the herd keeper. Once I asked a herd keeper if he had ever heard or knew of a bull being totally disinterested in cows but was very attracted to other bulls or if he had ever heard or knew of a cow being totally disinterested in bulls but was very attracted to other cows. He answered by saying: "In the human world some men are not interested in women but are very interested in other men and that some women are not interested in men but are very interested in other women." And, he said: "That whether those men are in a group of women or not they are still only interested in men and whether those women are in a group of men or not they are still only interested in women." But, he said: "That he noticed it is somewhat different with the cattle, in that, finding themselves to be on their own they act as if they were not on their own; they imagine in the others a cow or a bull to be there with them in the pastureland." Having heard his words, I came away with the thought that while all such surprising things are possible among the cattle and even among we humans, I don't necessarily have to accept them as being physically natural. I can't accept that unnatural physical activity is somehow natural or that natural physical activity is somehow unnatural. I am a natural man; natural women's man that is who I am.

§Storyalle.58§ Once I saw nine birds clinging to the uppermost perpendicular branch of a tree. I asked myself, why were they giving themselves, such a discomfort. Why hadn't they instead alighted on one of the more horizontal branches, I wondered. I guess that is one of the differences between us and the birds; the birds and us in our understanding of comfort and convenience.

§Storyalle.59§ Came upon a winter stream in an early spring scene; trees in grey waiting for the day.

§Storyalle.60§ I wonder, do mountains hide deep within them some precious secrets of Nature other than merely rocks, soils and waters. Sometimes, they give me the impression that they are keeping something safe for a future time and have been doing so for such a very long time, but what that something might be, honestly, I have no idea. Mountains are repositories of the land; the clouds are of the sky.

§Storyalle.61§ When I am ascending into the hills and the mountains, I feel the land beneath my feet is at the same time gently raising me up higher and higher and with descending into the valleys and the pasturelands is it gently letting me down lower and lower.

§Storyalle.62§ I happened upon an unsettled looking aged man and he was shredding a long length of rope in kind into tiny pieces and tossing them to the wind. And when I asked him why he was doing so, he said: "I am afraid of it; afraid of the rope." He went on to anxiously explain: "As long as the rope would be lying around it would be calling me in the night; tempting me to come take it with me for a walk to a tall tree in the early morning quiet." And he said: "The next thing I am going to do is divert the course of the nearby river away from my dwelling." And when I asked him why, he said: "I am also afraid of it." And he went on to anxiously explain: "As long as the river is flowing by my dwelling it will be calling me in the night; luring me to come gaze into one of its deep pools in the early morning light." With listening to his story; a story hardly was it at all, but more of imaginings slightly knotted up in each other was I easily able to show him in words and silences, how to free himself of it. He instantly became settled in heart and serene in countenance. So much so was his peace of mind that he called to his wife and invited me to go boating with them on the river. And I did. And we had a wonderful time the three of us chatting away as we sailed carefreely through the softly shimmering waters.

§Storyalle.63§ In a narrow ravine on the northern side of a high mountain, I happened upon a very old settlement holding. Its inhabitants told me that throughout the year they would never see

sunshine bathe the settlement except for a five to nine day spell. And when I asked why they hadn't ever moved the settlement to the sunnier side of the mountain, they said: "Our ancestors always preferred living on the shadowed side. And for that reason we would never consider moving it." Given that, they couldn't say for sure why their ancestors would have chosen such an unfavourable spot to have it in the first place. According to their traditions; their ancestors had erected a dwelling for themselves there while being bathed in a glorious sunshine. Thus, they had concluded that seeing that their ancestors had thought it a good place to locate the settlement, then who were they ever to question their authority and wisdom. They said: "We would rather attempt to move the mountain first than hurt the feelings of our ancestors." Interesting, however it was to see that the burial places of their ancestors were all located on the spacious southern slopes of the mountain.

§Storyalle.64§ I came upon five people sitting in a circle. And they were happily eating and chatting away about something. With noticing me they called me over. And one woman who had this faraway look in her eyes spoke to me saying: "Stranger, do you know what we are talking about?" And I answered that I didn't know; that how could I know. Well, she said: "We're talking about nothing. We're having a great conversation about nothing, so we are. How about that now? Do you want in?" "Well," I said: "nothing is good. I'm in."

§Storyalle.65§ Observed early of a morn, an elk contentedly sipping away from a mountain stream. He seemed to be listening with his antlers as much as he was with his ears. And while I hadn't made a sound, I sensed he knew I was over close from him; knew I was there contentedly observing him away and listening to him sip.

§Storyalle.66§ On three different occasions have I felt the earth slightly quake beneath my feet. Once, while standing on the southern shore of the Great Lake of the North; once while strolling along the western bank of the Great River of the West and the other while overlooking the estuary of the Great River of the East. I have no understanding of why the land moves like such. It must have something to do perhaps with the underground streams and rivers as when on the surface parts of a riverbank falls away or even

when a section of a cliff slides down on to the seashore. Howsoever slight such movements are they don't make me feel comfortable. What if they were stronger; what if they brought down the beautiful hills; what if they knocked over the sacred dolmens and stone circles? Could a strong quake even slide part of the island into the sea; even the whole island? Such powerful physical movements are not beyond the realm of possibility; not beyond the ability of Nature. Oh, may such a cataclysm never happen. Better by far is the gradual and gentle, giving away of the hills and stones by way of the wind and the rain.

§Storyalle.67§ I wonder when birds sing, what are they singing about? Are they singing about the day or something that happened before or about something that is going to happen? It may depend on different times of the day. Birds singing in the dawn; singing in the early morning might be singing about something related to the dawn such as sunrise or the availability of food; about midday related to midday and in the afternoon, eve and twilight to afternoon, eve and twilight. Perhaps they sing of the rising of the moon. Why don't they sing of the coming into appearance of the first stars? And why, I wonder aren't there any birds singing at night time for is not night as day equally if not more so fully alive with numerous activities?

§Storyalle.68§ I think stones and moss greatly like each other's company for they give me that impression. On the other hand, I am not so sure such is the case between them and lichens. Why, I wonder are they only found on some stones and not on others? Oft have I seen, on the same stones or rocks, moss side by side with white and rustic lichens. Ivy in trees, especially in the winter gives me the impression of being quite comfortable with each other's company. But is that the case with them I wonder, in the height of summer? Appearances such as all of these and numerous more besides, usually are what they appear to be, but then again that could just be me thinking things ways to be.

§Storyalle.69§ Why, I wonder are flowers of so many different colours, sizes, shapes and forms? Most likely, it has all to do with variety for Nature everywhere delights in presenting Itself as diversity in similarity; similarity in diversity. And why also, I

wonder are my thoughts of so many different colours, sizes, shapes and forms? Most certainly, it too has all to do with this same variety: Nature everywhere delighting in being both heterogeneous and homogeneous.

§Storyalle.70§ I was walking along of a summer's evening, when next thing, I heard this whistling sound overhead. I looked up and there was a rock of about a span in diameter, travelling through the air. And it 'landed' three to four pasturelands over from me. Now, in that pastureland was standing a giant. And with his two hands, he had caught the rock in midair. With little or no exertion, he threw it back along the same flight path on which it had come. I followed its trajectory and it 'landed' two to three pasturelands behind me. There stood another giant, who had also caught it in mid air and she was throwing it back to the other giant. And with moving to a higher spot, I sat and enjoyed watching them playfully throwing the rock back and forth between them. With the Sun setting they stopped. And with leaving the rock behind them, they threw a wave over my way and with returning same, they contentedly strolled off together into the distance.

§Storyalle.71§ With seeing a new oratory: one of those new Christian oratories in a valley down from me, I found myself wondering how many more stone structures the likes of these will we be built on the land in the coming years. Will there be only a few or could they become as numerous as the Druidic altars scattered throughout the land: those both still in use or out of use? What does the future hold here on the island for this new wave of thought; this new style of architecture? Although well long now in slow decline, will the Druidic beliefs be no more? Will they helplessly let themselves be assimilated by this new way of thinking? This new way of thinking greatly bothers me. There is too much suppression of the person about it, not to mention its unnatural doctrines. And I don't care at all for this feeling they are trying to impose on to the heart; this permanent condition they refer to as 'guilt' - some kind of an unnatural remorseful awareness of having constantly done something wrong, yet not really knowing for sure what wrong has been done or if it has been entirely forgiven or not. It is a dreadful thing they are trying to do to our own carefree goodly native way of thinking. Yes; yes, yes, I will resist this new

way of thinking and continue I will also to have problems with the old Druidic ways. My own ways will I with a joyful sense of adventure continue to evolve and expand.

§Storyalle.72§ I wonder how many of our ideas act like a pair of crows. When one crow flies off or glides on over to another place, the other follows on within a few seconds. And then after a little while one of them; it could be the same one as earlier, will fly off or glide on and again the other will follow on after. And they will keep on doing that all day long. They might stray a little from each other, but they are still about each other; still within each other's line of vision. Then come eve they perch on something side by side. The next day they will do the same thing. Maybe some of our ideas act in such a binary fashion.

§Storyalle.73§ When I was a boy and still very much and even more so am, in the way that I look with wonder and delight at everything, I used often think it would be great if I could in the blink of an eye, just somehow go above the clouds. In the mountains, I have been above low lying clouds and could see curtains of rain falling into the valleys below, yet there above the clouds it was lovely, sunny and even warm. And, O how lovely was the sight of the high blue sky! It would be nice if on heavy overcast, rainy days we could just take one two three long skipping jumps and in an instant find ourselves to be above the clouds. The clouds having moved on along we could then like unto a feather let ourselves carefreely float away down adown to the ground. Oft am I with such wondrous and delightful imaginings.

§Storyalle.74§ I met a man who appeared to be as old as the hills. His wavy hair was as white as snow; his countenance as lake waters rippled by a breeze and his body deep barked as an ancient oak. Yet, when I with him did speak and into his eyes did gaze, found him in the same breath to be both a charming child in his sense of wonderment about everything and an eminent sage in the depth of his knowledge and wisdom of Nature.

§Storyalle.75§ Of a lovely autumnal afternoon and with strolling along a mountain ridge in the far south, I happened upon a large stone tomb in an oak grove. And having carefully cleared away some old tree branches that had fallen in against it and gently easing

back a covering of ivy, moss and ferns, I found a series of sacred carvings; hieroglyphics carved into a large kerbstone; a south facing kerbstone of some five paces in length and as high as myself. Hieroglyphic Gaelge was very much in use in ancient old of ancient long gone by times before alphabetic Ogham; both of which have been replaced by alphabetic Gaelge. And although my understanding of the ancient hieroglyphics is still very much an ongoing process, I was able to decipher that it was the burial place of a sovereign named, 'Old Wise'. For the longest time I just sat there thinking about him; thinking about his daily life, his views on life and his feelings for the land. Had he too enjoyed from time to time strolling along the ridge? With these and many more thoughts besides, I gently rolled back the covering of ivy, moss and ferns on to the kerbstone; on to the hieroglyphics before carefully replacing the old tree branches in up against it. I left that serene place feeling that a continuity of thought had somehow been formed between Sovereign Old Wise and me.

§Storyalle.76§ I met a young man who was walking backwards; walking backwards continuously he was while every now and then looking behind him in case he might walk into something. And I asked him why he was walking so. He said: "My parents do so and so to so be so and for as long as I can remember knowing, I too have always been walking that way: walking backwards." And I asked him why his parents were doing so. And he said: "They are doing so because my grandparents on both sides are always walking so." Walking backwards, he knew to be his family way of walking and never had he felt any need to question it. He then said something very interesting: "It doesn't really matter which way our body is turned when we are trying to go somewhere, so long as we get to the place we are going to. We could follow our left of right shoulders; we could jump, skip or get down and take to walking on our hands and knees or even roll ourselves there, so long as we get there. If a combination of each way works for us then that is fine too." Nothing more had I to say for his words in a curious kind of way were making an awful lot of sense.

§Storyalle.77§ Once on a hillside I happened upon a copious covering of flowers and they were all as if by the wind swaying and wafting their fragrances, except there wasn't any wind blowing there

at the time. Then I thought it might be caused by some draft coming up from the ground; maybe up through some cavity or something like that, but upon a careful examination of the ground no such openings were there for me to be found. I stayed some time gazing at this wonderment before strolling on along. And even when I glanced back, I could see they were still swaying away as if being touched by the wind.

§Storyalle.78§ It was a bright sunny day and I was strolling away with chatting to a charming woman on the benefits of active forgetfulness and journeying incognito, when with momentarily looking to the ground, I notice my shadow alone to be there and hers nowhere to be found. I looked at her and she looked as real as me and I touched her shoulder and she felt the same as me; she felt real. I couldn't understand why this being so she had no shadow. I have on occasion seen trees and rocks and even clouds that cast no shadow, but this was my first time meeting a person. I guess there are people too who cast no shadows, at least no shadows that are visible to my eyes. I wonder how this can be; I wonder could it be achievable. Also, could it be possible that their physical selves are actually shadows of something invisible?

§Storyalle.79§ I came upon a mighty tree in a spring valley that was growing as if it were two different species of trees from the one and the same trunk. And they were of an equal height reaching as a 'Y' shape into the sky. Seemingly, a second tree must have had long ago set itself as a seedling to grow in a hollow of the original trunk. Yet, with looking at them now I could not say for sure if this had actually been the case for so harmonious were they growing as if of the same trunk and of the same root spread.

§Storyalle.80§ One day; no more like it was a single day that had extended itself into nine days, did I find myself thinking about numbers; more precisely thinking about the spaces between numbers. I had begun by asking what a number is. What for example is 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9? It was then that I noticed the spaces between each of them. What should I call the space between numbers? Are each of the spaces the same or not the same? Why are there such spaces there in the first place and why aren't there any further numbers filling in those spaces? Might invisible

numbers be filling them in? What might these invisible numbers be? Could they be the invisible versions of the visible numbers? For instance, what if, though a contradiction in terms, though not in thought, I could as such see the invisible: 112233445566778899. That somehow didn't seem to me to be the answer for even among these were more spaces. Other than invisible numbers what might be occupying those spaces, I asked. And then I also came about to thinking that spaces too exist in spoken and written language. There are spaces between sounds and sounds; between letters and letters; between words and words; sentences and sentences and bunches of sentences. What occupies these spaces or are they completely empty of anything? Are numbers, sounds, letters and words themselves just occupiers of space? In other words, every number, sound, letter and word is as it were a temporary taker upper of a space. Beneath each of these is a space; is space. We only place things such as numbers, sounds, letters and words 'on' space. Spaces between will everywhere exist. Perhaps my body too is 'on' space; perhaps there is nothing that isn't 'on' space, I thought. Perhaps even the island itself and the sky and the Sun, moon and stars are all 'on' space. Everywhere I looked I could see the spaces between things. It was truly an enormous thought that had visited me and I was very excited by it and greatly enjoyed playing with it.

§Storyalle.81§ There is an old story: an extremely old story that I once heard of someone who during thunder and lightning storms would go out and run along the countryside to try and collect some lightning. He used to carry a vase or vessel of some kind into which he hoped to capture and store lightning. It was an unbelievably dangerous thing to be doing for he could have been struck by lightning and that could have been nearly the end of him. When asked why he was doing this, he is said to have said: "If it were possible to have lightning in the dwellings there would no longer be any need at night for flaming torches and dripping candles to light them up." I remember when I was no more than eight or nine of having had and still do, a similar idea, only I wanted somehow to gather sunlight and to keep it for the night. There must be some way of doing this but the how of it hasn't yet presented itself to me. If not to me then it most assuredly will to someone some day. The obvious solution I find to anything is the obvious,

but the how of it may take quite some time to figure out; even a lifetime or generations. Patience in such matters is a great thing surely.

§Storyalle.82§ Of a summer's afternoon, I was sitting on the edge of an ash grove and enjoying gazing a little ways over and down from me at a shimmering meandering riverlet. I was wondering why had it picked that area to flow through; why hadn't it chosen to flow through the next pastureland over for it looked to be of the same lay. Why did it prefer to continuously flow in roughly the same pathway for possibly years and years? Could it simply have all come down to the lay of the land in that area; to the natural gradient of the place? Yet could there be something else at work, I thought. Had Nature prepared the land for the coming of a future wellspring to streamlet to stream to riverlet; had Nature guided the first waters to flow there? Would the riverlet of a season become a river or return to being a stream a streamlet or a wellspring? From such engaging thoughts I began to consider the possible reasons for the grove of trees being in that particular place; the reasons why the valley and the hills over the way were where they were. Why were certain clouds over on high floating through that particular area of the sky and not a little more over or even a little nearer to the general area where I was seated? Were the clouds yielding to the wind flows; were the wind flows guidance ways of Nature? And then I thought about myself. How had it come to be that I came to sit there on the edge of the grove and not a little over the ways from it? Was I too yielding to a guidance of Nature like the riverlet, trees, valley, hills and clouds were seemingly doing? The more I thought about it, the more it made sense that most likely I had, unbeknownst to myself willingly adhered to a guidance of Nature to come and sit there and to reflect on all those wondrous things. And with having reached such a harmonious answer, I contentedly remained longer sitting there before somehow and seemingly spontaneously taking myself to strolling westwards along the bank of the golden riverlet.

§Storyalle.83§ It was coming up on the festival of Samhain when I happened upon seventy-one men who were carrying on wooden poles resting on their shoulders a big trunk of an old tree.

There were twenty-three rows of three abreast and one of two. The partially still root-laden tree surely must have been almost three paces in diameter and some thirty in length. And when with them stopping to take a rest for themselves, I approached and asked them why they were carrying it and they told me, saying: "It's the trunk of a nine hundred year-old oak; a much beloved tree down through the generations that had been washed away five years before by an exceptionally powerful autumnal flood." They told me: "We had searched and searched for it all the long while before eventually finding it partially stuck in a dried up mud bed at the mouth of a river estuary. Had we been but a few days late, it would have been washed way out to sea by a seasonally high tide and we would never again have seen it." They were now returning it back to their locality with the intention of keeping it for as long as they could in the memory of their descendants. This they hoped to achieve by painstakingly fashioning out of it some exquisite furnishings and beautiful artwork for their dwellings. "Our women folk," they said: "are highly skilled in such talents and art." They were very pleased that I lent them my shoulders for the remainder of the journey. And wasn't I happy to be doing so since it felt good to be part of their transmission of precious artefacts into the future. Their mindfulness and generosity of effort for the coming generations greatly impressed me.

§Storyalle.84§ Of a lovely misty wet windy late autumnal morning and with flocks of crows seemingly flying about aimlessly; rather contentedly floating and half gliding upon the wind, just above the treetops: rising up way up and rolling down adown and rising up and down again and again across the low cloud canopied countryside that I happened upon the burnt out shell of a dwelling at the edge of a forest. The trees about it though not damaged overall were for a good ways up partially blackened. All that remained standing of the dwelling was its stone walls containing some openings for windows and the door. By the condition of the charred roof beams and the trees it must have burnt some four to five seasons back. And as my eyes and thoughts had been drawn to the roof, the trees and again to the crows and the clouds, I didn't immediately notice what it was that was sitting in the leaf carpeted sheltered doorway. Sitting there in the doorway was a wolf; a female

wolf with her head resting on her two front paws half curled out in front of her. She was whining away most pitifully to herself as if she was in some great discomfort or pain. I had heard what sounded like whining but I had thought it was the sound of two tree branches rubbing off each other. I slowly got down on my hands and knees and unhurriedly approached her and with gentle sounds I let her to feel that I would be no harm to her. With soothingly stroking her forehead and looking into her beautiful eyes, I could see that there was something definitely wrong. By carefully removing some leaves and twigs from her coat, I noticed her hind paws, thighs and tail were all badly entangled in a matting of thorns. And they were causing bleeding. So I went in behind her and while all the while softly, sounding to her, I ever so sensitively and carefully managed, after quite some time, to completely remove the impalement from her. She was so exhausted that she fell into a deep sleep. I went and made a medicinal paste out of some root juices and mud and applied it to her wounds. I stayed there beside her while she slept. With gently stroking her somewhat bloated flank I could to my fingertips feel she was with litter. Early into the next moon phase she would be giving them birth. When she woke up, she slowly rose to her feet and with licking my hands and face, she quietly walked away and disappeared into the forest. And I could tell from her gait that in a day, two to three she was going to be fine.

§Storyalle.85§ When I was about seven or eight years old, I had this very strange dream. In it I saw a man disembarking from a boat and he was wading ashore. He was dressed like a Druidic High Priest, but somehow different. He had his right hand raised to the height of his shoulder with his thumb and fingers shaped in such a way that it reminded me of a hare's head and ears. In his left hand, he was grasping a thorny tree like shape that had no roots to it and only two branches which were outstretched from each other about five fifths of the way up the trunk. There were red berries on them and they were oozing red juice. It reminded me of a hawthorn tree but it wasn't for I had never in my life seen such an unusual tree. The man was tall but his tree cross was even taller. There seemed to be something fastened to it. At first I couldn't make out what it was but as he neared it suddenly became apparent to me. It was an

effigy of a human with the arms outstretched and the legs intertwined in each other. I was terrified. The Druidic priests are accustomed to carrying freshly cut branches that still have the leaves and even the fruit on them but never would they fasten such the like to it. And I remember I tried to hide away behind a rock but my legs were as if they were asleep because I could hardly move them. Then I found myself trying to drag myself along the sand towards the rock but I wasn't able to budge as I felt my body to be unbelievably heavy. It was within this struggling to move and hide that I woke up in fright and screaming. My mother came to me and held me to her bosom. In her lovely lullaby voice I fell contentedly asleep. Even to this day I still feel some of the fear I experienced in that dream, especially whenever I see any of those Christian priests and bishops.

§Storyalle.86§ With sitting on a glacial rock by an ancient oak and observing the flight patterns of a female bumblebee, I found myself asking, why do bumblebees and honeybees fly here about there about over numerous varieties of flowers and only alight and extend their tongues to some. Could it be because they have so much of a choice or is it that they are on the lookout for a particular kind of nectar? I wondered whether she would revisit the same patch of flowers again the next day. I thought most likely she would if the nectar she had discovered there was greatly to her liking and in plentiful supply and that her nest was close by. Then I asked myself, how would she know from which flower she had alighted and lapped up the nectar. Perhaps she had left, I thought some form of a self-print or scent on those flowers to make it easier for her to be able to again find them. How, I thought should I interpret the ways of bees? Interpretations of whatever I observe; of whatever I hear, scent, taste, feel and even of what I think of the thoughts I thought, clearly takes practice; practice being the maker of progress in understanding. Yet, it seems to me that on such a pathway I still have a long ways to go. And that is all right too, since I like taking things nice and slow; carefreely jumping and leaping along through the ages as so. The oak takes ages of places to grow as do certain rocks when returning again into snow, such as that one I had been sitting on that day when observing away the interesting activities of the buzzy busy bumblebee.

§Storyalle.87§ I had early of a summer's eve come over the brow of a low hill and with having been presented with a lovely scene, I sat down and took to reflectively gazing upon it. There have oft been times when the sunlight catches my eyes at a particular gradient which would give me to see as it were waking dreams; to see something within my gaze that is not actually there. Whenever such phenomena take place, the content is never of my own day; always it appears to be of some other place up ahead, back or of a somewhere I know no where. That was what happened that eve: an unusual scene which was coming from my right to left and not more than twenty to twenty-five paces away from me, presented itself to my Sun tinted eyes of what appeared to be some kind of a coverless contraption having some kind of coverless carriage linked on behind. Not having ever seen the likes of them it is hard to describe what these really were. My wording on them may not be successful. They were soundlessly floating about knee high above the ground. The front contraption was being reined or how shall I say, directed or driven by a man who had his eyes firmly fixed on the way up front. Sitting next to him was another man who was also looking at the way up front. In the carriage there was a man dressed in black attire. He appeared to be older than a youth; more nearing to middle age, but I can't say for sure. He had shortly cut black hair and was of a colourless complexion. He was intently reading from what appeared to be a downsized single leafed manuscript that he was holding in his right hand. On the left hand side of the manuscript he was rapidly moving the index finger on his left hand. As they were passing along in front of me as if in seeming slow motion, the carriage section started to slide off sideways towards me and drop down without overturning over a low stone wall. At that inclination it was still moving along. Its passenger appeared not to be in the least bit fazed; he didn't seem to be even aware of the angle at which he was now reading. In fact, he appeared to be completely indifferent as to what was happening. He had kept on with his reading. The impression I picked up from him was that he was thinking the how of driving on the way and the how of drawing his carriage wasn't his concern; it was somebody else's concern. His concern was only with reading. The driver and the man next to him seemed to be unaware of what was happening

to the carriage behind them. And then they too in their contraption were sliding and falling down behind the stone wall, yet they remained looking directly ahead of them as if they were still driving away vertically. They seemed to be quite oblivious to what was happening to their contraption or to the carriage behind them or maybe they weren't. The impression they were giving to me was that what whichever way all was consistent with movement. All three of them appeared to be in some other world; even to be of or from some other world. They seemed to be in some kind of a trance. And although they appeared to be human, I couldn't say then nor can I say now for absolute certainty that they were actually human since I was picking up from them something other than human that was neither animal nor plant. And just as spontaneously as the scene had appeared it disappeared for the sunlight in my eyes had shifted its gradient.

§Storyalle.88§ Of an autumnal midday and with gazing away from a hillside upon some flooded lands along by a river, I found myself asking, how come when the floodwaters have receded I have never come across any fish stranded in grassy pools. What is it about the fish of the rivers, streams and lakes that they can sense being entrapped or being left behind and so do make the necessary moves to ensure that this doesn't happen? And a similar thought has oft crossed my mind when with watching thundering waves crash on to the seashore. What is it about the fish of the wavy waters that they can sense the possibility of being washed up and left behind and so also do make the necessary moves to ensure that this won't happen? Would that we humans were as the fishes are in our awareness of physical entrapments and that with such awareness we would take more immediate evasive actions. Great by far must surely be the number of fish that have avoided being netted than those that have been netted. And again, would that we humans were as the fishes are in our awareness of metaphysical entanglements, such as magico-religious beliefs and that with such awareness we would take more immediate evasive actions. Of course the best course of action would be to have nothing at all to do with such entanglements; to have nothing at all to do with such minded people, but as it happens, I do from place to place occasionally run into such people and out of human courtesy

engage I do with them in conversation and even in discussion when on the rare occasion I happen upon one who gives indications of being to a certain level respectful of my right to have my own views. Few indeed, though down through the places are the fish that have managed to avoid the closely woven nets of the Druids and fewer still do I see in the morning mists will be they in the unfolding places who can deal with the even more finely woven nets of the Christians. I see in breezes places unfolding where fish in great numbers are being netted apace. And I am saddened by such visions. I like the Sun in the sky do intend to vigilantly stay with my course on high; to be hidden away in full view; to be visible in secret. Who can capture what they know not where to find? Their nets they may cast in any direction as far as they can but never will they be able to reach that which swims, pauses and darts about at its ease neath the softly shimmering waters of verdant near glens.

§Storyalle.89§ Wherever I go throughout the island, people always have something to say I find about the weather. What is the weather? If it is raining over across the valley and it is not raining here and there is a blue sky in the far distance, is all this weather or just weather in each of the different places? If that is the case, then, I could say, the weather here is of clear views; if I were across the valley, it is wet and if off in the distance I would say the weather is very nice today. Perhaps no one really knows what the weather is, even though they talk an awful lot about it.

§Storyalle.90§ If I were to speak of a companion of mine: a non-human companion; a companion exceeding all companions in the world above and about me, then I would have to speak of the Sun. And although off concealed it is from me by clouds and by night hidden over beyond by the way, always do I sense its warmth, light and life; intimately feeling I do its tremendous love.

§Storyalle.91§ I love watching raindrops falling on to a pool of water; more like on to multi raindrops becoming a pool of water. I am as when I a child when it comes to such wondrous scenes. I like the feeling I get when I insert the tips of my fingers at the edge of the pool; enjoy feeling the raindrop ripples touch them. Perhaps we are like the raindrops in that we too came from the sky and that

with touching the mountains, the ground; the various soils, muds, streams and rivers, even the sea we were in such a like fashion metaformed: transformed into human beings. Where must we have come from originally; how did we come to be and how in the first place did we come to be here? Did we in fact not come from anywhere, but rather emerged instead directly from out of the ground or the waters? Could we have come down in a shower of rain or a fall of snow or in mists or enwrapped in the wind? Could a form of us have been transported here say on sunbeams, moonbeams or even starbeams? Could a form of us have floated away down adown from the wispy high blue sky or out of the starry dark heavens like unto a bird's feather does upon the wind; alighting here and there? Sufficient perhaps it is just to know that we are here; that we were here and that there is a very good chance we will be here. A mighty flood of rains though pouring out of massive dark clouds could come the night wash all of us all away with nobody being left to stay for the new day. May my words, not make such a calamity happen. All we can say with any certainty is that we were over there in yesterdays, we are here in this place called today, but what we can say when it comes to places tomorrows we know not what. Still and all, I would like to know. I sense raindrops falling into pools of water contain some answers to these questions. And seeing that such answers have not yet presented themselves to me, I will willingly have to continue observing such wondrous phenomena and them touching if safe to do so. Touching a burning tree in the middle of a lightning and thunder storm, though very tempting to me, would not be a very good idea.

§Storyalle.92§ Of a bright summer's day, I happened upon a dwelling by a shimmering riverlet. And as I neared, I heard a lovely mellifluous woman's voice singing a song of ancient peoples and places to the harmonious rhythm of an item of clothing being struck against a rock of the waters. It was a song of the tumuli: of the ancient grave mounds; a song sung to the memory of heroes and heroines long gone over. And she with finishing the laundering and noticing me, beckoned me on over and invited me to come sit by the bank to chat and to have a bite to eat. Pleased I was to do so. In the course of our illuminating conversation which took us to

many the worlds gone by, she spoke to me this true to form word which from place to place comes back to me. She spoke, saying: "The interpretation of the reality is better than the reality itself." And she had explained that to me to mean that the reality of being heroic must have not been at all easy; more oft than not must it have been quite difficult and surely not without its moments of doubt and loneliness. "The brave knew how to ride along with such things," she said: "and to be steadfastly remaining above them." And the more I had listened to her the more did I come to realize that she knew from personal experience this to be very true.

§Storyalle.93§ Of a spring morning while strolling among some hills in the northern part of the island, I stopped and stood on a flat stone in the middle of a grassy area for I had begun to have this feeling that something was about to happen, but I had no idea what. Suddenly, flocks of birds flew into the air and were winging it out of the area as fast as their wings could carry them. Over to my right a herd of elk were bolting and to my left a host of smaller animals such as wolves, boars, foxes and hares were anxiously running away. Four to five snakes slid quickly back by me through the grass. I looked to the sky but I didn't detect anything there out of the ordinary. I looked about and could see nothing out of the ordinary coming. Feeling somehow that the best thing for me to do was just to stand still on the stone where I was I didn't move. There was complete silence; the kind of silence that lets you to feel something is about to happen. And this was soon followed by slow rumbling sounds that were seemingly coming up from the ground out about in front of me. The sounds grew louder and closer together and with them the ground began to shake. It nearly knocked me off my feet. This shaking and rumbling went on for a little while before there was this sudden dropping away down adown of the ground out in front of me. I was watching it drop away down adown and not knowing if the stone I was standing on was also about to sink down adown with it. Then the ground: the hole suddenly stopped its dropping and there was a silence; the kind of silence that lets you to feel there was definitely something else going to happen and that it was going to be on a bigger scale. Next thing, the whole side of the hill opposite me slid right down into the massive sinkhole. It took with it all of the trees, bushes, under-

growth, grasses and soil down into the hole. It slid the face of the rock clean. All this movement was followed by another silence; a different kind of silence that lets you to feel there was nothing more going to happen. I sat down where I had been standing; sat down there on the edge of the sinkhole and lay my hands and head on my knees just to be listening. After a while I heard flocks of birds coming. I raised my head and I saw over from me to the right a herd of elks returning and away to the left smaller animals. As I sat there I looked down into the hole and I could see way down there the trees, bushes, undergrowth, grasses and soil that had slid off the hillside all mixed up in each other. I then took to looking directly across from me at the newly revealed rock face. The distance from me over the sinkhole to the rock face was some eighty to a hundred strides. And as I was looking over at the now sunbathed rock face, I noticed some kind of an outline or impression of something in the rock. As my eyes adjusted to the sight, I could make out what appeared to be the outline of some kind of a large animal. The more I looked at it the more of it, I could begin to see in its entirety. It was definitely an animal of some sorts. I thought at first it was perhaps some kind of a drawing or representation of some kind of animal done by ancestors over in the way over far. But the more I looked at it, I could see it wasn't a drawing of any kind, but rather the skeleton of some large animal that was embedded in the rock face. I have from place to place about the island found impressions of leaves, insects and fishes in bits and pieces of rock and it had the same makeup as them. Somehow they must have entered the rocks and had passed away there. It was not just the skeleton of a very large animal, but rather that of a gigantic animal. It stretched along the southeastern base of the hill below my ground level. In other words, it stretched along a section of the southeastern wall of the hole. And although it had four legs, it clearly wasn't the skeleton of a giant elk, a bull, a cow or even a horse since I have seen such skeletons and it wasn't any of them. It was something very different; something I had never seen before. And although I couldn't go over to it, due to the chasm, I estimated that from the tip of its small head and long neck to the tip of its long tail it measured about forty-five to fifty strides. The height of its front shoulders appeared to be about eight to nine strides and the back

seven to eight. It was massif and I wondered were there such animals on the island in ages of places way to way far removed. And I thought that with the seasons ever coming, it would again most likely be covered under by soil, grasses, undergrowth, bushes and trees until it would again appear in ages of places way to way far removed.

§Storyalle.94§ When I was no more than eleven to twelve summers old, my parents told me that once when they were with sitting on a grassy slope, my mother had put out her left hand to touch a small rock next to her. With doing so, didn't it wobble a little. So she pushed it a little more and noticed what appeared to be a leather strap partially sticking out from beneath it. Being curious, they got up and rolled away the rock only to discover a leather pouch containing some two to three hundred gold coins buried underneath it. They looked in mint condition. And it appeared as if it hadn't been too long at all since they had been originally deposited there for the ground about looked freshly scraped up to the base of the rock, they said. It was almost as if someone had hastily stashed them there and would come back again at a later date to hide them in an even more secure and safer place, perhaps in one of the nearby caves. They said, the coins glistened brightly in the Sun. And they not having any use whatsoever for them and besides that they belonged to someone else, they returned them to the pouch and replaced it where they had found it. They then rolled back the rock on it and left it there. With reflecting on who might have hid them and for what purpose, they enjoyed eating some delicious blackberries which they found growing a little ways further up the slope. I too since have from place to place discovered stashed away treasures of different kinds and I too like my parents having no need for them and besides that they belonged to someone else, I just covered them up and took to continuing on with my strolling or eating some fruits I happened to find along the way.

§Storyalle.95§ With waking of a summer's dawn, I found myself recalling a dream I had just dreamt. In the dream it was a beautiful frosty morning countryside scene. Everywhere was white with the Sun glistening upon the grasses and trees. There was a group of five to seven men standing who were happily chatting

away about something. Then, I noticed over from them a charming dwelling overlooking a river. I said to myself that looks very much like my mother's native home; the dwelling in which she was born and raised. And as I was thinking about this, I noticed a group of five to seven women coming along and they too like the men were happily chatting away. Among the women, I noticed one in particular. And as they neared, I could recognize her by her lightsome walking style; her beautiful long wavy brown hair and her lovely smiling countenance to be my mother. Yes, it was my mother. She looked as she was when I was but some seven summers. And as they passed along in front of me, she joyfully and lovingly glanced my way. I was filled with her love and joy and I wanted to go and embrace her but she and her companions had already passed on along by. And being for some reason, not sure if it was actually my mother, I was seeing or not, I said to the men: "Look; there is my mother!" They smilingly and graciously answered me saying: "Yes, it is her all right, but that was her five hundred summers ago." I couldn't understand why they were saying this as my mother she still lives. Then they said: "It has already been some five hundred summers since she lived." I seemed to understand yet not understand. It was then that I knew myself to be some five hundred summers in the future; in some place over the ways in place future and was somehow in a place in place past. With rising from my resting place, I happily journeyed along by streams and pasturelands, forests and groves and through valleys and over hills until I came to find myself again contentedly sitting across my mother's smiling hearth in our family home. And I excitedly told her about my dream. And didn't she tell how she too had had of late the same dream and of seeing me in it and how that with waking she had very much wished that I would come soon to visit her. Definitely, the sacred connection between a mother and her child; a child and his or her mother is wondrously mysterious. Though a wall of mountains were to be placed between them; though floods of waters were to be flown before them, still would they find a way to be in each other's happy company, to tell how in the meantime they had been thinking and dreaming about each other. And with us both being fully refreshed by each other's presence and words, my mother let me to be upon my way with we

both already looking forward to the next visit.

§Storyalle.96§ A man of a midsummer's day put this question to me, saying: "How should our sincerity be?" "Have your sincerity be uncompromisingly sincere; flourish it day nightly in the valleys, groves, hillsides and along the seashore and about the board and hearth." "If I have my sincerity be uncompromisingly sincere, shall I still be able to bring forth fruitful insights in my old age?" "Most certainly you will for sincerity has been well attested and established from of old."

§Storyalle.97§ In all seasons, I like listening to the different sounds made by birds. In summer, I especially like listening to pigeons: coo roo-c'too-coo, coo roo-c'too-coo, coo roo-c'too-coo, coo roo-c'too-coo, coo roo-c'too-coo and oh-oo-oor, oh-oo-oor, oh-oo-oor. Amazing is their lengthening and pausing of sounds. And fascinating it is to observe them, if when cooing, they are also strutting about; to watch them bowing, stamping their feet and tail-fanning. One summer, in a grove of a glen, I was contentedly listening away to their cooing when something out of the ordinary happened. Normally they coo roo-c'too-coo three to four to five times before abruptly stopping. Howsoever, on this particular occasion, one pigeon somewhere aloft in a tree coo roo-c'too-cooed on for seventeen coos before stopping. It was for the duration experienced by me to be at first out of the ordinary. But with thinking it over, I could say to myself, ah, how fortunate and pleasing it is to know that the exception has its own place in the heart of the ordinary. Wondrous indeed, I thought is the boundless ways of Nature. And I wondered on whether I myself was an ordinary of the ordinary or an exception among the ordinary. There and then in the glen I knew myself to be an exception among the ordinary. And like the pigeon high up in the tree, I felt I have no need to be making any excuses to anyone for me being me; for me being of Nature wondrously and exceptionally made. My noblesse oblige I took to be, to willingly enjoy me, being naturally me.

§Storyalle.98§ Sometimes deep in the night or in the predawn or when taking a nap of an afternoon in a sunny place, do I hear voices. They are not coming from anybody around about me nor are they coming from my own mind. Most times they sound as if

they are just right above me or out in front of me. Even at times when standing or sitting in the middle of a great open space among forests or strolling along by the seashore, do I hear them. I sense some sort of invisible screen like canopy floats or drapes between us. And I sense that although I can't see them, they somehow can see me, but then again in places I sense they can't. I wonder why that is and I wonder can they also hear me. Most likely they can, but this I wouldn't be able to say for sure. Usually they are reciting to me marvelous poetry or telling me enchanting stories. And there is a lovely laughter and lyricalness in their voices; those voices being either male or female. Their poems are praises to ancient sages of the island and their stories are about its everyday ancient people's admirable relationships with its valleys, hills, rivers, seashores, islets, rocks, trees and pasturelands and with the sunshine, winds, rains, snows and mists that enrich it from on high. And there is every here and there among their recitations, tercets telling of matters concerning what will be in near to far over places.

§Storyalle.99§ Of an afternoon with a waning moon way over in the mid high, I happened upon an old woman in a damp pastureland and she was rhythmically cutting reeds and laying them to one side. A waiting pony was snoozing on a dry grassy mound nearby. They seemed to be away in a world of their own, so I let them there to happily be. And as I was continuing on upon my way and she with straightening herself up to give some ease to her back, noticed me and gave me a grand wave. I returned in kind. She resumed her art while I sauntered on along with my thoughts into the distance.

§Storyalle.100§ Sometimes when I see clouds coming in down low on to a mountaintop, I feel they are imparting something to the mountain under the cover as it were of themselves; something secret; something only known to the mountains, the clouds and the sky. Of a day when observing such a fascinating scene, didn't I also happen to see a little over from me, a mother and father rat and their young family of nine having a great time playing away with each other.

§Storyalle.101§ I recall a morning of twenty-seven springs ago, of coming upon a group of men, who under the guidance of a

Christian priest, were actively engaged in redirecting the course of a thousand-year old riverlet for it to flow by a newly constructed peculiar looking stone building which presumably they too had built. And even then I knew such a building to be a church: a Christian place of worship. It was no more than thirty strides or so in length; eight to nine in width and some twelve to fifteen in height. That was the third such building I had ever seen in my life. And like it, the other two were also located on the eastern side of the island. With viewing them digging and damming the waters, from the cover of some trees, I wondered how many more streams; how many more riverlets and even rivers might be redirected to facilitate the worshipping needs of this sporadic thought invasion of the island. To whatever extent I have issues with the Druidic way and I certainly do have issues with it, I have through the seasons come to the stark realization that the Christian way is proving itself to be by far the more problematic; by far the more troublesome. Already, have they to serve their own purposes, renamed several places sacred to the Druids, such as hills, trees, wells and rivers. I get the very strong impression that they are passionately bent on subduing the native ways of thinking of the peoples of the island; on subjugating and eventually even replacing all Druidic beliefs with their own. Their disrespect and arrogance shows no restraint. According to some of them, the evangelization as they call it of the island, will soon be elevated to a whole new level of urgency, commitment and determination. Up to now the evangelizing Christians coming to the island have mainly been in dribs and drabs: merchants, slaves and a few priests.

§Storyalle.102§ With strolling of a morning in summer, I noticed over from me, a lovely brown to golden hen of the yards and she appeared to be attempting to fly. Now hens don't fly other than become airborne for a few paces. I stopped to observe her. She was running towards the standing trunk of an old broken down tree as if she wanted to rise up to where it had once divided into two great branches: to rise up into that leaf filled parting. She was running along the ground with her wings fully outstretched and frantically flapping them, when she rose into the air to about the same height as myself, before slamming with her feet first in against the side of the trunk. With clucking away to herself, she walked

back the same path and this time she ran even faster and flapped her wings more powerfully, before rising higher into the air, but again she slammed in against the side of the trunk. Being quite determined, she again returned along the same path and this time she made it; rising to over twice my height, before crash landing into the bunch of dried leaves in the parting of the branches. And with catching her breath, she scratched, pecked and clucked about awhile before settling herself down to lay an egg. With looking up at her, I wondered had she responded to some deeper calling within her: a call of a time in the long ancient over when her ancestors had flown in the air just like any of the other birds and built their nests in the trees. She looked very contended in herself as if she had proven to herself something to have long been right. And with resuming my strolling, I found myself wondering about my own physiology and anatomy.

§Storyalle.103§ Of a misty wet, windy winter morning, in the wide flat rock lands of the west, I watched there from the shelter of its elegantly soaring dolmen, the moss-laden high dolmen surround stone wall wave and sway like a fern frond in the wind, before it fell right on over and became a heap of stones stretching in a semicircle for some eighty to a hundred strides. I wondered what was it about this particular easterly wind that had caused it to wave and sway precisely at the moment I had decided to alight my view upon it. With the wind having become a gentle breeze and the mist giving way to dry, I went and strolled all along that heap until it returned me back around to the same spot where I had begun. And this strolling along the heap I repeated twice before leaving the scene and without having acquired a single answer to any of my wonderings, ponderings and questionings on the happening. And that was fine by me too for I have found that not everything I have questions about and for necessarily have answers they wish to release to me right away. In any a given place I am given to know all that I need to know. And this is a great thing surely to know.

§Storyalle.104§ Of a warm mid-summer's afternoon, I watched an elderly man taking water from a well and carrying it in a wooden pail across a pastureland and emptying it into a riverlet. He did this several times. When he at last sat down to take a rest, I went over and asked him why he was doing this and he answered:

“I’m concerned that the well might fill up and brim over, so I am emptying it as soon as it wells up any little bit. And in addition, I wish to contribute to the size of the little riverlet rather than to be wasting the water.” I asked him if he had been doing this since the forenoon. His answer greatly surprised me for he said: “I have been doing it since the early days of summer. This is something I have been doing every summer of my life; ever since I was able to lift a pail of water. My father before me used to do it and his father before him and most likely all the fathers going way back along into time immemorial.” And although I sensitively explained to him the natural ways of wells and riverlets and that as such there was no longer any need for him to be doing such laborious, time consuming work, he didn’t want to accept what I had to say as being true, oh so true, but instead and without speaking another word to me, got up and left me to resume his time honoured family responsibility of filling, carrying, emptying and resting; filling, carrying, emptying and resting.

§Storyalle.105§ While sitting on some seashore rocks enjoying the sweet aroma of wood smoke from my breakfast fire, I found myself thinking about the new wave of thought that has been gradually seeping into our everyday way of life; into our everyday way of looking at things. Why are people associating with this new religiosity; this new bothersome wave of thought? Of late, they seem to be falling over each other to join it. Why could this be? Is it because they view it to be different somehow from what they and their ancestors have been believing in for hundreds and hundreds of years? Could it be that the old Druidic way is no longer able to satisfactorily help them with their spiritual needs? And as I was considering these things, didn’t I notice over from me a contented grey mother seal and her pretty white pup looking over at me and they were as if saying to me: “Have nothing at all you to do with that way.” And by way of a wave, I answered them, saying: “Rest assured, I won’t be.”

§Storyalle.106§ In a dream, I was standing by a lake. It was early morning for the Sun was bountifully playing with the dew adorned foliage. Then I was strolling by the lake and with strolling I looked up ahead and saw this man strolling towards me. Now and for some reason, didn’t I feel the need to look around behind me

and behold, didn't I also see there a seemingly identical man strolling towards me. But I didn't know who they were. I said to myself, this has to be wondrous strange. And as both of them were nearing me, I could to my great surprise recognize that both of them were 'me'! The one in front was much older than I am now and the one behind much younger. Then all of a sudden they disappeared; yes, quite literally vanished into the air. I went and sat by the shimmering lake waters and I was with waking thinking that I would have liked to have met them; would have liked to have had a great chat with them about so many things.

§Storyalle.107§ I wonder, do the flower and tree seeds in the soil of this winter clime know that I am already looking forward to seeing them grow and bloom; looking forward to scenting and touching them. I wonder is there anything in Nature that is looking forward to seeing my ideas grow and bloom; looking forward to scenting their various fragrances and touching them. I know for sure that the Sun loves seeing me throughout the day and everyday be they cloudy ever which way. The Sun above all, I feel, looks forward to seeing my thoughts grow and bloom; looks forward to glistening upon them as they flow their meandering way through the valleys and pasturelands and into the skies as mists upon gentle breezes take. My thoughts are flowers and trees; my thoughts are waters and mists.

§Storyalle.108§ Of a charming summer's morn while sitting on a riverbank, I observed a woman in the distance coming along by the river and with she every now and then stopping to sit down to seemingly write something. She continued on doing this for quite some time, until eventually, the river as it was coming around my way, I could get to meet her. I asked her what she was doing and she said: "I'm trying to write down the sounds of the water; the different sounds water makes in different parts of the river." And in her mellifluous voice, she said: "No two sounds have I found to be the same." And finding our thoughts on such wonders to be most harmonious, we enjoyed staying the rest of the day with each other talking away, about the marvelous variety of sounds to be found, even there in our surround. With the coming of eve we delighted in viewing the first stars through each other's cascading fragrant hair.

§Storyalle.109§ Sometimes of a day when strolling along on my way and the sky is very overcast: I cannot see the Sun or the blue sky, I then say to myself, by the time I reach that hill over there, I will have seen the Sun; the Sun will have momentarily appeared and the clouds will have parted on by and I will have been able to catch a glimpse of the clear blue sky. And I don't know why it is but every time I think like that, don't I see the Sun and catch a glimpse of the blue sky. I feel as, if not the wind; if not the clouds, the Sun or the sky or something or someone is listening to my wish and making it happen for me. Now if it happened just once or twice, I would have said it was merely a coincidence, but seeing that it happens quite a lot, I just wonder.

§Storyalle.110§ It could be every few sunny or even drizzly days; every few waning or waxing moonlit or moonless nights, every few times of a season and depending on where I am or how I might be feeling otherwise, I get this powerful urge to make passionate love to an exceptional woman. It is a wonderful feeling truly that may in essence be said to be as much intellectual and emotional as it is physical. And it all but takes me over, so it does. It enjoys playfully weaving its way in and out through my philosophical reflections be they happening of a dawn, morning, midday, afternoon, eve or night. At such times my observations of the sky, land and waters are all but of curvatures; beautiful sensual feminine curves. It has before I know it already arrived and without any notification or even invitation, is it making itself feel right at home. It stays for as long as it wishes and only departs from me when either it has been fully satisfied or it times out. It is not a temptation but rather a most natural feeling in need of physical, emotional and intellectual gratification. Whenever I happen on occasion to meet an exceptional woman; a woman with whom I feel an intellectual compatibility, an emotional intimacy and physical attraction, I don't hold myself back when by mutual consent we take to making passionate love. And should it be, come any a season that we happen to again meet, we do if we are so inclined make passion love. Now the Druidic priests would have a problem with this personal way of mine, should they hear tell of it and even more so I guess would the Christian priests. Howsoever, both of them are very welcome to their views for before myself and in the full sight

of Nature am I serene of mind and in health of body. The birds of the air; the animals of the land and the fishes of the waters all do play away in their own natural and respectful way and so do I. Yet in saying so, do I acknowledge that while this way of mine is for me quite fine, it is not for everyone nor could it or should it be for everyone.

§Storyalle.111§ I am always delighted to be revisiting my native place: the dwelling place in which I was born and reared. Whenever I come here I am brimming over with happy memories of my childhood days. My native place faces south and it is situated here on the northern bank of this river that sweeps about in a great arc as it flows its way from west to east. It is truly a lovely place in all seasons. The dwelling itself is very old. It was built by one of my ancestors. And the story in word and text goes that an ancestor of mine was of a spring morning with his beloved and five children searching for a place to set up a home of their own. It was customary for families to go set up a home of their own. They had journeyed by land and by water from the midlands. Now, they were in a boat coming down there the river and with rounding about the arc, they beheld a majestic elk standing here on the bank. With seeing him, the youngest child excitedly exclaimed that they had found the place to build their dwelling. And at that, my ancestors came ashore and built for themselves this dwelling on the very spot where the elk had been standing. It has been standing here in this same spot with seven hundred and twenty-three springs. My parents are still living here and my siblings live and dwell in the near about. Our parents are very bright; very alert with phenomenal memories for detail. They love strolling along the banks of the river; love strolling in the pasturelands and groves and along the valleys and in the hills. And whenever I am around we still greatly enjoy strolling and chatting away together in such wondrous places. Having grown up with listening to them speak so eloquently and lovingly of all these things, am I well endowed to culture my own love for Nature. My beloved father is of book learning of Nature as much as he is of waters and in groves learning of It, while my mother is of waters and in groves learning of It as much as she is of book learning. May they live long and healthily; may they have the company of their beautiful clear minds for all the seasons of their life. And ever

grateful and comforted I am to know that my beloved siblings have with their own families chosen to spend their lives living in their vicinage. My choice has been altogether different in that I have chosen to be ever journeying throughout the island. My parents say I am a rare breed, but not the exception for our family records show that such individual-minded ones have from ages to ages appeared in our lineage. Wherever I journey, be it near or far from the native place, my parents and siblings are always in my heart; always in my thoughts.

§Storyalle.112§ With reclining alongside a pool of clear rainwater and gazing into it, I noticed that at the bottom there were very tiny little lifeforms actively moving about. Where might they have come from, I thought; had they perhaps rode down in the rain. To them their world must feel and appear to be very big. And I wondered, could they see me gazing down in upon them. What or who did they think I might be? And then I wondered if we are not also like those tiny little lifeforms actively moving about here at the bottom of this great basin of air we call ground sky. Does the high blue sky mark the surface of this basin? Where might we have come from; had we rode down upon the wind or in the rain or snow or had we tucked ourselves cosily away in sunbeams? How did we get to be here? To us, our world feels and appears to be very big. And I wondered if there might be someone who takes to reclining alongside worlds such as ours and who like me delights in gazing in wonderment down in upon us and who thinks and says something of the same about our world as I had been saying and thinking about the world of the tiny little lifeforms in the pool. Although I have never seen such a one gazing in down upon us, it doesn't follow that such a one doesn't exist or that our world isn't but a basin among numerous basins in similitude to pools of rainwater found here and there across the landscape. Perhaps in the great wide open spaces of the heavens the stars are pools; pools of clear light.

§Storyalle.113§ Once of a summer's day, I was sitting on a rock by the bank of a river. I was observing how, every now and again, some of the water was flowing back in the same direction in which it had come, before it would then let itself again be part of the forward flow. It was at first resembling a whirlpool, but instead

of it flowing on out of it and letting itself be part of the forward flow, it would flow back up the river for about seventeen to twenty paces. And as I was enjoying watching such a seemingly unusual happening, I noticed to my right, over on the opposite bank, a herd of elk leisurely grazing and strolling by an oak grove. There were seven of them. And over to my left and also on the opposite bank, I beheld a herd of boars enjoying wallowing about in some mud. There were fifteen of them. As I was observing them, I noticed two horses beyond them in the distance galloping along the base of a hill and they with every few strides stopping to rear up on their hind legs, to play head and neck with each other. And I wondered with gazing upon these charming scenes, what the elk might think horses are; the horses the boars and by extension of thought, what boars would think cattle are, cattle sheep, sheep foxes, foxes wolves, wolves dogs, dogs cats, cats snakes, snakes birds, birds butterflies, butterflies snails, snails worms, worms ants and ants humans. And then I asked myself, what do I say myself is; who do I say myself am? And I gave an answer to myself, saying: "You are a human; you are a lifeform of Nature as are the elk, horses, boars, cattle, sheep, foxes, wolves, dogs, cats, snakes, birds, butterflies, snails, worms and ants; even as the rock, river, trees, grasses, mud and the hills are you a form in life and a life in form of Nature." And in that place I was well pleased with my answer. The river continued on with its forward flow while every now and again some of its water flowed back a stretch before letting itself become once again of the flow forward and onwards.

§Storyalle.114§ Of a lovely autumnal eve and having just emerged from out of an underground human hued tunnel that has its opening down by the bank of a nearby river, I found myself in the midst of this very long ancient stone burial place. It is the largest of the ancient long tapered burial spots that I have so far discovered. It is difficult to know how many more of them and the like there are throughout the land as often I have found they tend to be long abandoned and as such are surrounded by thick groves, massive forests and covered over by various types of undergrowth. I sat there before its western face watching the Sun set. And as I was watching the last few rays subside into the horizon, I found myself asking myself, where have all the dead gone? Are they truly

no more here? I know their physical remains are in the ground or in the trees, in the waters, in the bogs or in the ashes, but where have their breaths gone; their spirit gone: that which makes them so? Do they go anyplace? Are they in fact, watching me right now from behind some invisible veil or screen? Why can't I see them? Have they gone to a nicer place or a more difficult place or even to a place in similitude to this place? Are they perhaps dwelling on the clouds; on the Sun, the moon or even on or about the stars? Where are they? Are they not at all anywhere? It would make a difference to me if I could know for sure.

§Storyalle.115§ While sitting at the mouth of a cave of a very windy morning, I was enjoying watching clouds coming on it over the top from the northwest and floating their way down on out over the undulating countryside. Here and there the Sun was casting delightful splashes of golden light and part to full rainbows on to waters, groves and slopes. It was a marvelous vantage point to a most magnificent scene. And as I was enjoying all this loveliness of wind, floating clouds, Sun appearances, showers of rain and bows, I found myself asking myself, why is it that life is the way it is and that it is not any other way; could it be any other way. Letting my imagination come out in front of me, I could visualize everything being very different; not anything at all being the same as it was there about and before me. Yet, when I tried to put words to my visions I was at a loss. I might as well have been as a one season old child sitting there watching and feeling all these things for I was without suitable words to express such visions. The best I could manage was a few exclamations rather than any actual words. And then the thought came to me that not alone was I limited in expressing my visions, but that I was also limited in my ability to express the actual reality that was there about and before me. Sure, I had several words that had quickly and easily come to the forefront of my mind, but there was so much out there before me that was without any words of mine.

§Storyalle.116§ A happy reminderer of ancient places and rock formations; of old waterways, trees and settlement holdings, once put this question to me while sitting at the entrance to his homely dwelling, saying: "What are the stories you tell; how should they be understood?" And I answered him saying: "My stories are

metaphors journeying to become metaforms; metaforms journeying to become metaphors.” And he said to me: “Your mind then must surely be like unto a metaforming metaphor; a metaphorming metaform.” And there in that beautiful place I did give him answer, saying: “It would seem to be.”

§Storyalle.117§ Of a winterish day and down by the bank of a river, I happened to espy through tall reeds, a Christian priest who was explaining to a small gathering of seemingly very willing to convert Druidic believers that as Christians theirs would be the dominion over all life: theirs would be the dominion over all mountains, hills, rocks and topsoils; over all fountainheads, streams, rivers and the sea; over all trees, bushes and roots; over all elks of the hills and valleys; over all wolves and foxes of the forests and groves; over all birds of the air; over all snakes, butterflies and bees of the grasses and flowers; over all fishes of the waters; over all insects and the like, both upon the ground and in the soil and above all they would have dominion over all non-believers. In truth, he said, there would be nothing they wouldn’t have dominion over once they had converted to Christianity. By the looks on their faces, they appeared to be quite pleased with what he was preaching to them. Then, before I knew it, didn’t they all rush headlong into the cold river waters! And with the priest about to perform some kind of initiation ritual over them, I quietly withdrew from out of the helpful reeds to continue on upon my way.

§Storyalle.118§ Of a sunset in midsummer, I was observing the shadows of branches, leaves, briars and grasses being cast on to an old stone wall. The wall was partially covered with ivy, mosses, ferns and small flowers. And it appeared to have been once part of the gable end of a dwelling. Now this thought came to me that when a wall starts to crumble and fall, Nature doesn’t step in to halt the crumbling or help to reconstruct it, but rather does It help to level it; help with the returning of it back unto Itself. Perhaps it is the same, I thought with the wall that we call our body.

§Storyalle.119§ Of an afternoon in strolling, I was thinking that the mountains, great rivers and old trees long standing must have seen many things happening about them in the human world. They would have seen the comings and goings of their generations;

they would have seen their construction of various kinds of dwelling places and they would have seen all of them eventually crumble away and return back into the land. They would have seen them put in place the huge stone burial edifices that are still standing here and there about the island. And they would have seen how the people lived their daily lives; how they had related to each other and how they treated each other and the stranger. They would have seen how they related to everything about them in the valleys, hills and along the shoreline. And they would have seen how the Druidic and other ways of thinking came to be formed in people's minds or even to when and how they first came to be introduced to the island. They would have seen all my ancestors going back to as far as back as they have been dwelling on the island. Perhaps they would know how my ancestors came to be here in the first place. Had they come in from another land; had they come down out of the sky or even up out of the ground or even appeared out of a spreading of sunbeams of a misty morning? Was there among my ancestors any who loved this island as much as I do and even thought the way I do about all things? Would that the mountains, rocks, rivers and old trees long standing would speak their stories to me that I may listen, learn and grown in knowledge and wisdom from their many observations. And then the thought floated in me that they are also now observing me and that in their collective memory will I ever be for as long as they will ever be. And then I thought that even the Sun sees me this afternoon; and not alone sees me but also the mountains, rocks, rivers and old trees long standing. Such a thought caused me to levitate about the nearby treetops. Now so too, I thought for as long as the Sun remains will it and they have a memory of having been observing me this afternoon. Having such a flock of delightful thoughts winging about in my mind was I greatly pleased and did with the greatest of ease gently alight to resume my strolling.

§Storyalle.120§ Of a dawn in early spring as I was humming and strolling along, I heard from up ahead the beauteous singing of a male blackbird. With discontinuing my humming and nearing the lyrical sound, I could see he was standing on a branch in the uppermost part of a tree which was being gently swayed by the wind. It must be a very nice feeling, I thought to be sitting up there

and being swayed to and fro while singing and looking at things go by both in the about and in the below. No doubt he would have noticed my coming along the way. Then I thought there must be some difference in feeling between standing on a stretch of solid ground and looking around and below and standing on a swaying branch and looking around and below. With this, I walked on a few paces and climbed high into a nearby tree. There sitting on a branch, I enjoyed humming in harmony with the blackbird as we viewed things about and below us. In the tree did I come to know and appreciate the difference between looking from the unmoving ground and looking from a swaying tree. And that difference I found to be merely one of natural comfort and ease.

§Storyalle.121§ Of a lovely day with butterflies in full play and with a soft breeze blowing, I was sitting by a grove and thinking that everything the wind touches creates a particular sound or even a variety of sounds. The sounds of the trees being blown by the wind is like that of the sounds of the waves being brought on to the shore; the sound of the waves to be like that of the sounds of trees in the wind. And as I sat there with closing my eyes and listening to the different sounds being created by the wind about me, I enjoyed the challenge of trying to correctly identify each sound. I listened to the sounds created by the wind touching different parts of my body. I raised my hands and rested them on my raised knees and listened to its creations with passing over their backs and beneath their palms. They were different to those being created by passing over my arms and under my arms; different to those blowing about my legs, chest, shoulders, head, hair, ears, eyebrows, nose and lips. I listened again to all the different sounds being created about in the surrounding. And what was truly amazing to me was that though the sounds all differed, they sounded to be of a flawless harmony. And then my thoughts journeyed into the beautiful sky; to the cumulus clouds there being gently blown along. I wondered what sounds clouds make when they are being blown along by the wind. And I thought that the next time I am in the mountains; when I am strolling along a mountain ridge or reclining on a plateau, I will listen for such sounds in low lying clouds. And I did and found them to be amazingly gentle. With sitting there in the grove I became aware of a wondrous triple harmony: the harmony of

similar sounds; of dissimilar sounds and their elaborate combinations.

§Storyalle.122§ Many the many the seasons ago, when I was but no more than nineteen summers old, did I happen of an autumnal day upon the ruins of an old long abandoned human dwelling. It was a moving experience to be gazing upon such a ruin and thinking about all the people who might have lived there. They would have laughed; they would have cooked, struggled, rested, sung, danced, loved, slept, dreamt and arose with purpose and courage to live with a new day. They would have looked out into their surroundings; looked out and over into the horizon and up and about and away into the sunny skies of day and the starry heavens of night. Within such findings would they have known themselves to be a part of everything. And as I with standing there and thinking about all these things, I was given to deeply realize that they have all left from out of the visible and returned into the invisible. They are no more as they used to be; nothing remaining of them to prove and to show that they had ever even existed in the visible, save for that of their dwelling ruin. Most likely they had left very few, if any tangible memories at all of their thoughts; no carved, etched, engraved or even written accounts of their views. The only way we would be able to know about their thoughts would be if they had from generation to generation worded their stories over to their descendants. And, I thought that if they had left no such memories of their thoughts to be kept alive in their descendants, it would be as if they had never even existed. In that sense, their dwelling could be viewed as being no different from that of an old long abandoned bird's nest. It is important to leave some tangible memories of our thoughts for how else will those coming after us know us. We are more than merely the constructors of dwellings and burial mounds; more than merely hunters of animals, fishers of fish and the cultivators of clearings; more than merely endurers and survivors, we are a mind culturing people. We need to let the people of the future know that not alone were we merely existing from eve to dawn from dawn to eve come in season out season, but that we were also greatly enjoying the pleasure of thinking about so many things; thinking profoundly about why we are and why everything is the way it is and not any other way. We

are not meant to be like the insects, birds and animals that die quietly and all on their own in marches or at the edges of forests or in tall grasses or beneath rocky ledges without we having left any memory of our thoughts; without we having left some record of what we were thinking. With leaving from out of the presence of that rich repository of inspirational thoughts, I made up my mind to somehow leave some records of my thoughts for future generations. Ever since have I been endeavouring to do as much by way of the spoken and written word.

§Storyalle.123§ When I find myself in any region of the island, I like to gaze into its great distance. And as I am gazing there and wandering my thoughts, I become even more and more aware of just how very much I love this place; this my native place; this a dwelling place of my ancestors and this a place of tremendous physical beauty. It is a love for which I have no words. And although I have never left the island, save for some sojourning to some of the little isles along either its southern, western and northern shorelines, I can imagine there are surely plenty of lands that are also very beautiful away in the far away of the four directions. I feel so very fortunate to have been born in such an exquisitely inspirational place. This is my lovely green silvered streamed home hugged by waving foams in the sight of the clouds, Sun, moon and stars; this is where they know they can find me. And I have been asked why I have never yet visited even the big beautiful island to the east or the mighty landmass beyond it, but I always give this answer, saying: “Even one life I feel will not be enough for me to see everything that I need to see and experience on this island. Nature has me here to be here and here I am happy to be. Of a new dawn come and with haze drifting its way eastward over waters, Nature will have me to be in a new body and that may very well again be as a human on this charming island. It may very well have me to be of a sapling in a grove, a fledgling in a nest or a fingerling in the sea. And as is now that will fine pleasant be by me.”

§Storyalle.124§ Of a somewhat cloudy morning, I was slowly and cautiously walking down along a cow path on the slope of a hill, when I met an elderly woman coming up along towards me on the same path and she had a light brown cow on a tether out in

front of her and suspended between the cow's horns was a piece of white cloth that was on some kind of rectangular weaving made of river reeds. It would be truer to say, however that I met a cow with a piece of white cloth suspended between her horns who was either pulling or leading or an alternation of both a woman on a tether up the path. I stepped aside to allow them to pass and greeted her and said: "It must surely be a fair climb up the hill." And she said: "I wouldn't be able to do it at all except for herself. She is a mighty help altogether." I asked why the cow was wearing the white cloth on her horns and she said: "That it is a sail to help her for she like herself is rather old and even a breeze catching the sail would be a bit of a help to her ascending the hill and help to slower her down a bit when descending." Having chatted there for a little while we were about to carry on with our journeying when all of a sudden and seemingly out of nowhere there was this massive downpour which lasted for all but a few minutes. We got totally drenched; even the cow herself looked drenched. Then just as suddenly the Sun came out. And as we were about to look up at it didn't the whole hillside above and below us begin to slide down and before we knew it weren't we being carried down into the valley. Amazingly, neither the two of us nor the cow sustained anything more than a few minor scratches. And she had held on to the tether through it all. And the cow stood up and I stood up and with my help the elderly woman. She thanked me and said with a smile to the cow: "Let us be having another go at it so." And with saying, goodbye she and her cow proceeded back on up the hillside. And they by doing so were the makers of a new path. I stood there long waiting for them to disappear over the hill. And as they were about to pass from out of view she turned and waved back down to me. And I did wave back up to her.

§Storyalle.125§ Any structure human built, whether it be a dwelling place; a tomb or a monument of some kind, a bird such as a crow just considers it to be but a convenient perching place: a place on which to clean his beak off of it, preen his coat or relieve himself from or on it. He or she would then fly off and it could be days, weeks or even months before they would again return to it or maybe never again return to it. It is only important to them if it is there at the moment they happen to be flying by it; that it fulfils a

need for them. If it is not there they would find something else on which to alight. Things have different values to different lifeforms. What we might consider to be disrespectful they would have no such notion. However, they might be offended if we were to climb a tree of a late spring afternoon and place an elbow in their nests.

§Storyalle.126§ I heard tell a story of a very contented woman who spent all her life in her dwelling; all her life in the place where she was born, raised and had her own children in and raised them there with her husband. She lived to be a great age and she never went beyond the piece of land on which her dwelling was located. And when someone asked her of a day why she lived that way: never venturing out beyond it, she replied, saying: “Sure the inner world is a grand place to be. There’s no need to be going way out beyond it for there is nothing to be seen that can’t be here seen to be known; nothing at all of importance to be learnt that can’t be here within learnt. Everything that needs to be learnt can be learnt from jobbing about or just sitting here in silence before the singing hearth or chatting and gazing and dreaming away into the flames and at the stars that make their interesting ways up the fireback to join up with those in the heavens of night and also at the smoke that wafts its way up to become one with the wavy air and or out there in the grove of the garden to be listening to the sounds of the birds, the animals and the bees or to be scenting the subtle fragrances that be coming along upon the breezes. Here is the ideal place for me to be in simple, carefree loving harmony.”

§Storyalle.127§ Sometimes when strolling along I suddenly encounter or enter into an invisible cloud of fantastic fragrances. At other times it might be into a cloud containing but one lone fantastic fragrance. It is not as if such delightful clouds are coming along parallel with the ground but rather as if they are descending in a curvaceous slant from somewhere up in the air. On such occasions there are no flowers around or seemingly anything which could be the source of such fragrances. There is nothing to be seen in the sky either up out in front of me or above me or even up behind me. And such encounters are not confined to any particular season or even time of day or night. If I were to try to describe these fragrances, I would not adequately be able to do so for there is nothing at all like them. All I can say is they are for want of a

better word absolutely delicious; like perhaps something imagined unto the scent of an exceptional woman reclining next to me in a patch of tall golden grass of a lovely warm bright midsummer's day.

§Storyalle.128§ I wonder how mountains, valleys and rivers came to be. Why is the sky; why is the heavens domed; why the ground flat save for some hills, mountains and valleys? Why doesn't the sea ever overflow with all the rivers and streams that flow into it; why is it never overwhelming the shore; overwhelming the whole island? Why doesn't the land expand itself more on out into the sea or raise itself up into the sky or lower itself down deeper into itself? Why does the Sun and the moon make their first appearance in the east; their last in the west? Why don't they ever rise in the south and set in the north? Why don't they with rising in the east also reverse back the same way they had come to set in the east? How came we humans to be; all lifeforms to be: this beauteous place we call home to be? Why has everything, including the myriad stars of the heavens come to be; is there some purpose to it all or no purpose at all at all? How would I this know? Why am I; why not was I? How has it come to be that I have so many 'whys' and 'I wonders' about everything; how comes it to be my answers tend for the most part to be highly speculative? Will it be possible sometime for me to know the answers or will I ever be with not knowing them? How important would it be for me, I wonder to know the answers to all my questions? I have this idea; this feeling though that with the coming of the answers will also come more questions and so in the ever likeness on and on will it go.

§Storyalle.129{an Ghrian the Sun}§ In a marketplace, I came upon a joyful master baker of breads; proudly baking breads out of the one same lump of dough which had been in his family with over a hundred years; each predawn he would be augmenting it. All the breads to be were of unidentifiable different shapes and sizes. Regular bakers bake breads near to almost the same shape and size and from a freshly prepared batch of dough. I asked him why he was doing it differently. "Presentation is very important. Producing quality breads of different shapes and sizes I take to be akin to a fine tradition of dispensing wholesome thoughts. It is their different shapes and sizes that make such thoughts so interesting and satisfying to the mind. So too with baking breads of a superior

standard and setting them forth in different shapes and sizes; they subtly catch the nose and engage the eye and are found to be most pleasing to the tongue and gratifying to the stomach.”

§Storyalle.130§ Of a day, I saw a young mother carrying a baby in against her bosom; having a toddler on her back and holding a child in either hand by her sides. When I asked where her husband was, she answered: “He’s off battling somewhere. He has had to be going off like that now for the last few years. Not to mention the worry and the strain of it, but I am sick and tired honestly of him going off battling. Couldn’t they ask someone else instead? But as he dearly loves every inch of this area of the island; even the entire island itself, he acutely feels it is incumbent upon him to defend it for we his family and for all the other families about. Howsoever as soon as he returns from battling; ever happy I am that he returns to us safe and sound, but he is full of an almost uncontrollable passion and as such immediately feels like he wants to make love. This passion would last for a few days and nights. And while I truly do love and look forward to his passion, I feel I am becoming poor of health from having babies so soon after each other and to be having to take care of them all by myself and with the worry too of him being away ever jumping in and out of my thoughts. Perhaps if there was a long peace, say a long peace for a few years and he could stay here at home with us, we would be able to work things out much better for I am almost out of bosom to feed them and out of back and hands to be carrying and holding anymore lovelies, unless maybe of course; now when I come to think of it, I could tie them one to another as we walk along. Then it would be no problem to have three or four on either hand. That could work; that would work all right because they are always very good to listen to me. Aren’t they lovely?” “Lovely they are; blessed they are to have such a loving mother.” “You should see their father when he is with them; he loves them so much and they are mad about him. Truly they are blessed to have such a great daddy; me such a great husband; such a virile man. Blessed are we of the families of the near and far to have such an honourable brave defender of our freedom to live in comfort and ease and ever in harmony with those who would not wish to do us any harm either physically, emotionally, mindly or otherwise.”

§Storyalle.131§ I observed a youngly grandfather, his son and his two toddler grandsons playfully running along a pathway. One moment the grandfather would run on a little ahead and his son and grandsons he would with him let catch up. Then the son would run on a little ahead and his father and his sons he would with him let catch up. Then one of the grandsons would run on a little ahead and his father, grandfather and brother he would with him let catch up. Then the other grandson would run on a little ahead and his father, grandfather and brother he would with him let catch up. Then both grandsons would run on a little ahead and their father and grandfather they would with them let catch up. Then the father and grandfather would run on a little ahead and the children they would with them let catch up. This delightful playfulness in a variety of combinations continued on for quite some time. When I asked them why they were doing this; imagining well the why, the four joyfully answered me simultaneously, saying: "Because it's great fun! Come; come play it with us and you will see!" And I did accept their invitation willingly; finding it to be the mightiest fun too for me.

§Storyalle.132§ Of an autumnal afternoon and with taking in a grand view of the countryside and in particular of a nearby cluster of heavily red berried hawthorn trees, I found myself asking myself: "Why is it that Nature makes a surplus of so many things; such as so many hawthorn red berries and yet has only made one of me?" And no answer did present itself to me. Later in the evening and with enjoying watching the first stars make their appearance, the same question presented itself to me for further consideration, yet now in a slightly different form, going: "Why is it that Nature makes a surplus of so many things; such as so many stars and yet has only made one of me?" And again no answer did present itself to me. Next morning, the rising Sun as it were spoke unto me, saying: "There is but one of me; there is but one of you. That is the way Nature likes it to be. No need is there to be for we to be asking why Nature does what Nature either does or doesn't do for Nature does or doesn't do according to Nature and that is suffice for me and you." And at such wonderful words I was greatly put at ease.

§Storyalle.133§ I viewed from a grove this young woman walking along and she was wearing a long green be golden cloak which trailed along on the ground behind her for about four to five

strides. Some mice, birds, butterflies and honeybees were sitting on it. They appeared to be greatly enjoying the ride. She would look back at them every few steps. She had a most beautiful smile. Every now and then the butterflies, honeybees and birds would momentarily fly off the cloak to go visit some nearby flowers and trees. The mice though stayed where they were; every now and then playing with each other by running and jumping after one another on the cloak. Sometimes it happened that one or two of them would fall off but they would just quickly run after it and get right back on again. It was a most unusual scene, yet delightfully charming was it.

§Storyalle.134§ I observed from a cushion soft grassy promontory by the sea a young oldly man holding a very long string of seaweed. He would with the waves move to and fro: run out and run back in again with the flowing and the retreating waters while all the while firmly holding on to the string of seaweed. After sometime, he sat on the sand and wrapped the long string of seaweed about him. Soon he was dancing and singing about some small rocks that were there on the shore. Again and after some time he stopped and with casting his gaze inland he noticed me sitting there on the promontory. He waved up to me and I did so down to him in kind. Then he turned and went strolling towards the sea. Soon he was waist deep in the gentle waves and in an instant he dove into them and within seconds I saw a tail appearing from out of the waters and it was like unto that of a dolphin's in shape. And there part arose out of the waters the very same man, but he was no longer fully a land man but rather part a sea man. And with his hands he waved to me and I did back to him as he leaped and frolicked about in the shimmering waters with a pod of dolphins, before he and they eventually disappeared from out of my view.

§Storyalle.135§ I wonder why I was formed a human and not say an elk, a fox, a bird, a fish, an otter, a butterfly, a bee or even an ant; why not say a tree, a shrub, a bush or a flower. Why have I been given to have this shape and not any other? Why wasn't I formed as a sunbeam or as a cloud or as mist, rain or snow or as a stream or as frost or dew? Well do I know it: Nature intends me to be the who and the what I am, so as to be the me It needs me to be.

That there is the fundamental reason. Contented with it, I am day nightly.

§Storyalle.136§ Birds seem to be able to sense as can many other animals, when it is about to rain. Even I can feel a change in the air; in the breeze: it becomes a little cooler and very soon raindrops will begin to fall. I wonder is the land aware that it is about to rain. What about fish; are fish aware that it is about to rain? What do they consider raindrops falling on the waters to be? When and why does rain happen? How come it rains when it rains? Why is it raining away now over there in the distance and not at all here? How come it will be raining here shortly and most likely no longer over in the distance? Why do clouds, rain? Why are the tops of mountains cooler than the valley floors; the valley floors warmer than mountain tops? Are clouds, cooler than mountain tops; mountain tops warmer than clouds? Could it have something to do with the various heights of clouds? Only low clouds seem to rain; why don't those there way up in the high? Which or what decides when rain is to fall? Is it the clouds themselves decide? Is it their height above the land; above the mountains or even the nudging of the wind that decides? What is it at a certain moment triggers water to fall from certain clouds and not from others? Since my childhood days have I delighted in wondering about this. That I don't yet know for sure why rain rains when it does doesn't in the slightest take from my enjoyment of watching the rain fall and asking various questions about it.

§Storyalle.137§ When I was in my fifteenth year of life, I of a morn late in winter actually saw or envisioned on a hillock over in the near distance from me, a very tall man dressed in green, black, purple and fuchsia and he was standing in a gap of a thorny entangled hedgerow. He was standing with his legs apart as if he were guarding the passageway. In his right hand, he was firmly holding a thick wooden staff which had its pointed end stuck into the ground. It was a little taller than himself and had withered ivy intertwined all the way up along it and about a hooked formed triple top. On his shoulders was sitting another man similarly dressed who appeared to be equally as big a man and he was carrying a living snow white lamb about his neck. With his right hand he was holding its four legs in a bunch to his chest and in his

left he was holding a twisted old tree branch up above him which had another piece of a twisted old tree branch set at right angles to it about three-quarters of the way up. There they were tied criss-crossways with withered ivy. With beholding this most unusual scene I felt somewhat afraid and I wondered if the two men were perhaps hunters or gap keepers or even shepherds of some kind. And having plucked up some courage, I decided to slowly approach them and to enquire of them who they were and what they were doing. But as soon as they saw me coming, the man pulled up his staff out of the ground and ran away with his load off into a nearby forest where therein I lost them, even though I spent the rest of the day trying to find them. That night the scene of them there in the gap in the hedgerow on the hillock appeared to me in a dream. They were as I had seen them during the day save for one awful detail. The lamb was no longer held about the neck of the second man, but was now tied about the intersection of the tree-branched cross as if the cross was carrying him and I knew him to be not living for his head was hanging limp. He had a knife embedded in his heart from which blood was dripping. They with seeing me came running after me and I was having desperate difficulty trying to outrun them. My legs felt as they were desperately heavy since I was hardly able to move them. Fortunately, before they could catch me, I woke up; woke up drenched in sweat and I was trembling. I told my parents of the unusual sighting or vision of the previous day and of my terrifying dream of the night and they interpreted it to be a foreshadowing of something dreadfully troublesome that would someday within my lifetime come to the island, if in fact it wasn't already here incognito. Their words were true to form for that was nothing I had envisioned rather it was something I had actually seen: those men with their staff, cross and the lamb were real. In time and in retrospect, I knew them to have been believers in the new thought wave that is being welcomed to these shores; welcomed with open arms by Druidic believers whose own thought has become threadbare. It won't be long; no it won't be long before they will completely assimilate and modify it to their own sensibilities; no doubt the reverse will also prove to be true.

§Storyalle.138§ After a heavy shower of rain some of the water soaks and disappears into the soil and runs down between

crevices in rocks. Some runs down every inclining pathway; every slope: excitedly running and even rushing along before they find themselves to be of streams and rivers making their meandering way to the sea; the sea ever making it easy on them by beneath them laying. Would that I could sit on a leaf and float along on such delightful flows; such delightful flows; such delightful flows all the way to the welcoming sea.

§Storyalle.139§ With happening upon two magnificent ancient oaks; they being separated by an equally ancient riverlet ravine, were touching each other ever so tenderly; ever so gracefully across over the shimmering bubbling away along waters below. I let my thoughts drift along nice and slow. It was as if they were lovingly caressing each other: something they have been doing for centuries upon centuries; never tiring of it. And I thought, yes: that surely is an ideal way to be among the myriad ideal ways Nature would have us to be: loving each other separately in each other's delightful company.

§Storyalle.140§ Once of a summer's day, a woman with seeing a wide, shallow grassy hollow beyond the edge of a forest, put this question to me, saying: "Do you think it's on its way to becoming a valley or that that hill over the way there a mountain?" "Both are possible." "Then, if that is so, then is it equally possible that I could become you; you could become me?" "As possible that would be as thunder becoming lightning; lightning thunder." And at that she heartily laughed and with picking up a stone carefreely threw it out over into the center of the hollow. At the spot where it landed a fount of glistening water instantly sprung up. And with reflectively gazing over at it, she again spoke, saying: "Do you think it's on its way to becoming a streamlet; a streamlet a riverlet, a riverlet a river flowing all the way to the sea?" "Quite possibly this could be." "Then, if that is so, then is it possibly possible the impossible is always possibly possible?" "Not so; not so for what is impossible is just that; equally is that which is possible." And at that very moment didn't the fount of water retreat back down into the depths of the hollow and no more rose. We both heartily laughed and strolled on with thinking about this and that; chatting away as the fragrant day was long.

§Storyalle.141§ Truly my life is very simple: I just stroll the land and raft and boat the waters; I sit and wonder about many things and I chat with people, animals, plants, rocks and waters; with the Sun, moon, planets and stars. Fragrantly do I stroll the mind by detailed observations and reflections of all that I encounter. Simplicity in being close to the cosy land; close to its rippling within and about wavy waters; close to its skies of day and heavens of night: in a word all round, being of Nature. Of course, everyone has their own mind on what is truly a lovely and wholesome way to live; this is mine.

§Storyalle.142§ I have never been off the island save to those isles within near sight of its shore be they off to the south, west or north and I don't know why. Like a seagull; like a heron or an elk am I, in that I fly and glide inland and back to the shore; from river to river do I go; from hillslopes to valley floors but beyond I do not have any need to venture as far as I do know. But do I know to know, maybe I might of a day take to a ferry on the north eastern strait. For the time being though I am content merely to have been born on this beautiful island; to have thus far on lived and am living on as an island man who feels no need to depart its shores. How strange; how very strange it is for me to be thinking like so for surely there is so much for me in the beyond to know. Howsoever that may be so and well believe it I to be so, there are places here on the island I have yet to go; not yet sojourned in; not yet gone there and reflectively taken in their wondrous visages and vestiges, not to mention the people in these places I must yet get to know. If having completed all this by nearing the end of my daily nights nightly days, then I will for sure sake definitely lead myself beyond its shores into the ever-welcoming unknown. Would that I could also then thereafter go visit the stars.

§Storyalle.143§ With so much inevitability about in Nature, would it be possible to use it as a means to predict things? Could inevitability act as a source of predictability? I will say: the Sun appearing in the eastern horizon and ascending away up into the zenith and then descending and disappearing beyond the western horizon is the primary inevitability paradigm. What have I just implied? In the morn I can predict, with all certainty that the Sun will travel up into the sky and with having reached its highest point

it will travel on downwards until it disappears below the western hills. And seeing that this happens every day, I am every eve able to predict that come the morrow the Sun will rise, zenith and set. Now, given that this happens every month and all year round, I am today able to predict that come the new month; come the new year and the ever coming years up ahead, the Sun will ceaselessly rise, zenith and set. With this consistent pattern predictability would certainly seem to be possible. Howsoever, I am bothered by the thought that what if of a dawn the Sun for some reason and I would not know for what reason that might be, it spontaneously decided that instead of rising in the east, zenithing high in the south and setting in the west it would there and then rise in the north, zenith high in the east and set in the south. So now I have spontaneity added to inevitability. And seeing that spontaneity is by definition unpredictable, I must necessarily conclude that so too must inevitability be considered to be for whatever is inevitable can so very easily be transformed by spontaneity. For sure a spontaneity could be the origin of an inevitability paradigm, such as the traveling of the Sun; a paradigm that would continue on and on indefinitely until spontaneity: until Nature decided to change it.

§Storyalle.144§ Have the moon and the stars been ever rising at about a particular time of the evening and likewise the Sun rising in the east and setting in the west? I wonder has this regularity, always been there. In my relatively short existence, thus far it has been like that. What if I were several thousands of years old? I wonder back then would I have found them to be still rising and setting in the same places as they do now? How many things are like that, I wonder? We think they are the way they are and always have been, but that is only because we are seeing them within a short timespan and a limited space. What must they appear to an ant to be; how about to a fly? If I was sitting on the moon what would I be saying of these different regularities? How about if I were sitting on the Sun or strolling among the stars? It seems to me that given that everything is forever changing, nothing may be said to be entirely regular save change itself.

§Storyalle.145§ With happening upon a heron of an afternoon, I spoke to him saying: “Mr. Heron, do you always stand in a certain spot by a stream or a river or in the ebbing tide shore

because you know from experience that a fish or fish might like to sojourn in the shade there or is it a case of you to yourself, do halfheartedly say: 'I'll just stand here a while and see if any fish or fish will come on by.'? I hardly think it is a case of the latter. There must be some intention based on some habitual knowing. When in conversation with anyone, I from experience quite quickly begin to recognize where in the flow of thought and language they are most inclined to convene their ideas. With such knowledge I can at will extract anyone from among them. Mr. Heron, you are a model conversationalist." And the heron replied, saying: "Sometimes I just alight and stand in a spot purely because it is of a nice location and I need some time to be reflecting away on some things. Not all my standing and waiting is for the purpose of catching my next meal." And I smiled in acknowledgement and said: "I a lot too myself do that, Mr. Heron."

§Storyalle.146§ Of an autumnal midday with reflecting away, I came to say this about myself: I philosophise; that is what I do. I like to be philosophising: philosophically looking at everything. I philosophise myself; philosophise everything and anything, be it near or far, be it tangible, intangible, visible or invisible. I even philosophise my imaginings; my dreams of the night and visions of the day. My way is to be philosophising away. Then who or what shall I say I am? I will say: I am a philosopher; a Nature's own philosopher for I am a lover of Nature's wisdom. My philosophising thus may be said to be Nature's kind: to be of the natural kind; having nothing artificial in it. As one of Nature's own philosophers I am an observer, a seeker, a reflector and dispenser of Nature's wisdom. The great Nature's own philosophers of old taught that the aim of the mighty philosopher is to go on excursions into Nature's wisdom; to reflect upon the findings and share them with those who have ears full open. These greats put forth no philosophy of their own for there is only one philosophy, they would say and that is Nature's own philosophy. To be trying to put forth a philosophy of one's own would have been considered most disrespectful and also clearly showing a lack of in depth understanding of Nature's wisdom.

§Storyalle.147§ It was a grand afternoon and I was reflecting as I strolling along on all the people who must have walked through

that stretch of countryside down through the years; even going back for centuries upon centuries. Who might have been the first person to have ever walked along here? What might he or she have been thinking about? Where might they have been coming from; where might they have been going? Sometimes when I think such things, I also find myself sensing the presence of somebody or some people about me: alongside me, before me or behind me, albeit they are invisible. What is that, I wonder? Is there still here like unto some residual presence of them? Could it be my own presence which somehow invokes them into my company? Could it be that I am but imagining it? It is quite possible but most unlikely. What of the countless animals of all shapes and sizes from the ant to the elk? I wonder were there ever any other animals, even much bigger than elks, who might have walked by here for sometimes while half snoozing on a warm summer's day on a flat rock or patch of grass I have thought; I have perhaps dreamed or even imagined seeing huge strange looking animals walking in the near distance. How was it possible for me to even imagine such things; such enormous animals which I have never even seen with my naked eye? But then I did once see in a newly revealed rock face an outline image of something like unto a gigantic animal. There must be some reason why I am given to seeing such things, particularly in the spaces between being half waking and half sleeping. And in similitude of thought: I wonder were there ever any other animals, even way, way smaller than ants who might have walked by here for sometimes again while half snoozing on a warm summer's day on a flat rock or patch of grass I have thought; I have perhaps dreamed or even imagined seeing unbelievably tiny strange looking animals walking on the back of my hand as if they had momentarily emerged from my skin to have a walk about before again returning and disappearing back into it. How was it possible for me to even imagine such things; such minute animals which I have never even seen with my naked eye? There must be some reason why I am given to see such things, particularly in the spaces between being half waking and half sleeping.

§Storyalle.148§ Why is that cattle in a field all graze together around in the same spot and follow along after each other in a herd formation? Rarely does one of them go maverick: go off on their

own and just contentedly graze away. Is it because they enjoy the company of each other so much or is it because that is the way they have always been doing it and feel as such they have to keep on doing in the same way? Maybe they do it without giving it any thought whatsoever; they just do it.

§Storyalle.149§ Do the dead know that they are dead? Do the living know that they are alive? How do we know what way we are? What is living; what is dead? What is life; what is death? How do I know I am alive and not dead? How do I know I am not dead and thinking that I am alive? And how do I know but maybe I am dreaming I am alive.

§Storyalle.150§ Talking with a little girl and she was telling me that her mammy is the best in all the world. “Why is she the best?” “Oh, she is the best and that is it. And my mammy says, I am the bestest girl in all the world, so my mammy she is the bestest mammy, so she is and that is it.” “I see; that would seem to follow all right.” “Sometimes I follow our cat around the place and sometimes he does me follow too.”

§Storyalle.151§ Of a winter’s day, I noticed what appeared to be some kind of large golden caterpillar-butterfly chrysalis seemingly lodged between two branches high up in a thousand year-old oak tree. It appeared to be about twice my height and about the same span as my arms outstretched at its girth center. Being curious as to know what it might be as I had never seen one before, I decided to climb up into the tree to get a closer look at it. With up nearing to it, I found it to be even larger than it had appeared to me to be from looking up at it from the ground. I detected a faint fragrance coming off it. It was semi-transparent and I could make out the outline of something living therein. It didn’t appear to be either in the likeness of a caterpillar or a butterfly but in certain respects more akin was it to that of an adolescent human. I was a bit taken aback by such a discovery and almost fell down out of the tree. Didn’t this unfortunate commotion of mine, perhaps startle the golden chrysalis for it hastily ascended from out of its place there between the branches and disappeared directly up into the sky, faster than I could see it move. To this day I have no idea really what it was or where it came from, but for some reason it needed to

temporarily lodge itself there in the winter tree. And since that sighting; that first sighting which was when I was but in my eighteenth year of living, I have throughout my life thus far come across eight other such chrysalises in exactitude of colour, size and content in different parts of the island; they all being at that same stage of development and all of them too did I discover in wintertime.

§Storyalle.152§ At the dawning of a day and in a sheltered grassy patch of land at the edge of a forest, I happened upon a young boy of fifteen or there about and he was happily collecting some mushrooms and singing away to himself. And with him noticing me passing along he kindly offered me some. With thanking him and saying that I would enjoy having them for breakfast later, I asked him who he was collecting them for; expecting that he would most likely say for his family, but he answered me by saying: “They are for my love for she loves eating freshly plucked mushrooms.” “She is very blessed that you her lover would get up so early and bravely come out here all on your own and pick them for her.” “Why wouldn’t I; why wouldn’t I for she is most beautiful; ever so bright and fully charming. She to me is the reflection of the sky; the loveliness of the land and the curvature of the waters. And more than all of these, though all of these be most important indeed, she truly loves me.” And I left him to be with happily collecting some more mushrooms for his love and to be singing away sweet songs.

§Storyalle.153§ Of a midday, I thought I saw someone peering around a stone wall at me, but when I looked again I didn’t see anyone. I walked on a bit and again I saw someone and this time, looking around a tree at me. I decided to wait and see what would happen. And someone looked again and then darted back out of sight. I couldn’t make out who it was; was it a man or a woman or what age they might be. And next thing again, the head and shoulders appeared and again looked at me, but ever so quickly disappeared. So, I decided to walk on another bit and circle around the back of this small hill. It was an old woman. And I went and courteously asked her why she was peering around things at me and she answered, saying: “You are not of the old; no, not of the new: you are of the future way still out of view.” “What do you mean?”

“You will not know, but be yourself so and with centuries, having rolled on by, will you begin to see to know. Stars in curvy line will make things shine.” And with that she departed from out of my presence; leaving me to ponder away for the remainder of the day and for many the night and the day too, her hauntingly evocative encrypted words.

§Storyalle.154§ How come birds and we are so talkative and cattle in the fields hardly utter a sound throughout the entire day? And some animals may go a whole week or more without uttering anything.

§Storyalle.155§ I wonder what I look like to others; how to others do I appear to be? I have this feeling that what they see when they look at me is not the same as how I think I appear. Even I am surprised whenever I find my reflection in mirror smooth water, in that the supposed me therein the reflection is not how I believe I appear. I will go even as far as saying that the mirror smooth water me and the me that others see are not the same. Perhaps even there aren’t any two who will be seeing the same me, even if they were to be standing right next to each other. Following on from this, the same would most likely hold true for a whole crowd of people looking at me, in that I would be appearing differently to everyone. Perhaps the same phenomenon is going on when I talk to anyone. How come I have no difficulty accepting my stature, yet I have when it comes to my appearance; more specifically my countenance? What is this; why is that and how came it to be? When I have asked others, they tell me such questions never enter their minds. And they let me to feel there is something odd about me to be having such feelings.

§Storyalle.156§ As trees are different from one to another; mountains from mountains; rivers from rivers and as all birds are all different and are all different colours, I wonder are there different kinds; different variations of human beings beyond the island in faraway lands. I wonder are there different coloured human beings to what we are. It would be very interesting if there are for variety is one of the outstanding features of Nature.

§Storyalle.157§ If the darkest hours of night are those which precede the break of day, then what shall we say are the brightest

hours of day?

§Storyalle.158§ Do ideas have a budding time; a time of blossoming and a fruiting time? A fruit is consumed by someone or by a bird or an animal or it falls to the ground and its seeds grow anew or it just rots and becomes a form of fertilizer. How about in the case of ideas? An idea is taken in by someone; it lives and grows or it fades and is no more. Yet there is nowhere in the mind to make ideas be ‘no more’ for the mind stores everything it takes in. Howsoever, it is not yet known where it them stores. But to go by Nature, we can say: everything it hides in places within full view though not always easily seen. It takes practice to understand and appreciate the mysterious simplicity of the mind when it comes to the sophisticated processes of storing ideas within itself.

§Storyalle.159§ And of a day I put this question to the Sun, saying: “Sun what can You see from there away so high above everything and me? I imagine You this to me will say: ‘I can see the sky blue; I can see the clouds, trees, fields, waters and you.’ Where do You hide at night time? Can You see the moon, the planets and the myriad stars? Where do You go to when You disappear below the western horizon; where are You coming from when above the eastern You appear?”

§Storyalle.160§ Why, I wonder, do birds; given that they can fly and move any place they want, prefer instead to spend most of their time up in the trees and not most of it down on the ground or in flying to faraway hills? Why do so many of them never fly very far from their familiar place or places? Yet where do the swallows come from and why do they stay only for a few months and then go away? The same with the geese. Where do they live for the rest of the year? Why do starlings like sitting in a row in the rain; especially in misty rain? Why do some seagulls fly far inland in the winter; why not many the more of them? Why do the voices of most birds sound ever so sweet while others do somewhat grate our ears? What are they saying to each other or not at all saying anything to one another, but merely that they like to sing whenever they feel the need to? Will we humans or the foxes and elks ever be able to fly like the birds? Why weren’t we born with wings? I guess if we had been born with wings we would have been birds and not humans,

foxes or elks. Nature's way is Nature's way and with It's way am I well pleased; this though doesn't prevent me from having a whole lot of 'I wonder whys' and divers questions on everything and anything, including therein myself.

§Storyalle.161§ I wonder what is underground; under the grasses, the groves, the forests, the valleys and the hills. Are there chambers, passages, caves, caverns, lakes, rivers, streams and springs; underground flora and fauna small and large? I have from time to time sheltered in caves and have too from time to time sojourned in the great cavern of the south. An interesting thing about them is that in the summer time they are refreshingly cool while in the winter they are as of a soft cosy warm. Are there worlds underground and underneath that again and again and again: worlds going down and down adown to who knows to how far? I wonder what is under the sea. Surely the sea is like a great lake or a river or a stream in that it has a bed to it. I wonder, could we walk under the seabed: along in passages or some in the like natural formations. Where would it take us; could it take us into other worlds or back to the surface again somewhere even beyond the island? I wonder how deep the sea is. I wonder are there people living under the sea; under the ground: under the surface people that would in all aspects be like us except that they would be able to clearly see in the dark. What if they from time to time venture up to the surface; what would they think of us and the world in which we dwell with its big daylight star and the moon and the glistening bejeweled velvet heavens of night? Perhaps they would only come up at night due to the strong sunlight. Maybe some night I could meet them and we could have a great conversation. I would like that.

§Storyalle.162§ I wonder why some flowers have very strong fragrances while others have fragrances which are barely detectable. And why generally is it that those with very little fragrances have very colourful petals while those with strong fragrances have very plain coloured petals? Why do flowers need fragrances; what are they attracting? Are birds attracted by the different fragrances; are bees and butterflies? Wouldn't colour be enough? What is the meaning and the function of fragrance? Is fragrance a kind of flavour for oft do I feel I am tasting fragrances?

§Storyalle.163§ One time I saw a very interesting thing; in fact everything is interesting to me. I saw a young trout playfully jumping about with his fellow young trout in a stream, when all of sudden, he accidentally found himself to have leapt up out on to the bank. I was about to go down and ease him back into the stream when a male fox came along and with seeing him there in his predicament, went over and gently nudged him with his nose back into the stream and continued on his way as if that was an everyday thing he does for trout who would accidentally leap out on to the bank. I was very impressed.

§Storyalle.164§ Sometimes; but more often than not in the summertime, it feels as if the land beneath my feet and out and about in front and behind me is gently undulating as if it were resting on water. But in fact, it is not undulating but only appears to be; feels to be. What is that; why is that? Is it due to the green shades of the grasses, trees and hillsides; is it the height and the depth and the convergence of sky in the distance? Even streams and rivers running through such landscapes seem to me also to be of that same undulating movement. And so too the rippling of lakes gives this appearance; this feeling of they gently undulating. Could it just be my imagination? It could very well be; most likely could it be, but then again, my imagination is oft to the situation as the situation is to my imagination: very playful.

§Storyalle.165§ I wonder what birds in flight think the air is. Or do they think about it at all? Are they even aware of it? In where do they think they are? And what about when they are on the ground; what do they think the ground is? I wonder what fish think the water is. Or do they think about it at all? Are they even aware of it? In where do they think they are? Could the birds and the fishes be of a similar wonderment about us humans? Saying: "I; we wonder what humans think the ground is. Or do they think about it at all? Are they even aware of it? On what do they think they are?"

§Storyalle.166§ I met an old man: a man of ninety and two years on an ancient stone bridge o'er a meandering riverlet, who spoke to me saying: "I forget the past and remember only the future." And I asked: "How about the present; what is the present?" "I forget the past; I don't remember the past. I only remember the

future.” “Is there no present?” “I forget the past; I don’t remember the past. I only remember the future.” “Fair enough, then; what do you remember from the future?” “Oh, lots and lots of things which make no sense to me whatsoever. Those things of the future are like the unclear things in dreams, I see when I at night sleeping or in the day napping.” “What is the latest thing you remembered from the future?” “I remembered two different coloured speckled snakes were stretched out along on the ground; surely they were about the length of my outstretched arms and they were intertwined in each other from head to tail and were half sidewinding but weren’t moving anywhere. Along came a man and a woman dressed in white and they knelt down on either side of the intertwined snakes. Then, with their fingers they were touching some of the colourful spots on the snakes and were haphazardly moving them around as you would little stones on watery ground. They moved some from the centers towards the heads and the tails; some from the tails towards the heads and some more again from both the heads and the tails towards the centers. And they even moved and jumped some of the speckled spots from each snake to the other. Having been satisfied with their doings, the man and the woman stood up and went and hid a little distance from the intertwined snakes as if to wait there to see what might happen. There before their eyes, the snakes transformed into some kind of a single living thing which I have no words to describe, save to say that it was doubling in size by the moment. There were no longer two snakes but one; one something, but what that something was I have no idea. Its appearance frightened me. And the man and the woman had already got to their feet and had fled the scene in terror.”

§Storyalle.167§ I saw a man anxiously running along the sunny edge of a forest and he seemed to be trying to hide from someone or something or to get away from them. When I asked him who or what he was hiding from, he said: “I am hiding from the dark; I am afraid night is going to catch me.” And he told me of a woman he had once met who had the same problem as him except that she was hiding from the light; she was afraid day was going to catch her. I suggested, saying: “How about we enter deep into the forest there together to be in the presence of dark?” “No way! I can’t do it. Can’t you see it; can’t you see it: dark is waiting

there inside between the trees? If I go in it will catch me.” “With me beside you, it won’t; I guarantee you it won’t.” And after further talk he accompanied me into the forest. And although he was greatly afraid he stayed next to me until we had got so far in that we were all but surrounded by the dark, save for some dim light in the distance showing the presence of the outside; the presence of the light. And when we had entered into total darkness, I heard him saying out loud: “This is lovely!” And with emerging from the darkness of the deep forest, he looked back in and with a great smile waved to it; feeling a warm familiarity with it. And he strolled away with gratitude and in full contentment, with the word that he would search for that woman who was hiding from the light; who was afraid day was going to catch her. Some seasons past and I again happened to meet him and he was in the presence of a woman. They appeared to be very happy. And when I asked how things had been with him since, he told me how he had found the woman; the same woman who was now in his happy company: “I found her deep in a dark cave and I suggested: How about we enter deep out into the open there together to be in the presence of light?” “No way! I can’t do it. Can’t you see it; can’t you see it: light is waiting there outside in the open? If I go out it will catch me.” “With me beside you, it won’t; I guarantee you it won’t.” “And after further talk she accompanied me out into the open. And although she was greatly afraid she stayed next to me until we had got so far out that we were all but surrounded by the light, save for some dim dark in the distance behind us showing the presence of the inside; the presence of the dark. And when we had emerged out into total lightness, I heard her saying out loud: “This is lovely!” And we have been together ever since; ever since enjoying being in the dark as much as being in the light; in the light as being in the dark. Our favourite places being of the dawns and the eves.”

§Storyalle.168§ I happened of a midmorning upon a young old woman sleeping in a Dolman: a large ancient rock slabbed tomb which was covered for the most part with fungi, mosses, ivies and briars. I decided to let her be and went as if passing on by when she called me and said: “Hello?” “Hello there? I see you picked a find sheltered place for your bed.” “Nothing like sleeping with the dead. They’re a very quiet crowd. According to old stories there is some

one, two or many the more buried under them all over the island. I am only availing of the temporary convenience of them until I'll be given my own one." "What is your rush; you seem to have plenty of years in you yet?" "No rush; no rush at all, of course but I like to think about my place among the dead as I do of it among the living." "All the same though you might try sleeping in a grove or by the shore; anywhere but in a tomb: a tomb that may already be beneath you long occupied." "I being here will be giving them a bit of warmth, so it will." And I courteously left from out of her presence since I knew there would be nothing I could say which would change her mind and cause her to abandon the unwholesome habit of making tombs her bedchamber.

§Storyalle.169§ I saw early of a misty morn a man: a man of seemingly very good eyesight; an owner of pigs, trip right over a wooden trough he had placed for feeding them; falling right on over it and landing down in among his pigs. And with being covered in muck he stood up and got thick with the trough; throwing a concoction of rough words at it and giving it a kick. So he picked it up and moved it out of his way over to another spot. And then in a little while he came around again and didn't he now trip right on over it in its new location; falling right over it and landing down in among his pigs. And with being covered in muck he stood up and got thick with the trough; throwing a concoction of rough words at it and giving it a kick. Again he picked it up and put it in yet another spot out of his way. And another bit of time passed by and woe and behold didn't he come along by again and didn't he again trip right on over the same trough; falling right over it and landing down in among his pigs. And with being covered in muck he stood up and got thick with the trough; throwing a concoction of rough words at it and giving it a kick. And didn't he again pick it up, but instead of moving to some other place, didn't he place it right back on its original spot. Surely, I thought to myself, there is something here in that putting something out of your way only to be ever putting it in your way. And I thought about that for the rest of the day.

§Storyalle.170§ Once while standing and observing a flock of crows contentedly picking away in a grassy place, I noticed a little ways out from them what I took at first to be a whitish pigeon, but

soon came to realize it was a crow: a crow yes; but a crow that was more than partially white. Its back and wings were snow white but its whole underside was crow black. And astonishingly, its head and neck were of a bright golden. It wasn't another species of bird; it was positively a crow in size and appearance but being of different colours to the rest of the flock. He even cawed as a crow and if I hadn't seen him and had only heard him caw, I would have said that is definitely a crow. Howsoever my eyes were telling me this may not be so. And the thought came to me that perhaps some of my ideas are like that crow of difference, in that they are unusual and as such either I have to keep them at a distance from the crowd or the crowd is having me keep them distant from them. As I was thinking along such curves, didn't I notice that crow move closer to the flock. But as he did so, the flock rose to their wings and started madly cawing about him until he had no choice but to take flight to a spot a little distance from them. And with him having done so the flock settled back down to contentedly picking away for themselves in the grass. There and then I understood that it is better and safer to protect certain of my ideas from those who would be hostile towards them. It is a pity; but it is the reality too.

§Storyalle.171§ Late of an afternoon: a blue sky and by the seashore, I saw a human shadow in likeness slowly strolling across a smooth vertical rock. I quickly turned to see whose it might be for it wasn't mine, but there was nobody there. To the rock I again returned my gaze and there the shadow was still slowly strolling along it. I went up near to it and stood between it and the Sun which was out over the sea, but it was still strolling along: it moved on along beyond my own shadow. It was large: about three times the height of my own. I touched the rock: touched a knee of the shadow and with I doing so, it ran higher up the rock, almost as if I had startled it. Just then a small cloud passed before the Sun and my shadow momentarily disappeared, but the giant shadow was still slowly strolling along. The sight of it baffled me; I didn't know what to make of it, when I noticed as it was rising above the rock it was disappearing. When it cleared the rock top it was no longer visible. Where had it gone to? Was it in the air still in full shadow shape but out of my view? As I was thinking this, I looked high up into the sky and there I saw it; at least I took it to be the same one, strolling

not on a cloud but as it were on the underneath side of the cloud. It seemed to have grown in size since it had been strolling on the rock. I stood there looking up at it until it strolled out off the cloud into the blue sky. And as it had earlier when leaving the rock, it disappeared; disappeared into the blueness. I was calling it a shadow but maybe it was not a shadow at all; only it had the appearance of a shadow but it could well have been some kind of an autonomous lifeform.

§Storyalle.172§ Came into my view of a fragrant afternoon: the pleasant curvature of a hill and a charmingly wooded valley. The scene immediately lets me to see and to feel it to be in the likeness a woman's body. Oh. how wonderfully beautiful is woman! Sometimes; no more than sometimes, am I given to eye see and body feel such marvelous scenery; particularly in clouds of dawn and eve and waves of the sea. Since my seventh summer have I been aware of this delightful sense in me. Grateful ever am I to You Nature for my precious sensuality and for such elegant sceneries.

§Storyalle.173§ With viewing yellow flowers in green grass; wispy white clouds in a sky of blue, I found myself asking: "Are clouds the flowers of the sky; flowers the clouds of the land?"

§Storyalle.174§ Sitting here on this green patch atop this hill; casting my gaze north eastwards to a pretty hamlet there in the valley below and on to some mountains there off over in the distance. A bumblebee is bumbling about contentedly. I wonder what must it feel like to already have been here for thousands upon thousands of years; already to have been in length of longness like this hill, the valley and the mountains. They have been around for so long while the clouds there on high have only been around for an hour or even much less: floating and drifting away; being carried along by the wind. In no time to soon will they be as if they had never been; never the sky having had them. What does it mean to be my age; my age compared to what is here around, beneath, below and above me? So short a span it is: a life; yet I am longer here than the clouds and the bumblebee. The hamlet though is here longer than me, but compared to the valley, the hill and the mountains, it and the clouds, the bumblebee and me; we have been here since but a moment ago.

§Storyalle.175§ Once and more than once have I observed of a windy day, a flock of crows flying about above the shadow of a cloud across the countryside. They moved along with the shadow; not going beyond it or flying outside of it. They just stayed circling around about within it. And this scene of the floating along cloud with the birds flying about within its shadow went on for a good distance across the landscape. What were they doing? Why were they seemingly hiding there in between the cloud and its shadow? Perhaps they looked upon the shadow as a great bird akin to themselves.

§Storyalle.176§ Sometimes I feel as if there is someone; something unknown living in the forests. Come times at the edges do I feel as if there is someone or even more than someone looking out at me. They are not animals such as foxes or boars or anything like that big or small; more like unto humans do they feel to me to be, yet not totally human. This I have experienced in different forests throughout the island. Never have I ever as much as caught a fleeting glimpse of them. And I don't feel afraid when I sense they are watching me: observing me; I just feel they are too shy right now to come out to meet me. But maybe someday they will and until then I will think of them to be, yet another unknown of the myriad unknowns of the land, waters, sky and heavens.

§Storyalle.177§ It is not something that I like talking about, but I came upon a man who had just slaughtered an animal. And having slaughtered, I saw big sobbing tears running down his face. When I asked him why he was sobbing, he answered, saying: "I feel so awful to be taking the life of the animal, but if I don't my family will have nothing to eat come the winter: no smoked cured meat in the high over the fire. It is with a very heavy heart that I do it. I wish it could be different, but that is the way it is. Maybe in some future time we won't have to be doing this; we won't be needing to be taking the life of innocent animals which they like we are equally entitled to their own full run at life, but right now, this however is what we need to do to survive. Ever sorry and ever thankful are we to them."

§Storyalle.178§ Thank you; thank you lovely green: you are so beauty filling! There are places throughout the island in which I love

to be at different times of the year. Especially the likes of this springtime spot here, with its new grass richly bejeweled with small yellow and white flowers. Who knows, though but, some local will unannounced bring by their herd of cattle calves here today or tomorrow or at the very least and for sure within the next few days and that will be the end of me enjoying sitting, reclining, lying and strolling here until the autumn or even come next spring. And that is fine too for calves must have their fill. This place and the likes are microcosms of the beauty that is the island. Perhaps the island itself is a microcosm of the beauty that is the world or worlds beyond its shores.

§Storyalle.179§ It may sound somewhat strange; though not to me at all does it, but sometimes in springs and when I am walking along, be it in the south, the midlands, the west, the east or the north, there will spontaneously appear out of seemingly nowhere, one lone female bumblebee that flies along with me at eye level. I know her to be a female for she has pollen baskets on her back legs and I know her to be a queen for she is larger in size than workers. Even when I walk for a good distance she is either going on out in front of me; being around about me or coming on along behind me. Now of course she cannot be the same bumblebee every year for bumblebees live but for a spring and a summer, but considering if she were no ordinary bumblebee then she most certainly could be. I would like to think she is the same one and that she is enjoying and appreciating my company as much as I am enjoying and appreciating hers.

§Storyalle.180§ With entering a grove, I noticed high up on the branch of a tree a dog sitting: a medium sized dog sitting with contentedly sniffing away and viewing the about scenery. The branch was surely ten to twelve times my own height off the ground. And I wondered to myself how ever did he get up there; why was he up there and why was he so contented with being there? Now, if it was a cat I would have no cause for such wonderment. I said: a hello up to him and he responded down to me with very friendly barking. I called him down but he wasn't interested in doing so, rather he seemed to be inviting me to come on up. I decided to do so. Now while it looked easy enough from the ground, the climb proved to be a bit of a challenge. How he

managed to do it, I have no idea. Eventually, however, I made it up and sat on the same branch beside him. And as I had been nearing up to him he was excitedly barking and with me coming up right close to him he lavishly licked my face. We spent a long time there just chatting away and looking out and about at a variety of movements in the splendid scenery. I even enjoyed scenting the various fragrances that happened to waft through.

§Storyalle.181§ When I was a boy of some five to seven, my beloved father of a golden morn had me come with him in warm hand in warm hand up a hill to thereon to plant a tree sapling. And he told me that the tree and me would grow up together; that we would always be the very best of friends. “One of you will stay put,” he said: “while the other will move about near and far.” And so it was that I would always have to come back to my friend the tree. “The tree come seasons will produce in abundance fragrant blossoms and delicious fruit; in seasons will you breathe forth refreshing wholesome words; insight and ideas that will be treasured for generations upon generations, not alone here on this our beautiful orchard island of the sea, but beyond it to farthest reachings; even on out into the starry heavens will they reach.” Every year since my beloved father spoke those wondrous words to me, have I been returning here to my friend the tree, on this happy memory-full hill above home sweet home; beneath it, I have sat and recalled with affection and tears as I do so now, my beloved father’s precious words to us ever friends. Oh, long long long along, Beloved Father, may I continue with gratitude and joy to give life in fullness to them in memory of mighty thee!

§Storyalle.182§ Strolling away of a lovely summer’s day and yet for some unknown reason a very faint melancholiness had momentarily visited me; very rare for it to do so. And then with a confidence rising, I found myself to be refraining to a gentle breeze currenting along among the trees, these words: Whether you the treasured peoples of this my native island home listen at all to any of my words: give heed even to some few of them or to none of them at all; may it be that you shall come to know though that I once dwelt, moved, taught and wrote among you and not alone so but I in the midst of your descendants hope yet still to be found to stroll and ever among the generations to be dispensing fragrant

words untold, whether they like you, will listen to me or no; good words continually I will sow, come heat, come frost, come hail, come rain or snow.

§Storyalle.183§ Every time I stroll into a place such as a hamlet, a village or town, I feel as if it is my first time being there even though I would have visited there at least once if not a few times. It is not that I have forgotten the place for everything therein, including the people are very familiar to me and they all know me. It is just that it seems new to me as if I had never been there before. I don't know who I am going to meet there or what ancient stories I am going to hear. Magical places are these; wondrous stories of antiquity brimming with wisdom.

§Storyalle.184§ A bird suddenly flew up out of the undergrowth. Perhaps she or he was startled by my coming along. But wasn't I also startled by her sudden rising. Perhaps I was miles away in my thoughts. And now we're both fine again. She is off down the valley and I? Well, I am strolling along midway on its northern side with taking in the splendid views.

§Storyalle.185§ What is it about the wind that it likes to blow around things and not through them? In some ways it behaves just like water, in that it goes around things and is strong and constant for a while before it then lays off. Where is it coming from and why does it suddenly appear? Where is it going to? Why does it suddenly disappear? If I was as light as a feather I would be carried on along by the wind and it would toss and turn me and drop me in any so ever what place. Is wind indifferent to where it goes and what it brushes against? How old is wind? Could it be that it is forever new; lasting but for a few minutes: an event of a moment just passing on through? Or is it forever old? I wonder is there wind above the clouds; beyond the clouds just floating and blowing away carefreely. Is there wind about the Sun and the moon and the stars? And is it of the same wind that is blowing here about me and the hillside?

§Storyalle.186§ Early of an autumnal eve, a great reader of manuscripts spoke to me saying: "Were I to wander from Nature where might I find myself?" "Wander from Nature and you might find yourself being a Druid, a Christian or even a hodgepodge combination of any one of ten thousand other distractions that

might appear on the island.” “What if I find myself to be an atheist or an agnostic or even an aNaturist?” “These too are of those distractions.”

§Storyalle.187§ I love walking along by ditches and groves in late spring where everywhere is to be found new flowers and of so many colours against the greys and light browns and beiges of residual winter. It is the time when green is about to come into its own. A particularly lovely time of the year it is. There is something delightful about when walking along in the hills and valleys to coming upon a place that I have never been before and having all these wonderful feelings with happening upon an amazing visage. This sense of wonderment has been with me since I was a little child for I cannot remember a time when I was without it.

§Storyalle.188§ There are times when the wind blows through the early summer grass and it is as if I were watching a green sea; waving swaying waving swaying shining shining shimmering. It is so gentle. Over ways up and down ways low and swirling about ways to and fro. The watery grass; the wavy watery grass in the sunshine and the blow. It is almost as if the whole scene has a charm over me; embracing me. I am of its waviness, loveliness and gentleness. And whenever I find myself to be of such a scene, I think there is no present time; no time at all. And there are many such timeless moments I experience. It is only when I walk in the human world: in the villages and in the towns that I realize there is that which is referred to as time and that it is solely of human making. Nature is not of time; It lends not Itself to any form of such and the like human curtailment. And I too like to use my mind without any curtailments.

§Storyalle.189§ Whether it is in the heights of heat or in the depths of cold, I happen upon an inviting waterfall, lake or a pool in a river, I always enter therein to enjoy its soothing revitalization. In very warm summer days such waters do I feel to be delightfully cool; in cold winter delightfully lukewarm. And on occasion I have found, here and there the waters of the wavy shore about, to be both cool and lukewarm at the same time. How wondrous that is, truly.

§Storyalle.190§ I can ask: what is the meaning of life; what is the meaning of anything, but does meaning itself have any meaning? What is the meaning of meaning?

§Storyalle.191§ I met a deep thinking cook who said to me that time is comparable to food entering, being in and leaving the body. And I asked how so? “What you eat,” he said: “that is the future; what you have in your stomach that is the present and what you discharge out of the body that is the past. Food is not meant to remain in your mouth, nor is it meant to remain in your stomach. It has to be let go of. So too, it seems to me, time is not meant to remain with us; time like food benefits us but it is not ours for the keeping.”

§Storyalle.192§ I watched from a rock two dolphins, three seals and five cormorants playing hide and go seek with each other. They were having mighty fun and I thought, how nice a way that would be to have my ideas be: to have them from time to time take time out to fullfunly play with each other.

§Storyalle.193§ I wonder why some trees grow crooked and seemingly for no apparent reason be quite out of plumb and yet, just like any other tree they are still finding themselves reaching for the sky.

§Storyalle.194§ When I was in yesterday, I thought about today and now that I am in today, I am thinking about yesterday. Okay, I will think now about tomorrow and tomorrow I will no doubt be having a thought on today. That come day is a way of my thinking. But what if I were to change such a thinking way of mine? Let me to say, what if I when I was in yesterday, I thought it was today and being in today thought that it was tomorrow and tomorrow that it was yesterday? Any way I juggle such thinking will bring to light this one true insight: thinking defines reality; language gives it a dwelling place, albeit in truth no such reality may be real at all. This way of thinking and talking has a pointedly foolish feel to it, but then again and only rightly it should for after all thinking and speaking are of the primary senses for laughter.

§Storyalle.195§ One day with finding a snail moving along I decided to get down on my hands and knees beside him and to

move along at the same speed as him as to get an idea of what it feels like to be moving in the world at such a seemingly slow pace. It felt good; it felt very good. Would that I could too fly and glide as a seagull.

§Storyalle.196§ Standing on a shore of a beautiful high wispy white clouds afternoon with the Sun shimmering the waters. Waves were stretching long and low and with gentle soundings. A fresh smell of seaweed was upon the breeze. Noticed a spread of white shells and variegated coloured pebbles upon which a pair of seagulls were strolling about carefreely; with easygoingness were they making their way over towards some shallow pools. Such a lovely way, I thought for me to be having and sauntering my thoughts.

§Storyalle.197§ With happening upon a limb of a tree that was partially broken, I thought to myself, there is a difference between viewing a limb as being partially broken and a limb as being partially attached. Should I remove it because it is half broken or leave it on because it is still half connected that could be a question for some, even a dilemma, but not for me. Leaving it on and carefully and lovingly covering the break with some mud mixed with fern fronds would be my way for of a new day the tree will have recovered enough from the shock and the pain caused by the breaking to self heal. All it needed for to do so was to have the open wound momentarily concealed for healing is oft by far something mysterious and happens not in plain view.

§Storyalle.198§ Why are there so many great minds all over the island going over to this new thought wave sweeping in; this new religion which goes by the name Christianity? Why are the great minded; the great hearted affiliating themselves with this nothing at all new thought flow? Perhaps the extent of their greatness is not really great but quite narrow for how else might it explain such a phenomenon? I have no such similar problem with, who couldn't care less people, who would follow anything because they want to be a part of something and don't know anything better and above all don't want to be taxing their minds. But those; but those who are really thinking about all things; those who are of deep hearts how can they join this captivity; this distorter and oppressor of the senses even of the body itself? Why; why realize

they not it in essence to be anything different from Druidism?

§Storyalle.199§ An interesting thought crossed my mind as I was walking along a hillside. What if in the valley over from me, on the other side of this hill: in the next valley, there was also a me simultaneously walking along as I am so doing here. And what if in several valleys over there are other mes simultaneously doing exactly the same thing as I am doing here; that is walking along and thinking about the valleys and mes over from me. I wonder where that kind of a thought came from.

§Storyalle.200§ With lying down on a grassy slope and gazing up at the sky am I putting this question to myself: Where did this cloudless sky of day come from; how came it to be? Was there a something up there before this sky came to be? Were there skies before this present sky; will there be more skies after this present sky or will there be something else up there instead of a sky? Were there ever skies that were not blue all over but maybe green or yellow or red or any other colour? Why is it always blue? Could it be that it only appears to be blue? Still and all it appears to me to be truly blue.

§Storyalle.201§ Are days just days for the time they are meant to be and are no more in any other form meant to be, such as in memory or words? Does the Sun keep memories of yesterdays? Does anything keep memory of yesterdays other than maybe the human who talks about it and maybe writes it down? What about the birds; the animals in the valleys and forests; the fishes of the waters, do they talk of yesterday or two yesterdays ago or twenty yesterdays ago? Or does an ancient oak tree talk of five hundred thousand yesterdays ago? Are we the only ones who keep memories of yesterdays and show an interest in them? And what about tomorrows, who or what is thinking of tomorrow? Is the Sun thinking about tomorrow; is the land; are the animals thinking about it? Or again are we the only ones who are thinking about tomorrow and many of tomorrows? Or is this just some playful thing that we enjoy doing with the mind? Has it any particular significance or importance whether we recall yesterdays to mind and into word or not or whether we think of tomorrows or not? Is such an activity merely for the pleasure of our minds or for

something else? Could we be using our minds for something better for there is every possibility that such activity of the mind is but a distraction to having truly profound thoughts? Why is the keeping of the past; the having of history so very important to us? What is this thing we have about remembering and this thing we have about thinking of what is up ahead? It seems we for the most part are the only ones who do it.

§Storyalle.202§ I wonder betimes from where come the answers to some of my questions for oft do I feel them to be welling up to me from depths within as if I were some kind of unplumbed repository of knowledge unto myself. There are in my family, on both sides, oral traditions which extend back for hundreds and hundreds of years. I am very familiar with their contents; a treasure most precious are they to me. But before hundreds and hundreds of years ago who were my ancestors? Were they always living here on this island or did they come here from some faraway land? Did they come down from out the sky or up from out of the ground? Did they come up from out of a river or a lake or even come in from out of the sea? Did they happen to just spontaneously appear from out of the morning mist or up from out of the richly bedewed covered grasses? Where did they come from; how came they to be here on the island? Of whom am I anciently begot?

§Storyalle.203§ I was walking along a beach on a fairly windy midday enjoying the whole power of it. The waves were quickly and strongly rolling in. They were surely up to half my own height. And just then, I came upon a middle aged to old man and he was about to push a rowing boat into the waters and I spoke to him, saying: "Why are you attempting to go out in these rough conditions?" "I am going out to check where the waves begin." "Are you serious; where the waves begin?" "Yes, I am very serious." "Have you ever gone out before on such a quest?" "I have indeed; many the time but so far I haven't been able to find it. Every time a storm comes I go out because some day and without a doubt I will find where they begin for everything has to have a beginning somewhere, don't you think?" "Then, how about the wind, do you think it begun in some place that can be found?" "Not at all for everybody knows the wind comes all the way from out of nowhere." "Would you like me to

give you a hand at getting it into the water?” “That would be great. Thank you very much for it seems to be getting that bit harder to do each time.” “Enjoy your questing; safe home to land.” “Will do.”

§Storyalle.204§ I met an elderly Druidic high priestess near some ancient tombs and she said to me. “Do you know what I think?” “What do you think?” “I don’t think all the birds that spend the day around the tombs are necessarily birds. I think they may be spirits or something disguised as birds because they have ways about them; in that sometimes their movements and sounds are not exactly like those of any other birds of the air.”

§Storyalle.205§ In a dream of a dawn I saw three very strong streams crisscrossing each other throughout the island. And as they were careering along they were destroying everything in their paths, including humans, animals and structures. They then merged to become a big river which was doing even more destruction and causing greater havoc. Then as I was watching this river there suddenly appeared a breakaway stream from it which quickly expanded itself into a river which with wheeling back around was frantically and as quickly as possible trying to completely encircle and engulf the river from which it had come forth. I took this river to be some future thought wave or even religion which would appear on the island and which would have all the elements of the other three thoughts and would be claiming itself to be way superior to them. Perhaps the three rivers represent Druidism, Christianity and another older one than the latter which I have heard is called Judaism. I have no idea what the breakaway stream to river represents. Perhaps there is some new religion going to appear on the island sometime in the future which will be a hodgepodge of these three in its core doctrines, destructive tendencies and superiority inclinations. I hope it was nothing more than a dream. But having said that my dreams are more than frequently true to fact.

§Storyalle.206§ I met a couple who could never be happy with the warmth of their dwelling in the winter time. Here there a fire there here a fire would they have in it and about it, but it all came down to the fact that they were not properly understanding heat currents through stone, wood and earth as well as the proper use of

openings such as doors, windows and chimneys. I said to them: "Go sit of a sunny morn on a rock and feel it beneath you being warmed and heated up by the Sun. From this you will come to understand something about how heat works in stone. Do the same another sunny morn by sitting with your backs to a tree trunk. From this you will come to understand something about how heat works in wood. And another by lying flat on the ground. From this you will come to understand something about how heat works in earth."

§Storyalle.207§ An acorn fell and lost itself in my hair. Why is everything the way it is and not any other way? Why is there a big blue dome of a sky? Why are there white clouds? Why is the wind blowing the clouds along? Why are there so many trees? Why is there grass? Why are there waters? Why is there everything? And, why am I? How came everything to be; how came it and continues seemingly to be and in the same sort of repetitious way yet not repetitious? Nature knows.

§Storyalle.208§ Met a very wise woman who said to me: "The nice thing about life is that nobody really knows what it is. Nobody knows where we came from; why we are here or where we are going to or if there is a life after this existence or even if there was one before it. Anyone who claims to know such things, truly do not know." And I answered: "True to form true are your words save for: 'Nobody knows where we came from . . . and . . . a life after this existence or even if there was one before it.'" "Do you know?" "Yes, I do." "Where then did we come from?" "Nature; we came from Nature and are of Nature. And to borrow for the sake of conversation, the concept of time, we can say that there was no time, is no time or will ever be a time when we will be apart from Nature." "I wouldn't know about that for my mind is not that way inclined." "How would you say your mind is inclined?" "It is inclined to claim nothing to know. And how about a life after this existence or even before it. Was there a life before; will there be a life after?" "Of course there was and of course there will." "I wouldn't know about that for my mind is not that way inclined." "How would you say your mind is inclined?" "It is inclined to claim nothing of such things to know."

§Storyalle.209§ As I was walking along a valley I got this very strong, distinct smell of fish in the air. And I quickly looked around but there was no river; no water. I was miles inland from the sea. The thing about it was that it didn't seem to be floating along in the wind or wafting along rather it seemed to be coming down from the sky. I looked up but I didn't see anything. I looked up again and woe and behold didn't I see a shoal of fish swimming in the sky right above me at less than the level of the nearby treetops. And the thing about them was that they were unknown fish to me. They were not any fish that I was familiar with that I would see in the rivers and in the sea. They were extremely beautiful. They were some place in size between a fully grown trout and a fully grown salmon. I watched them swimming away until they had left from out of my vision.

§Storyalle.210§ I wonder what causes head colds. Maybe there is something in the air or in the water that causes them. Could they be caused by tiny little animals; little animals so tiny that they would slip unnoticed into our inhaling or our drinking of water? And that they being a bit confused with being in our bodies; being in our heads create a bit of a racket there thus giving us the discomfort such as a head cold. It is difficult to make out what causes such discomforts; could be anything. Anyway, I must try and somehow find out for myself what the smallest animal is; the tiniest of animals: those that are so small they are bordering on being out of sight.

§Storyalle.211§ Has the life here on the island always been the way it is now or was it that in childhood, I didn't know anything, but that with growing up I come to realize; I come to be aware of more things: more bad things happening about. Have they always been there; always happening ever since before I was even born or is it just that time and age has revealed them to me? Are they happening unique to my time or did they always happen and will they always happen?

§Storyalle.212§ I love seeing a smiling fire be it in a hearth or by the bank of a stream. I love gathering the twigs for it and setting it and lighting it and then sitting and watching it slowly light up. I enjoy watching the different stages it goes through, with a gentle

start, to then flashing bursts before getting into a regular set burning pace. Watching the smoke and the fire stars appear always makes me wonder; it fascinates me. And I love the fragrances a fire gives out. I often feel fires have a life of their own and that a fire needs to be tended upon understandingly and with care and that at night time just to leave it settle down into itself as if it too were going to sleep.

§Storyalle.213§ Sometimes I have the impression, even the feeling that clouds are alive: that they are a living thing like any a bird, fish or human as do I have the impression, even the feeling that mist, rain and snow also are alive: living things. I think life can be different shapes and forms without necessarily being of bones, sinews, blood and water as we are. Lifeforms don't have to be only solid.

§Storyalle.214§ I have naturally always liked distancing myself from commonly held narrow views, such as that the mind is the sovereign ruler of the body. Rather do I view the body as a huge repository of sorts: from head to toe and from fingertips to fingertips the body is a storage and every part of it stores information. Trees, mountains, rivers, valleys and all the animals of the waters and the air are in their own way also repositories. Even so too are the clouds, rains, mists and dews and frosts, ice and snow. Perhaps the whole of what we know is an enormous repository made up of innumerable individual small storages.

§Storyalle.215§ Of a morning early and at the time of an eclipse, I happened upon a man and a woman who were fiercely arguing over whether it was a crescent moon caused by the Sun or something else. One was saying, it is a crescent moon while the other a crescent Sun. And they asked me to decide for them which it was. And I answered: "Yes, yes it is; it is what it is: a natural phenomenon." And with hearing that they smiled and broke into hearty laughter as they walked off chatting away with each other and saying to themselves, the eclipse must have affected me in some way.

§Storyalle.216§ Late of an autumnal afternoon and I was standing in out of the rain and looking at the Sun low in the southwestern sky. In the background, I could hear the rushing of a

stream. There is something lovely about watching the Sun through the rain and watching its reflections on the grasses and trees. It was all so beautiful. And I was seeing a mighty rainbow forming off to the north. And I was beginning to think, while looking at that wondrous scene, what if there were no springs, streams, rivers, lakes and the sea? It would mean there has been no rain. If there was no rain, it would mean there are no clouds and if there were no clouds it would mean something is not right. Is there a cyclic movement taking place in the bringing and transporting of rain? Where does rain come from; why is there water? Where does rain begin or end? With the rainbow having faded and the rain passed away, I was watching the blue sky reappear. Most charming and delightful.

§Storyalle.217§ With seeing a reflection of myself in still lake waters, I know myself to be one of a kind; to be unique. I have never met anyone like myself in appearance and physique and above all in the way of thinking. While I am of a goodly handsomeness and very thankful to Nature and my parents and ancestry for it, I am to a far greater extent more concerned about the beauty and wholesomeness of my inner world: what is in my heart and senses and how I can best and most charmingly express them in my spoken and written words.

§Storyalle.218§ Early of a summer's morning I watched river grass waving away in the current. And I thought to myself that it couldn't grow or wave like that without the river. And as I was strolling along I was reflecting on that scene. And I said to myself: "It is a new day and I am in it and very happy I am that I am. May it wave and current me along nicely."

§Storyalle.219§ Of a day and hearing that I was in the nearby about, a certain king sent his personal assistant to let me know that the king wished for me to come live in the palace and that he would be my patron. But I kindly told him, to thank his king for such an offer but that already I have a patron and do live in a palace. And the assistant asked who my patron was and where was the palace. I answered by telling him: "Nature is my patron and all what you see about and beyond is the palace: the Palace of Nature." And the assistant left with a disappointed countenance for this he would have to tell to his king.

§Storyalle.220§ Of a day, I accidentally hurt the ankle of my left foot and found it difficult to put under me as I limped along. Just then an elk came by and he offered to give me a ride. And so with him, lowering his head of magnificent antlers I was able to mount his back and rest my foot in them as he sauntered along.

§Storyalle.221§ Met a man who was continuously talking. He never knew how to listen to anyone or anything. When I told him about listening, he astounded me by asking: “What is that?”

§Storyalle.222§ When I come to consider the actions of the Sun in relation to the land; the land in relation to the Sun, I think it is the land that tilts itself either towards or away from the Sun. Ever have we heard from the ancients down that it has been the actions of the Sun moving away from the land but it could well be that it is the land that is doing the changing. Maybe we should not think in terms of winter solstice or summer solstice, where the focus is on the actions of the Sun, but rather on the greatest or maximum or the least or the minimum tilt of the land towards or away from the Sun.

§Storyalle.223§ Saw a man walking along and there was a beautiful dog walking at his heels or just behind or beside him. And when I met him I said: “That is a lovely dog you have there.” And he asked: “What dog?” And he looked around and there was no dog there to be found. “Oh,” he said: “I had a beautiful dog; I had him for fifteen years and he passed away a few months ago. It must have been him you saw. We were great friends; went everywhere together.”

§Storyalle.224§ I watched in the valley below me seven children running along after a golden feather which was being carried along by the wind. They followed here and there beneath the branches of trees and along by the banks of a stream. On and on they followed it with shouts of delight. I was becoming a little anxious that they were being carried too far away from their village; that they might not be able to find their way back. And I was about to descend and guide them back when suddenly the wind changed and turned and started blowing back along the same way it had come carrying the golden feather; bringing the children safely back to their village. And I smiled with and at the everywhere love of

Nature. And the wind carried the golden feather high over the village and then away off into the distance.

§Storyalle.225§ A guardian of a town and part of his job was to protect it from anyone entering with big ideas. And I asked him what would qualify as being a big idea and he answered: “I would ask certain questions of people and decide from the answers received whether they qualified as being big ideas or not. If they were too big they would not be allowed in.”

§Storyalle.226§ Sitting on a tree branch and observing over from me some pigeons on a roof with the first falling of soft rain after a week or two of none. They are so happy with it; raising their wings and lying sideways to receive its freshness. Enjoying splashing about they are in the channels. I guess this is their way of bathing in the rain.

§Storyalle.227§ Saw a tomcat of a morning and he was marking out his territory. One spot was on to the wheel of a cart and I wondered did he think by doing so his territory would be extended as far as the cart would roll.

§Storyalle.228§ One of the lovely things about Nature is that everything acknowledges the existence of each other in one way or another. At least species within themselves, they acknowledge each other. I love that we humans acknowledge each other. Whether we are walking along the hillsides or in the valleys we always wave or even say a hello to each other. Or with happening upon someone we always greet each other and stop and chat for a little while; even chat away as the day is long. It is this noticing and acknowledging of each other that makes life very nice.

§Storyalle.229§ With seeing a partially eaten discarded vegetable. Some ants or little insects were eating into it. In Nature, nothing is ever completely left there. Nature always takes things back unto Itself, though in different forms. By tomorrow that partially eaten discarded vegetable will be completely gone. And the carcass of a bird or some animal will over time be completely gone; will have disappeared. And even the bones gone white, they too will disappear. If I could see this process in a single moment it would be as if they had vanished right before my eyes. Nature is wondrous;

nothing ever remains, only it is transformed. And if by some chance the life spirit was to leave me: leave my body here on this hillside and never to be discovered by another human being, Nature would also take what remains of me back unto Itself and transform it. Everything returns to Nature including my body. My life spirit: my breath; my life breath will surely also return unto Nature, though this should not be taken to mean that it is ever not of Nature. Perhaps it will come forth again into another physical body. Such may be possible; such may be what takes place. Most likely what happens to the physical can, could or does also happen to the life breath.

§Storyalle.230§ When clouds merge into each other, I wonder are they aware of it. I wonder are they aware that their individuality is gone into making a new individuality.

§Storyalle.231§ I wonder, did the cattle, sheep, goats, pigs and the horses; even the dogs ever live like the elks and the foxes: having nothing to do with the human world; grazing where they willed, running when they wanted, lying down wherever they so desire. How did it happen that they decided to come in with the humans; to stay with the humans; to be a part of the human world; to serve the humans? Will the foxes in the future do something like that; will the elks? Are all animals destined to be like the cattle and the horses: to work in with and for the humans? Could a time come when we humans would be more like the animals; even servants of some animals? It is certain that everything changes, but how far do they or how drastically or how gradually or how slightly do things change? Things that have changed long over time; very long periods of time, do they reverse themselves? Does change ever reverse itself? Of course in saying that it is in a sense not reversing but rather still changing, but still an all. Is it possible that things would revert back into something rather than evolve and change into something else?

§Storyalle.232§ Why is it that when I look up at mountainous white clouds with the wide blue sky up above them that I can see a self of myself walking along the ridges there; lying down, running or jumping? What is it about the mind that does that and why does it do that?

§Storyalle.233§ When I see of a midday a white plume of smoke, rising up out of a small opening of trees or by a grove on a hillside in the distance, I wonder who lives there and of what they might be cooking. Who is sitting around the fire and what stories might be being told?

§Storyalle.234§ There are certain flowers; very hard to find flowers that clearly have the distinct scent of a woman about them; a lovely feminine fragrance effusing from them. I love when I happen to find myself within such a fragrance; find such flowers.

§Storyalle.235§ Some people always take the long way, even though there is a shortcut. I watched a man go all around a hillside to get to where he was going which was only seven to nine steps away from him at the outset. Was there something there that I wasn't seeing; didn't know about? He could so easily and quickly have got to it had he taken a shortcut. There is a shortcut to an idea but we go round and round and far away to get to a place; get to an idea that was right there with us all the time just waiting for us to explore it.

§Storyalle.236§ I happened upon a man lying on top of a mossy stone wall of a summer's day and he had his arms; had his hands behind his head. And he was carefreely looking up at the sky. And just as I was passing him by, he said, to me: "They look wonderful, don't they?" And I asked: "Do you mean the clouds?" "No, the stars." "You mean the wispy white clouds?" "No, I mean the stars. Look at them." "I can only see the blue sky. How can you see the stars in the middle of the day; especially in a summer's day like today?" He continued: "Most people see stars at night, but I see them during the day. And during the night don't I see the rays of the Sun." "How so?" "It just requires looking through the blue and about the black."

§Storyalle.237§ I want to change time into distance. From sunrise to sunset: everyday is twenty strides. So ten strides ago would be the middle of the day; fifteen mid morning; eighteen would be early in the morning and nineteen would be just after sunrise. This is all for myself and not for talking with anyone. I am not interested in the strides of yesterdays or many years ago. They

are there, in my mind, all right but the only important strides are the more adjacent ones to me, namely those walked in the today. The reason why I am interested in changing time into distance is because physically I want to leave things: places have some distance between me and them in that I have actually left them. It is a past step I have literally taken and as such there is no going back to it.

§Storyalle.238§ Sitting on a slight slope of a dusk when I heard this noise coming quickly up behind me; like some animal running. And in a moment a hare leapt right out over me and went off down the valley. I was just about to stand up when this pack of five to seven wolves came along the same route and also leapt right over me and went yelping down the valley after the hare. But the hare was way too fast for them and easily escaped them by running under some heavy thorny undergrowth which the wolves wouldn't and couldn't enter. They stayed there about sniffing and scratching the ground with their paws for a little while before sauntering away off.

§Storyalle.239§ Happened in a valley upon a spot where a severe flood was said to have completely wiped out an entire village, way back in days of long ago. The only thing remaining was a large boulder. Stories of old have it that the village was named after that boulder: 'Snowboulder'. It could well have been, because at that time I saw it very white looking or maybe there was some other reason. Perhaps snow stayed on it for a longer time than on the surrounding ground. Interestingly, it seemed to be of a different kind of rock to that found about in the valley.

§Storyalle.240§ I met a very old woman on the outskirts of a wood and she was picking and gathering herbs for medicinal purposes. She was a mighty storyteller and from her I learnt some very interesting things about the power of herbs to cure when combined with each other and other ingredients such as mosses and barks.

§Storyalle.241§ Met an old man who said to me that everything that goes into the mind stays in the mind. All it needs is some stimulus to bring it up in the mind. The mind is like Nature; it is a great storage place. Nothing is ever lost. Only it may find itself to be hidden away in the mind at times by the mind itself.

§Storyalle.242§ Happened upon a young boy; maybe aged eight or nine and he was counting the rain droplets on a spider web. And when I asked him why he was doing that, he said: “Counting is very interesting; numbers are very exciting. I see them everywhere.”

§Storyalle.243§ I wonder why is it that on some mornings or in afternoons no thoughts whatsoever rise up in my mind. And then at other times a flood of inspirations and ideas. Why is that I wonder. There are times when I am strolling along without a thought; just walking along without being aware of my surroundings. Such a state is a form of thinking of a different kind, I think.

§Storyalle.244§ I have oft seen rainbows in a cloudy sky, but on occasion too have I seen large cloudlike; vaporous like rings there on their own. And there have been times when I have seen both a rainbow and some such rings in the sky at the same time. For some reason and I don’t know why but I associate those rings with salt.

§Storyalle.245§ On a completely grey sky morn, met a person who was half running and skipping along. And I asked him why he was half dancing as he went. He said: “The sky; oh look at the sky, it is completely grey. From side to side from up to down over to over it is all grey; so beautiful it is.”

§Storyalle.246§ Happened upon three children who were playing a game. And I asked them what they were playing. One of them said: “I’m Yesterday.” And one said: “I’m Tomorrow.” And one said: “I’m Today.” And they were racing each other. And sometimes, Today was ahead of Tomorrow and Yesterday. Sometimes, Yesterday was ahead of Today and Tomorrow. And sometimes, Tomorrow was between Yesterday and Today. And I wonder about time: what it really is and what it really is not. Is it really there at all?

§Storyalle.247§ One of the loveliest sights in the early summer is new fronds or a fern all in a row and all curling. So graceful and noble. Elegant. It is interesting that ferns comfortably grow in the company of nettles.

§Storyalle.248§ Watched a crow flying along at a low altitude. Sometimes he would dip low and I wouldn't be able to see him against the background of some trees or shrubs or ditches. He would rise and I would see him; dip again and I wouldn't be able to see him. He would go along and low above the ground and next moment he would rise in an opening between trees. Perhaps our ideas are like that. Sometimes we cannot see them. And it is not that they are invisible, but that they are against some other background in which they are somehow camouflaged. Maybe life is all about being visible and invisible against backgrounds.

§Storyalle.249§ When I am walking along with the Sun to my back, I can see my own shadow out in front of me. But there have been times when I have seen another shadow, right beside my own shadow out there in front of me, yet there is nobody beside me. And one time I remember, I saw a shadow beside me move on out in front of my own shadow and cross over and went down a valley. But there was nobody; only was there the shadow of somebody as it disappeared into the distance below.

§Storyalle.250§ Dogs bark at me for seemingly no reason at all; dogs run up to me and play about me for seemingly no reason at all and some dogs ignore me completely seemingly for no reason at all.

§Storyalle.251§ Met a woman; a very healthy looking woman who said she had the dreaded feeling she was going to pass away real soon. And I asked her how she knew that. She answered that it was just a feeling that it was going to happen. I asked her how many summers she was. She said she was about forty summers. And I went on a little ways and I met a neighbour of hers. And I was telling her about her. And she answered: "Don't worry about her at all for since she has been able to talk, she has been saying, 'I have a dreaded feeling I am going to be passing away real soon.' This has been the way she has been living her life."

§Storyalle.252§ With I overturning a stone, I noticed two worms. And being concerned about them in the sunlight, I with a leaf picked them up and placed them in the shade on moist soil. I noticed that within a few minutes they had started burrowing into the soil and in no time they had completely disappeared from out of

my sight. So I thought to myself that when the situation changes I should immediately and accordingly act upon it.

§Storyalle.253§ Of a day met a man who was completely covered in dirt: mud dirt. And I asked him why he was covered with it and he said: “It’s a way to keep clean. There is such a thing as clean dirt and dirty dirt. I prefer covering myself in clean dirt.”

§Storyalle.254§ With seeing an old woman standing in a doorway and she gazing up at the blue to white cloudy sky, a thought came to me. I wonder how many mothers have had me. There is my mother, my grandmother, my great grandmother and my great great grandmother and going back and going back. How many have I had? Did I ever have a first mother? Same for my fathers. How many fathers have I had? Did I ever have a first father?

§Storyalle.255§ Once and in particular, when I was having a discussion by a shimmering stream with a Christian priest about the island-wide problem of the unnatural treatment of human beings; a subject that all but breaks my heart, namely the repugnant practice of slavery, the priest, said to me: “Christianity is by God going to successfully rid the island of slavery.” “How does it propose to be able to do that given that it is not exactly freedom friendly?” “Well; well, very; very simple really. Its mission will be to introduce the idea of love everyone, as you, would you, would you yourself have you yourself, you yourself be loved so too. That will be its fundamental; its primary; its all-empowering message to the slave-catchers, slave-kidnappers, slave-smugglers, slave-dealers, slave-merchants and slave-owners. And to the slaves themselves it will be asking them; encouraging them and incentivizing them to have the simple wisdom to redirect their total submissiveness away from their human owners and instead to present it as a total and consecrated act of submissive morality into the arms of God Our Father for He is full of compassion and love.” “Nature has no need for slavery.” “A Christian owns nothing for as slaves, we own nothing. A Christian doesn’t plan for him or herself. A Christian is indebted to God; doesn’t think that they own anything that God has given them. This is because no slave owns anything for themselves. Everything they have belongs to God. The Christian

obedience to God is an implicit one; the fear of God's punishment on them being the only sanction and conduct." "This in no time will leave not alone slaves and slave-owners destitute of all natural means of moral and social development but everyone throughout the island." He ignored this word completely and instead continued on with what he wanted to say. "Christians spend all their activities in that which God has commanded them to do; commanded being the very important operative word here. They only do what God has allowed them to do; this being the true nature and responsibility of the legitimate slave. Happy slavery; yes, truly happy slavery is what God requires of the Christian; being a slave of Christ is the very best title any Christian can be called. When we worship Christ, we are becoming like Christ; becoming like God." "These words of yours; are they as you might say, divinely inspired?" "Oh, God no; I can't say they are divinely inspired rather they are more of an interpretation of the mind of God: God's intentions suggested and of course they would be absolutely sacred scripture supported." And without feeling any the need to continue the conversation, I politely removed myself from out of his presence to go stroll along carefreely with the singing shimmering meandering stream.

§Storyalle.256§ Saw a man. He was mixing some kind of mortar for the building of a house wall. And as he was mixing it, he would every now and then stop and look up at the sky. He would spend a good few minutes gazing up at it and then he would continue on again with the mixing. After a while he would take an amount of the mortar and put it in the wall nice and slowly. And every now and then he would stop and look up at the sky and enjoy gazing at it. And I left him alone to be enjoying his gazing and building.

§Storyalle.257§ Met a man who told me he was very sensitive to little things growing; especially little plants. He would always especially appreciate those that would grow in difficult places such as between rocks. And if something were suddenly to happen to them, say if somebody pulled them out for no other reason than that were growing there, he said, his eyes would well up with tears and he would not be in the better of it for the rest of the day and for even longer; even for years. The same would be true if he were to see someone carelessly step on say an oak sapling. Often there

would be tears on his pillow, he said, with remembrances of a flower; a plant that had been there the day before but was now no longer and of the centuries old oak tree that would never be. He could never understand why others could not feel plants to be living lifeforms who could be easily damaged and even hurt; whose lifespan could be but for a few hours or even a few days. With meeting him and hearing him talk and feeling his pain, it was if I were meeting a self of myself.

§Storyalle.258§ Of a very hot summer's day and I observed pigeons, crows and smaller birds all availing of a pool of water to quench their thirst. They were all side by side indifferent to one another; comfortable with each other and then they flew off in different directions.

§Storyalle.259§ Came upon a man and he was patching an ancient wall. He must have surely a few hundred patches on it. And I asked him why he was doing it. "Well," he said: "we have to continue the past; maintain the past as it was." And I suggested why not build a new wall. "Ah," he said: "it wouldn't be the same; it wouldn't have the true character. See these patches here; these are my patches. Here are my father's, grandfather's, great grandfather's and grand fathers' going way back for seven generations. All have their own unique signature, see."

§Storyalle.260§ With sitting in a grove of an afternoon chatting with some people, I put this question to them for their consideration: "If we are looking through an opening in the trees and we only see through it part of a hill or a mountain and then we come away and say to someone: 'I have seen a hill; I have seen a mountain.' Would there be something incomplete about this way of talking or not, over what we had actually seen?" And someone answered: "It would be complete enough for even to have only seen part of a hill or a mountain we can easily expand it in our minds to be a complete hill or a full mountain." "Okay, then, let's take it a little further. What if you could but see through the opening the right or left side of a person: say only their left or right shoulder and ribs, would you then lay claim to say that you had seen a human, though you hadn't had a full view which if you had would without a doubt prove it to be a human? And again, if you were to

see a blue opening in a very grey cloudy sky, could you say that beyond the clouds was a blue sky covering all the clouds, just from looking through that opening and without making any reference to having once or oft seen a cloudless blue sky?" And someone answered, saying: "You could." "As so to so, then, what say you with seeing early in the evening one lone star in the sky, could you then lay claim that the sky: the sky beyond the sky of evening which had revealed just one star: the heavens is full of stars?" "Well, no you couldn't," someone said. "If that is the case, then we should again go through those previous examples for they might not be letting the truth: the whole truth come through. What do you think?" And they were in full agreement that we should revisit them. And so with an attentive expounding of each of them, we were able to undeniably see that we saying we can know the complete from just seeing the partial to be in truth, not true; the partial is but just that, truly the partial; the complete, truly the complete. But someone asked further, saying, "Can we apply truly the partial and truly the complete to Nature?" "No, we can't for Nature lends not Itself to boundaries of any kind. Partiality is one kind of boundary completeness another. Applying boundaries to Nature has no meaning."

§Storyalle.261§ Observed a woman running who would every few minutes run over to a hole in the ground and she would put her hands by her head and shake them forward. And she did this several times. Eventually, I went over and asked her why she was doing this. She said: "The hole is a collection point for all my thoughts and ideas that I don't like. I dump them therein and have nothing further to do with them."

§Storyalle.262§ Met a man who said he loves watering flowers and taking very good care of them. And he said a very interesting thing: "If the flowers were human they would be taking very good care of us too."

§Storyalle.263§ A Druidic High Priest once irritatingly asked me: "Is Nature a god; a god, perhaps like unto a great god?" I answered by saying: "When it comes to Nature, a god or gods of your belief or that of the One God Above All gods of the Christians or of any such religions and the like, if they should exist

in the worlds beyond these shores or even those who might be dwelling in worlds of worlds on the far off stars has no meaning whatsoever. It would be like saying a dew droplet is the Sun.”

§Storyalle.264§ Saw a honeybee circulating a piece of coloured cloth which was on the ground. And I wondered, did he momentarily think it was a flower and with finding it to be without a familiar fragrance flew away. Do bees see colour? Do they scent, fragrance? Sometimes I feel fragrances have colour; each one having a unique one. And also I think colours have fragrances.

§Storyalle.265§ A thought: A person’s language: the words they use can deprive them of their golden years of brightness and thought through the improper use of language. A young older person can sound as a cranky, grumpy old person when otherwise they need not to be if they but change the words and phrases they use. Also the idea that if not careful, the mind can become old much quicker than the body; the right or wrong use of language having a great deal to do with it.

§Storyalle.266§ One man is sitting out in afternoon sunshine. It is warm and he is complaining away to himself that it is melting, though in fact it is not. And another man who is only some seven to nine paces away is standing in a shade. He is thinking it is a beautiful afternoon; lovely and cool with a fragrant breeze blowing. Here we have one reality being experienced very differently. People view things; consider things according to where they are at. Yet if they were to move just a little bit, they would experience things to be a whole lot different.

§Storyalle.267§ Does a mountain feel guilty over letting a spring of water appear on its slope? The followers of the new religion; a so-called new religion which is deep-rooting itself throughout the island seem for some reason to be constantly suffering from some kind of guilt. That is not natural and as such quite unhealthy. What is it about their religion that suppresses them so, causing them to be so guilty conscious? It must have something to do with its doctrines or maybe the particular mind-set of its founder. Howsoever, I continue to give it a wide berth.

§Storyalle.268§ I happened of a day upon a man, who would

lay himself across a gushing stream for people to walk on top of him, in order to cross. At times he would even lay himself flat down on his back in the stream having his feet facing the stream flow, so that people could use his stomach as a steppingstone to cross on over to the other side. When I asked why he was doing so, he answered that who knows but that sometime: some morning, some midday or afternoon some very important person might step on him to cross and that from henceforth he would proudly be able to say to all and sundry that he was a footbridge for such and such a distinguished person. And I thought to myself how very pitiful a way of thinking and acting that is. I left him there and walked on along the stream until I came to a more ideal spot from where I leapt across in a single leap.

§Storyalle.269§ A Christian well-versed in Christian ethics put this question to me of an eve, saying: “Why; why; why doesn’t your Nature, unlike our One God Above All gods, show an abhorrence for certain revolting human activities such as ymodos, yreggub and ytilaitseb? Could it be that Nature Itself delights in such activities and the like?” And I answered by saying: “How can you speak of Nature and your One God Above All gods in such a way as if to give the impression they are somehow equally comparable? Your so-called One God Above All gods, including the numerous Druidic gods of all varieties and kinds are but of your own making and manipulating: your own recreating and narrowest formatting. Those of us, though small in number, who live our lives according to Nature never do such immoral things; such deplorable things; such unnatural things: things contrary to what it means to be a noble human being; contrary to what it means to be of Nature.” “And what is it to be of Nature?” “It is to be as Nature is.” “And what might that be?” “Being nobly.”

§Storyalle.270§ I have often noticed the branches and leaves swaying and fluttering away as if being blown by the wind, but only in one tree. The trees nearby are all still in that there is no movement whatsoever in them. How does this come to be?

§Storyalle.271§ By a natural rock weir I found myself asking: Where do our voices go when we say something: where do those sounds go? Even though having spoken, I can’t hear that sound

anymore: in that it has just disappeared; where has it gone to? Is it floating along invisible over the weir and up about the trees and off out over the valley and along the hilltops? Is it rising with the wind; is it influenced by the wind in any way for upon a breath had it first come forth? I wonder, do voices; do words spoken carry on forever and just keep on floating and wandering about in the air or upon the waves of waters or find their way into underground or underwater caverns? Maybe sometime way in the future somebody will be able to hear the words that I spoke here today. Maybe if I listen very carefully I can hear the sounds; the voices and the words spoken by people hundreds or even thousand of years ago.

§Storyalle.272§ From out of seeming nothing, something comes into being. From out of seeming nothing, everything comes into being. Even my words from out of seeming nothing they come into being. What is this I wonder? Does everything out of seeming something, return to seeming nothing? And that which returns from out of seeming something into seeming nothing, does it come again in another form out of seeming nothing or does it take on a different form?

§Storyalle.273§ One day, I put this question to some Christians, saying: “Why do you Christians tend to be so very destructive?” The reply I received was: “Being destructive is the way of our One God Above All gods for without being destructive He cannot be constructive; construction comes from destruction. They are two aspects of the one reality: the activities of our One God Above All gods.” “Nature never destroys; is never destructive for It never constructs.” And they couldn’t comprehend what it was I was saying since they knew nothing aside of destruction and construction; construction and destruction. And without trying to make it any clearer for them, I instead pivoted for their way of thinking greatly wearied me and I put this question to them, saying: “Would you consider corrupting to be synonymous with destructing?” “As with the activities of our One God Above All gods, it may be necessary at times, even mandated as a means of constructing something.” “What then of constructing?” “It’s synonymous of course with making things whole again for the greater glory of our One God Above All gods. The modus operandi of our One God Above All gods is cyclical.” And with that I left

from out their presence; it having been none too soon.

§Storyalle.274§ Once of a fine summer's morn, when lying next to a woman on a green cliff at the furthest most tip of the Grand Peninsula, down over in the southwest: the one running out and facing the three lovely isles and with gazing up at the blue sky that she put this question to me, saying: "What is Nature?" "Nature is for the sake of the question, the conception and the words being used, two in the presence of one. There is Nature visible and there is Nature invisible and that makes up the two. And then there is Nature which is beyond and inclusive of these two and of many the more besides and that makes the one." "While I clearly understand your words, I am not able to comprehend what you mean when you say: "Nature is two in the presence of one." "In truth, it is best to let go of all words: of all naming of any sort when it comes to talking about what is Nature. Nature is full of all kinds of wordings: all kinds of sounds and the sounds embody all kinds of different meanings. This holds true for the wording of the seagulls there, the elk calling over at the edge of the forest behind us and the wind about us and the crashing of the waves way below us. They are all about sounds: wording meaning into presence. They aren't intended for capturing Nature. And besides, Nature doesn't lend Itself to words: to meanings. Sounded words; worded sounds are merely like webs for catching tiny insects and flies, even if those tiny insects represent everything we can see here about us on the land and waters and the flies the sky of day and the heavens of night. We can attempt all we want to place Nature into the confines of words but it is as laughable an effort as trying to poke a hole with our index fingers in the blue sky there." And I laughingly said to her: "Have a go." And she did and we even laughed all the more. With sitting up and looking down at the waves and all the way out to the nearest isle, I said to her: "If a certain type of wind which it won't but if it were now to blow directly down from out of the high blue sky, it would flow aside the deep wavy waters and we would be able to walk out on dry land to the island. We would be able to take a good nap there before safely returning back by the same way." "What if the wind were to stop blowing and flowing aside the waters while we were walking along through?" "Once when I was on a certain bank of the Great River of the East and at another time on a certain

bank of the Great River of the South that an anticipated wind: a wind which only happens in every nineteenth season, directly descended from a cloudless blue sky and flowed the waters to either side into a shape like unto that of a butterfly resting its wings in the sunshine. Now with the waters being parted, I strolled across on dry land to the opposite bank. And the wind was canopied over me. The opposite banks were in both cases some two hundred paces away. And having taken a good nap on the opposite side, I returned safely back again by the same canopied way. With knowing even some of the ways of Nature we are able to anticipate its happenings. Therefore, there would be no need for us to be concerned that such a wind would stop blowing while we would be going or coming, no more than do we need now to be concerning ourselves that this cliff will all of a sudden break free of the peninsula behind us and tumble out and down into the waters. It is good; it is very good for us, to be able to confidently declare even some of the wonderments of Nature.”

§Storyalle.275§ I wonder what if I lived on the moon for a day or a week, what would be different when I come back or would everything be still the same? Would I be the same or would I be different? What about I living on a planet or a distant star? Is everything going on at the same time everywhere or not? I have this feeling everywhere might be going on differently.

§Storyalle.276§ Ideas are often like clouds; especially wispy clouds. They are here one minute and they have a certain shape and within a minute or two or sooner when there is some wind they are a totally different shape. Or they can just completely disappear; be as if they never even have been.

§Storyalle.277§ Watching in a warm mid-autumnal day, a butterfly alighted on a stone sunning herself away: I wonder what she is thinking about. Is she just enjoying the heat and the light and being in such a lovely place? Is she remembering where she was earlier or is she thinking of where she will be going next? What does a butterfly think about when sunning herself in mid-autumn? Does she think of the summer that is well gone? Does she think it is still summer? I wonder what the butterfly thinks with seeing me here sitting on the trunk of a long fallen old tree and gazing out across

the beautiful landscape. Does she think I am just enjoying the heat, the scene and the light? Does she think I am thinking of something that happened before or about something which will happen or what I am going to do next? What does the butterfly think of with seeing me sitting here? And with a large cloud floating in and covering the Sun we both simultaneously alighted from our perches and moved on.

§Storyalle.278§ Of a lovely light foggy morning coming up on mid spring, I encountered on a stone bridge a very tired elderly-looking middle aged Christian bishop leaning on his crozier as he trudged along towards me with an entourage behind him. And with I moving a little to one side as for him and them to pass on by, didn't he stop right before me and addressed me saying: "Obviously, you don't know who I am so let me introduce myself." Then he switched to Latin for some reason, saying: "Ego Patricius, peccator rusticissimus et minimus omnium fidelium et contemptibilis sum apud plurimos," before again reverting back into Gaeilge; broken Gaeilge at that, saying. "Perhaps you can't understand Latin so I will try to speak to you in your own tongue instead." His Latin was not at all difficult; I instantly understood it. Anyway, I let him continue on in Gaeilge. "My name is Pátraic; a simple country person who is the least of all Christian believers here on the island and who is despised by many for my beliefs. I am a native of the larger island off to the east. When I was about sixteen and when I did not yet know the I Am who I Am: the One True God Above All gods, I was forcibly brought over here into a life of captivity. Of course, I deserved it because I had gone astray from the One True God Above All gods; I was not keeping His commandments. I was not listening to our priests and bishops who often advised me about how I could be saved. Don't you want to be saved; aren't you in great need of being saved?" And to this question I made him no reply. And so he continued by saying: "It was here as a slave; as a most pitiful slave that the One True God Above All gods opened up my awareness of my serious lack of faith. Even though it came about late, I recognized my failings in their fullness. So, I turned with all my heart; with all my sincerity to the One True God Above All gods and He looked down on my lowliness and had mercy on my youthful ignorance. He guarded me

before I knew Him, and before I came to wisdom and could distinguish between good and evil. He protected me and consoled me as a father does for his son. That is why I cannot be silent nor would it be good to do so about such great blessings and such a gift that the One True God Above All gods has so kindly bestowed upon me in this the land of my captivity. There is no other God nor anything is there or ever will there ever be nor was there ever, except the Father: the One True God Above All gods. He is the one who was not begotten, the one without a beginning, the one from whom all beginnings come, the one who holds all things in being; this is our Christian teaching. And His son, Jesus the Christ, whom I testify has always been, since before the beginning of this age and all ages, with the Father in an intensely spiritual way. He was begotten in an indefinable way before every beginning. Everything I can see, and everything beyond our sight was made through him and for him. He became a human being; and having overcome death was welcomed by the Father in heaven. The Father gave him all power over every being, both heavenly and earthly and beneath the earth. Let every tongue confess that Jesus the Christ, in whom I believe and whom I await to come back to us in the near future is Lord and God. He is the judge; the one and only true judge of the living and of the dead; he rewards every person according to their deeds. He has generously poured on us the Holy Third Person of the Trinity, the gift and promise of immortality who makes believers and those who listen to be children of God and co-heirs with the Christ. This is the one I acknowledge and adore; yes, adore: the One True God Above All gods in a Trinity of the Sacred Name. Here, let me illustrate it to you by taking the trefoil division of the day which may prove to be easier for you to grasp this profound mystery of which I have just touched upon for in it you have Dawn the Jesus the Christ the Son, Midday the One God Above All gods the God the Father, and Dusk the Holy Spirit the Helper.” “Thank you. And thank you for your words but I needs be to be on my way as there are hills and groves awaiting my arrival.” “Of course; of course, of course but permit me at least to baptize you before you go; I can easily do it there in the riverlet below.” And without any further words I silently went to go upon my way when he somewhat aggrievedly said: “Do you despise me,

then?” “Pardon? Of course not. In fact, I would rather admire you for your sincere, passionate belief in your faith.” “Well; well, well then do you despise my faith; despise Christianity?” “Of course not. Respectfully, it’s just that I have no need for it, no more than I have a need for Druidism or any other isms.” “Oh, you poor man, you poor lost man, you poor wretch, our faith it seems you greatly misunderstand. Here, now let me explain it to you in all its heights and depths for with all sincerity of heart, soul and mind, I don’t want to see you being cast down into hell.” And without wishing to be impolite; without wanting in any way to hurt the tired man’s feelings or to be caught up in his entanglements, I left without further a word to resume my strolling. But as I did so, didn’t he shout after me, saying; “We’ll bring you into the fold another time no doubt; no doubt, no doubt about it! By the grace of God the Father and the power of the Holy Third Person will the love of the Good Shepherd: Jesus the Christ most assuredly make it happen.” This was a bit too much to let go unchallenged. So, I halted in my stepping and returned back apace to him and said: “Within Nature I be; Nature be within me. Beside Nature I be; Nature be beside me. Behind Nature I be; Nature be behind me. Before Nature I be; Nature be before me. Above Nature I be; Nature be above me. Below Nature I be; Nature be below me. There is nowhere I be save of Nature; save of Nature nowhere do I want to be: within Nature am I fully contented to be.” And at these words he became weak in his standing and grabbed on to the bridge wall in order to steady himself; his countenance had become of a grey limestone. And with finding his voice, he said to me: “I bind unto myself here today the strong name of the Trinity, by invocation of the same: the Three-in-One and One-in-Three.” And I left from out of his presence without giving another word.

§Storyalle.279§ There are times when I sit on east south west facing hillsides all day long just to watch and admire the Sun go from its rising to its zenith to its setting. And there are times too when I remain on that same spot throughout the night to watch the stars appear and even the moon and till on to the rising of the Sun.

§Storyalle.280§ I was sitting on a rock; a promontory and looking away down along the valley. Across the countryside for miles and miles I could see. And the scene is covered with forests

of many different kinds of trees; some as old as forever old. And in an instant I thought I saw all the hills to be without trees. And such a vision gave me a fright and I wondered what it could mean.

§Storyalle.281§ I love to cook and bake and to eat what I cook and bake. Love baking fruit tarts such as apples and blackberries. Greatly enjoy gathering mushrooms after dawn and frying them. Delight in eating honey; water being my favourite drink. Have no use for intoxicants or hallucinogens of any kind as always and everywhere I love having my senses be clear: pristine clear.

§Storyalle.282§ Happened upon a woman bathing in a pool at a rainbow touchdown. And with it evanescent I continued my strolling.

§Storyalle.283§ The Christians make claim that their One God Above All gods has bestowed on them ordinances which they under fear of disobedience have to follow. Ridiculous; for know they not it was but they themselves who in the first place bestowed upon themselves such ordinances? It was their own need and willingness to be held captive by themselves which surely must have urged them to devise and put forth such laws and precepts for themselves. They are but the self-captive captivated by self-captivity.

§Storyalle.284§ With looking to a dark cloud in a dawn sky and thinking it would be nice if I could just see even a single star and that with no sooner such a thought having arisen in my mind a star makes its appearance. The same happens in a very cloudy day with the Sun suddenly and quite unexpectedly making even a momentary appearance. And thinking at that time I was with gratitude and joy that Nature was aware of my need to see a star or the Sun and so made it happen for me: not especially for me, but simply for me.

§Storyalle.285§ Someone asked me: “Is a rational explanation the only explanation one can have for something happening? Other than the rational what else can provide an explanation for anything?” “Everything; everything else.”

§Storyalle.286§ With sitting on a cliff looking out to sea and

watching whales go by, I thought: even a big idea in a big place looks small. How much smaller then must a small idea be in a small place? Better to have my ideas fill out a place to the fullest extent: let them be as big and as full as the sky or the sea or as broad as the land or as vast as the starry heavens of night.

§Storyalle.287§ When you have no reference against anything, you can't estimate or appreciate how big or how small a thing really is. I am looking at something, say an elk, a mountain, the Sun, the moon or the stars but I can't fully compare them. If there was a giant as tall as the sky an elk would appear no more that the size of an ant in his palm. Is the biggest big the best reference for bigness or the smallest small the best reference for smallness?

§Storyalle.288§ It was my parents who taught me how to read and write not alone Gaeilge but also Latin for they are very learned people; they my first great teachers. From childhood I have enjoyed jotting down insights and describing scenes and forming reflections and later working them into fuller stories. Both of them used always say and still do that spoken and written language is a very useful thing for sharing our ideas or for describing something but to always keep in my mind that it can never really fully express anything; there will always be something left remaining to be said or written for it won't be able to reach it. For instance, they would say that language is not capable of adequately describing what precisely it is that Nature does, even describing the way it is thought to do poses a challenge. So best it is to let Nature speak for Itself using Its own language. The language of Nature is like speaking and writing in metaforms. You are saying or writing something about something but you could also by it be saying several other things too.

An Scéal Fada

[Continues in Manuscript 16]

[The Interpreter's note: It is signed: An Scéal Fada 'the Long Story' – a possible *nom de plume* used by An tÁrd-Fealsamh.]

PART IV

The North-Tree Star (*Manuscript*)

[**The Interpreter's note:** The original manuscript language is beautifully written in fifth-century Gaelic; a Gaelic which if it doesn't sound a bit before its time has an ever so slight 'Munster Gaelic' feel to it in contrast to say to that of having a Connacht or an Ulster.]

[**The Compiler's note:** This is the third of the three manuscripts. The title on the original reads: {*North Tree Star Visitor*} and it is just one work from out of a number of works; in fact, it is Manuscript 1 from a set of four. At the time of I receiving this work he was completing a fifth.

He opens the manuscript with the following words:

"There is a self of myself, beside myself, who is of the over the way, away seventeen hundred years distance future here on the island and who has worded for word here to me, in the sixty-second year of my present existence, on the following truly amazing things; things which I am not entirely able to comprehend, in particular, certain never before heard or even seen words by me. Perhaps someone way over in the future will be able to determine their possible meanings. Would that I could such meanings now know.

"The North Tree Star: a star when viewed from the south; a bright northern star, positioned just above a certain treetop and seen in mid spring between predawning and dawning."

[**The Interpreter's note:** A possible; if not the most likely candidate being the star we would know as Capella: the Capella star system in the Auriga Constellation which as a youth in Ireland I used enjoy viewing while slowly drawing up a pail of water out of our well. Happy; happy memories.]

Vistars

[*Manuscript 1*]

§**Vistar.1§** A North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Human: You have an insight which goes something along the lines of: If water is not heaped up deep enough, it won’t have enough strength to support a big boat. Upset a cup of water in a cavity, you say and a straw will float on it as if it was a boat. But place the cup in it and it will sink, for the water is shallow and the boat: the cup, is too heavy, too large. So it is too with the accumulation of wind, you say; if it be not great it won’t have enough strength to support great wings. And I will tell you that, if space; the space about and beyond your planet here was not supplely strong enough, Earth would not be able to float in it; no planet would be able to float in it or be in an orbit. Neither would this solar system be able to remain moving in this region of the galaxy. Also, neither would the galaxy itself be able to move in the company of the near be far myriad galaxies. It is because space is so wondrously supple; so powerfully strong it can keep the beginningless, endless Cosmos, ever moving so effortlessly.

“Human: There are planets in this solar system; including Earth that laugh and joke among themselves as it were, at the massive movement of Jupiter, saying: We make an effort to move in small orbits about the Sun; sometimes it would almost appear as if we weren’t going to make it but we do. Why are you Jupiter so much into big movements, they ask.

“Human: If for a moment you imagine: you go travel to the nearby planets, you will take enough to sustain you for that nearby journey. If you were to go to the furthest planets in this system, you will also take enough to sustain for that journey and the same will hold true, if you were to travel any distance, however far it is beyond this solar system. Now, when it comes to small things: terrestrial based things or even solar system based things, you have so far quite a lot of knowledge but, when it comes to your knowledge of the great beyond, it has hardly yet registered on the scale of that which is to be known.

“Human: You yourself say: The knowledge of that which is

small does not reach to that which is great; the experience of a few years does not reach to that of many. How do you claim to know that to be so? Well, you say: The mushroom of a night and morning does not know what takes place at the end of a month of days; the short-lived summer fly does not know what takes place in the autumn, winter or even spring. These, you say, are instances of a short-term of life. And, in high antiquity there was, you say, a tree whose spring was years and its autumn the same. And you even go as far as claiming that there was a human who once was renowned for his mighty length of life. These, you say, are instances of a long-term of life. Now, I will say to you, what if you were to consider one of your hours to be a thousand years; a day to be twelve thousand years and a night too; and a week to be one hundred and sixty-eight thousand years. And from there you can easily go on to calculate the thousands upon thousands of years say in a month or in a year or even a life running into the eighties or nineties. Such is the prerequisite to start beginning to think big. You may know something of the planets and of the galaxies and stars but you have no idea what you are talking about, when it comes to the ways and the vastness of space; when it comes to the illimitableness of the Cosmos.”

§Vistar.2§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Human: You have been living now on this planet as a human since you were conceived in a human womb. How has it been?” “It is an interesting place; it is interesting being a human, though I think it might also be interesting to be a dolphin or a butterfly or a fern. The weather on the planet can be a challenge to deal with at times but what I miss most about home is not being able to think without limits. I find being a human very restrictive from the shape of the body to the use of the mind. For some reason which I haven’t been able to figure out yet, humans are only allowed or are only allowing themselves to use about two percent of their minds. It is quite unbelievable. I have tried many times to use my own mind beyond this limitation but there is always something that tends to prevent it and what that something is, I have no idea. This is truly difficult to deal with. These humans only think about things near to them.

Anything beyond the planet they merely speculate or

conjecture about it. They are really afraid of thinking big. They are always inclined to be thinking in terms of: in the future humankind will be able to travel to the local planets and even to live on them. Any place beyond their solar system is to them just wishful thinking. But what they don't realize is that they have already come from far away places in the Cosmos; their ancestors were visitors from other regions of the galaxy and have been coming and going, to numerous places ever since, not alone in this galaxy but way beyond it. They are convinced or have convinced themselves, for some unknown reason, they are alone in the Cosmos. It is one of the many ridiculous ideas they have. So, while I am to some extent happy sojourning here, I find it at times extremely frustrating."

"Human: Have you examples of how they think?" "The best of them in thought would claim that though the whole world should praise them, they wouldn't for that stimulate themselves to greater endeavours and though the whole world should condemn them, they wouldn't exercise any more repression of their way; so fixed are they in the difference between the internal judgement of themselves and the external judgement of themselves by others; so distinctly have they marked out the boundaries of glory and disgrace. Here, however, they stop. Their place in the world indeed becomes indifferent to them but still they have not managed to plant themselves firmly in a right position: a position of limitless thought. Or again, there are those who for short spells bravely attempt to ride on the winds of great thought and pursue their way in life with an admirable indifference to the opinions of others. They are wonderful for the duration but then when they return to the worlds of small thoughts, they are indistinguishable from those around them; truly pitiful. I often think to myself, I need to mount on the blueness of the sky of day and the starry heavens of night; to float along with the ever-changing seasons; in one day to experience three to five to whatever number of seasons I would so wish. What then would I have to be waiting on; who then would I have to be depending upon?"

"Human: Why do you keep on returning to this planet?" "I know I have been here numerous times in the last fifty thousand or so years. And it was similar each time in that I thought there would be an expansion in the use of the human mind but the change has

been ever so slight. I guess it is some kind of hope I have because, there is much I like too about being a human and living on this beautiful planet.”

§Vistar.3§ The North Tree Star visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Human: relay for me some words on your present existence; your existence as a human, on this planet they call Earth.” “There are times here on this, my terrestrial island home - which the humans call Éire - when I like to go off on my own into the hills, especially on days when there are nice soft breezes blowing that I may mount the wind and float along with it for a few miles, before coming down to alight again on the ground. When being flown along by the breeze, I think of home and how it was so easy for me to move from one place to another, just by thought: out of an appearance and into an appearance in but a moment; be the distance travelled a mere mile to billions of miles. All the same, I am grateful to be able to float on the wind here but I dare not let any human see me do so, for they would consider me to be unnatural. Anything considered unnatural: that is, outside their experience of reality, they have serious issues with it. They have been getting around from place to place, either by sitting on the backs of animals or in boxes with two long handles on either side, supported and carried along by each other or things they have made: such as iron or plastic boxes of various sizes and designs, set on wheels which are wrapped in a black spongy substance they call rubber. They have also managed to make such boxes in kind to dive deep into the depths of the waters and to fly in the air and even those which can travel beyond the atmosphere of the planet. Some have had them take them as far as the local moon and they have plans to have them take them even further. The problem with all these human manufactured means of transportation is, they all need some fuel of some kind to keep them running. Even their animals and they themselves, need food to keep them going. I miss having not to depend on so many things. From the moment I wake in the morning, until I close my eyes at night, do I know myself to be dependent upon so many things. The human being and by extension human society, is all about excessive dependencies, especially of the artificial kind. And that dependency on the latter is becoming more and more intense. I have little choice but to go

along with most of it, given that I am presently of a human form, living in a human society.”

§Vistar.4§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Human of Éire: What stories; what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Before arriving on this planet: to enter and take up a human form, I used love to be storytelling. And I have discovered to my delight that humans too love storytelling and nowhere more so than here on this island. A story goes that in long of long ago, there was a ruler of the island who while out hunting of a morning, got lost and his attendants couldn’t find him. As his prey quite outran him, he stopped to take a rest by a stream. Now, while he was sitting there, he noticed up the stream, someone is sitting by it and pleasantly gazing, into its shimmering waters. He went and introduced himself as the ruler of the island but the other didn’t make anything of it, he merely politely invited him, to come sit in front of him, on the opposite side of the stream. Throughout the rest of the morning and well into the afternoon, they had some mighty conversations about so many different things. The ruler was so impressed by the words spoken by the hermit that he wanted to hand over the rulership of the island to him. But the hermit said, He had no use for it. The ruler told him he would give him, anything he wanted; anything he needed, if he would take it over but the hermit only smiled and replied: Return and be a great ruler, for you haven’t really begun to rule yet. When the Sun is high in the sky, why would you need to be going round with a flaming torch? I’m merely a flaming torch. You are the Sun. Go and be, the bright ruler that you are meant to be. When the rain is pouring down, why would you need to be going around with a vessel of water, watering the already drenched ground? I’m merely a vessel of water. You are the rain. Go and be, a refreshing ruler. See that bird there? When she makes her nest, she only uses a single branch. One is sufficient for her needs. Observe the deer there, he will only drink his belly-full of water. Go and be, a good ruler; be in the wisdom of the birds and the deer. I have everything I need here; everything I want. Why then would I give it up? The king was saddened by the hermit’s words, for he knew he would have made an excellent ruler. At that very moment, the attendants of the ruler appeared and they and the ruler were very

happy to see each other. But in the folding of that joyous moment, they didn't notice the hermit, quietly retreating into the groves and before they knew it, he was already nowhere to be found."

§Vistar.5§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Human; Human of Éire: May I call you Humaculate of Éire, for you are a lifeform from the far away be near, who of your own accord, became immaculately conceived within a human, nor was it for the first, nor will it be I suppose, for the last time?" "It is as you say, North Tree Star Visitor and so with your pleasure you may." "Good. Then from this moment onwards, I will call you, Humaculate of Éire. And now, what stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "I greatly enjoy talking words which are great, so great that they have hardly anything corresponding to them in terrestrial reality. Once such words depart from me, they do not return, for they spread out beyond the shores of this atmosphere; beyond golden Sun and its furthest offshore orby islands; beyond by way beyond the fringes of the galaxy; this galaxy the humans call: The Milky Way. I'm not at all frightened of speaking enormities, though they seem to have little or no connection with one another and are not that akin to the experiences of the humans. Hear this; such is a story: In the hills of the south, there dwells what I will call 'a Spirit-like human' whose skin is ever so smooth; like unto a lightly frozen stream in spring. The personality and way of this hermit is refined, elegant and charming; he lives off the air, the dew and the hazes. Whenever he so wishes he takes to riding upon the wind and floating on along and reclining on wispy high clouds. Going along carefreely with the wind streams and currents; rolling with their swirls, he would often about the plant journey go. If, he came from observing the sky and the flights of birds and the movements of animals in the fields and groves that heavy down pouring was on the way, followed most likely by severe flooding, he would timely get himself to high ground. If, the noon hour Sun was going to be beating down too much, he would timely go sit in the shade. If, the late afternoon to eve and the whole night through was going to be freezing cold, he would timely go make himself a fire and sit himself down there next to it. When with walking amongst humans, they would find themselves to be in fullness of joy; any discomforts or sickness or

diseases they may have would depart from them in his presence; never would they return to them again. If he were to pass by their fields, the seeds therein would all grow to full maturity, in the fullness of the season. And when he with travelling in war-torn lands, there would be a laying down of arms, never to be taken up again. Such is this man of the hills of the south.”

§Vistar.6§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “In days of winters, springs, summers and autumns, thus to far here on the island have I met among the humans, those: Who though endowed, with eyes free to see clearly, hardly see, nothing at all, of the all that they are meant to be able to see; Who though endowed, with ears free to hear fully, hardly hear, nothing at all, of the all that they are meant to be able to hear; Who though endowed, with noses free to scent abundantly, hardly scent, nothing at all, of the all that they are meant to be able to scent; Who though endowed, with tongues free to taste exceptionally, hardly taste, nothing at all, of the all that they are meant to be able to taste; Who though endowed, with skin free to feel tantalizingly, hardly feel, nothing at all, of the all that they are meant to be able to feel. And who, though endowed, with brains free to think tremendously; hardly think, nothing at all, of the all that they are meant to be able to think. And most pitifully, all of them samely claim there to be but five senses. Their brains, they have given some sort of privileged status, above the other senses; going even as far as designating it, a non-sense ability.”

§Vistar.7§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Once, a king of the Clare landry, bestowed a great gift on one of his ministers: a gift of land; a gift of rock land: of beautiful glaciated karst, situated in the north western region of his kingdom. At first the minister felt greatly honoured and delighted, to have received such a wondrous gift, though in truth he had never been to that part of the kingdom. Now, when he went and actually saw the gift, his heart sank and he became very disappointed, for he had no idea what to do with it. He couldn’t grow crops on it or he couldn’t rear livestock. And but for some small trees and little flowers, managing somehow, to grow

in fissures between the limestone rocks, it seemed to him to be a place all but hostile to life. So of a day, he came and sat down next to a Neolithic tomb which he came across there and he lamented away to himself, for he felt he had received an absolutely useless gift. He even thought maybe the king had played some sort of joke on him. Along came a hermit, who dwelt in a beautiful grove on the edge of that rock land and who with seeing him, sitting there by himself bemoaning away to the sky, greeted him and asked him, why he was lamenting so pitifully. And the hermit, having well listened to his story, said to him: You are really thick when it comes to appreciating blessings in disguise. Now you have received the gift of a most spectacular piece of land from your king; the likes of which is nowhere to found elsewhere on the island. And it would be hard to find another place like it, even beyond the wavy sea. Leave from sitting by this ancient burial spot and go instead and sit in the shade of that grove over there. Contemplate the beauty; feel the mystery and touch the marvel of what you have been given here before you and about you. And within the sunset and sunrise, the minister knew himself to have received, a most wondrous and precious gift.”

§Vistar.8§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Of an afternoon, when sitting on a rock overlooking the sea and contemplating the majesty of some splendid scenery, there came along a human, who had heard me speak some words earlier in the day and he took to telling me this story, saying: I hearsay heard tell, there was once a sea tree; a truly massive tree that grew up out of the sea, off the coast of the Mayo landry. If it were growing on land, it would take several fully grown oak trees, to occupy the same space in the soil and likewise in the air. Yet, it was not an oak tree; in fact, nobody ever really knew, what kind of tree it was. And it was said too that not everyone could see it. Now its gnarled, knurled desperately rough trunk was enormous; so enormous was it that it would have taken, at least fifty or more currachs to encircle it. If a skilled carpenter was to happen upon it, he wouldn’t have given it, a second glance. But if he did for some reason; which for no reason would he, he wouldn’t have been able, to get an axe or a saw to prove themselves

on it, for they would have, bounced right off its granite-like bark. Its branches and limbs, where so tangled that even the birds of the air; be they seabirds or shorebirds were not able to find a single suitable spot in it, in which to alight. And it was said too, I hearsay that its leaves used to frighten away the dolphins. And then, he abruptly broke off in the telling of his story and said to me: Do you know what, your words of this morning, may be compared to that good-for-nothing-old sea tree; though great in their vastness of scope, ultimately are pure useless. And I just smiled and made him no reply but let him in his own time be on his way, while I continued with my contemplation, of the splendid scenery, of a massive sea tree in full foliage, with birds of all kinds, happily coming and going from it and a school of dolphins leisurely playing in its wondrous shade.”

§Vistar.9§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Of an afternoon in late winter, a queen of the Cork landry was intently gazing into the sky. Her fragrant breathing was long, deep and gentle. For all the world, she appeared to be in some kind of a trance; almost to have lost all consciousness of anyone or anything in her surround. Now, her confidant, who was standing in attendance, said to her after some time, Pardon me, Your Majesty but what is this? How came your body to become thus, like a summer tree and your gaze; your mind seemingly to become like haze? Your countenance is all aglow. The queen replied: I have been to the heart of the Milky Way. The confidant said, I don’t understand, Your Majesty, for I have been standing in attendance here since you came and you haven’t been anywhere. And the queen said, When the wind blows through different things; through different openings, it makes all kinds of interesting sounds; no two sounds ever being exactly the same. When the Sun shines on the waters, it creates wondrous shimmerings; on the hilltops, slopes and along the valleys, marvelous hues and shadows. When the rains come, the surface of the pathways are as if they are alive. When with heavy snowfalls, the land all about becomes indistinguishable. When it comes to journeying to and fro from worlds beyond, a person’s appearance momentarily changes and their countenance is as if it were glowing.

How come; how come I have never witnessed you like this before, Your Majesty? Ah but you have; you have, many times. Only today was the first time ever for you, to let yourself truly see, what it is, you are really looking at.”

§Vistar.10§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Once I met a man who said to me: Great knowledge is mighty wide and ever widening itself, whereas small knowledge is pitifully partial and ever the more tends towards restrictiveness. Great speaking is riveting and inspirational, whereas the small is unbelievably frustrating and disappointing. When we’re asleep; we’re asleep, he said; and when we’re awake we’re awake. Yet, there is that which is of our sleep which somehow, finds its way on over into our awake and that which is of our awake which somehow, finds its way on over into our sleep. Our minds love, he said, To be ever minding us, in our relating to one another; oft though does it encounter difficulty, in trying to be over mindful of what is best for us, say to hear or to see. And he continued and said: There are hesitancies in our speaking; deep difficulties; reservations; small apprehensions causing restless convoluting distresses and enormous apprehensions producing endless fears and anxieties. Yet, there are those among us, who take it upon themselves to pronounce for everyone else, what is right and what is wrong. Then their ideas, though seem as if fast bound with cords and chains, showing that their minds, have become like stagnant waters, eventually becoming like, dried up old abandoned moats. It is impossible to restore them to vigour and brightness. Joy and anger, sadness and pleasure, anticipation and regret, fickleness and fixedness, vehemence and indolence, eagerness and tardiness like day come night, night come day, succeed one another and come before us and after us and about us and we claim, he said, To be ignorant from whence they sprout.”

§Vistar.11§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “With strolling along majestic sea cliffs, in the Clare landry, I thought to myself, if there aren’t the opinions of another, I wouldn’t be able to have mine; if I had not my opinions, the opinions of another wouldn’t be needed.

These words now of mine made a certain amount of sense to me and they came quite near to being true. Howsoever, I was not sure, how if I knew, what made them to be so. It might seem as if my brain was initiating and controlling this but I could find no trace; no evidence that it was the brain that was for sure talking and controlling. Perhaps it was any one of the other five senses which was controlling this. And who was it who was doing the present talking? Eyes said it's the nose; nose said it's the eyes; ears said it's the tongue; tongue said it's the ears; skin said it's the mind and the mind said it's the skin. All six of them said it was each other and none from among them was claiming to be doing it. Without a doubt, I had thought that it was one of the six senses that was doing it; in that either it was the eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the skin or the brain. Now, I know for sure, there to be someone else who was doing the talking (as is now too); who was as it were was exterior to my six senses, yet within me to be found; someone without substance to be seen, to be heard, to be scented, to be tasted, to be felt or to be thought. I will tentatively for the day, call it in a plain way, 'the Heart' with a capital 'H'."

§Vistar.12§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "According to the humans: When once they receive their form in the womb; receive their bodily form complete, they move forward with it in life, until that form lets go and they are no more. With everything within and without itself, the body, they say, strives to live in harmony. There are times, though when it does not run in harmony. Howsoever, with finding itself again, it returns to living in harmony. There are those among them who say, their existence is way too short, for no sooner has it begun, than it is already quickly approaching its end. For them, existence is somewhat pitiful. Yet, for those who know each moment to be years upon years, life is of a sufficiently great length. And there are those among the humans, who are constantly complaining that life is all about nothing; nothing but toiling away, from dawn to dusk and off times too, from dusk to dawn. They claim, they can never really see, the true fruits of their labours; everything to them, is but immediate or not at all. And there are those who worry not about such matters; such results for their

efforts but rather enjoy passionately working away honestly and without knowing, what the long term result will be. That long term for them could well mean, several centuries; this would be for them a reasonable baseline. There are those, who speak of what they call death as that which is something final. But what do they know, when it comes to life before life; life be life and life beyond life? To be sure, they wouldn't think in terms of lives, only life. Most, if not all humans are of the opinion that when the body goes, so goes the self. What do they not know? They know not that life is beautifully enfolded in dark, light and shadow and that life is without a beginning or an ending."

§Vistar.13§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "At times I wonder, is there really any difference at all, between human speaking; human word soundings and the chirpings of the blackbird, the thrush, the robin or the wren. Surely, there is in soundings: be it in the sound words of the human or the sound chirps of birds, some meanings. Words aren't just sounds; chirps aren't just sounds, they are the bearers of thoughts; the bearers of meanings. Even the winds and breezes that blow down from the clouds; blow down from the hills or in from the sea or up from the valley floor, carry within them or upon them thoughts; carry within them meanings. But whose thoughts are they; whose meanings? And if I were to ask a human: From whence comes thoughts and meanings? Straightaway the human will say, the mind; but I will say, don't eyes also transmit thoughts and meanings of sight; the nose thoughts and meanings of scent; the ears thoughts and meanings of hearing; the tongue thoughts and meanings of tasting and the skin thoughts and meanings of touching or feeling? When the humans speak, they can say something is true or something is false; something is right or something is wrong and to these they can add at their discretion, endless and varying points of view. At times and those times are a lot more frequent than the humans imagine, the first words spoken by them in a conversation, almost get immediately consigned to oblivion; the only ones they tend to keep in mind, are those last and most recent spoken and yet, even those too can, with another sound intervening; another flow of words coming their way, be

completely forgotten. Why do the humans make so much of a fuss over sounds: over words and their meanings; why so many contentions over what someone has said or inferred or even nuanced? Why can't they just let go trying to hang on to words and their meanings? To be holding on to them, is to misunderstand what it is to speak; what it is to chirp. Perhaps the winged of the air, are much better at understanding this, than are the humans."

§Vistar.14§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "There is nothing that isn't a multiplicity; nothing that can't be looked at from multiple points of view. Yet, I have spoken to humans who say, things are only singular and as such, can only be looked at from two points of view: that is from 'a that' and 'a this'. If they say, they look at anything from 'a this' point of view, 'the that' point of view can't see it and neither can 'the that' point of view, see it from 'the this' point of view. We only know a thing from our own point of view, they say, for 'a this' view comes from 'a that' view; 'a that' view comes from 'a this' view. Now there is life; now there is death, they say and they leave it at that; thinking they are speaking of two singularities, while in truth, two multiplicities are being spoken of, though they appear to be singularities. In a similar thought, do they say, night and day are two singularities, without them realizing, they are two multiplicities or even two aspects of one multiplicity. They say, the same holds true, when it comes to speaking of the sky and the land and of the Earth and the starry heavens. I said to them: why not look at all things in the light of multiplicity, for the purpose of thinking and speaking, cosmically? And they have answered with a certitude and a firmness: Listen, we are completely happy, with knowing only, from our own point of view, for to us 'a this' has always and will always come from 'a that' and 'a that' has always and will always come from 'a this'. Without we holding to 'a this' and 'a that' we have no way of defining ourselves. And I replied that is but terrestrial thinking; not cosmic thinking. And they said, It would be best then for me, if I went and lived in the valleys and hills and there to sip the dawn dew and to commune alone with the mists and hazes."

§Vistar.15§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me,

saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “When of the clear winter nights, I behold wayward, the stupendous arching of the galaxy, I think of home; home so many many galaxies way over by way over the way. When I behold a shoal of eddies, in the river waters; remind me they do, of the myriad galaxies, of all shapes and sizes, I passed, on my way here. From the center of a spiral galaxy, all about can be viewed, without swirling about; so too, from the center of an eddy. This, metaphorically is a very good place, I tell the humans, in which to position the mind, when attempting, to consider anything and everything. Place yourself, in a place of no movement, I tell them, to be able to view movement. And attempt not, to hold on to anything that is swirling about; just let it be. To be attempting, to hold on to anything, in the moving about, will only bring about, the undoing of the eddy and thus the loss, of your privileged point, from which to view things. But it seems to me, the humans don’t value, places of no movement within movement, from which to view movement. And believe me they not, when I tell them, it is by means of no movement within movement that great distances can be travelled and all within but a moment. They only laugh and tell me that I am a space dreamer, even though, I have oft told them, I came from the far away be over. They see me as being but a human, for I have like unto a human form and believe me not, when I tell them, I am a human, yet not fully a human; that I am a humaculate. And they laugh, all the more.”

§Vistar.16§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There was once a king, of the Longford landry, who used love to rear pigeons. From boyhood, he used love to be letting them fly off into the sky and find their own way home. He was so very fond of them that he would name each and everyone. And each one would come to him, when he called their name. And as a boy, he would cry, if any one of them, for some reason, didn’t make it home on time, with the others. He would wait and wait outside for them, until the last one returned. And even as a grown man; even as the king, he would still name, all of his pigeons and delight in calling each one of them by name and they coming to him and he waiting for the last one, to

return home. He had, a daily feeding routine with them. In the mornings, he would give them only, three scoops of say, grains or, seeds or, berries but in the evening, he would give them four. And the pigeons, were always very happy, with that arrangement. Now, for some unknown reason, he decided, to modify that routine. Instead, of giving them, three scoops in the morning, he would now, give them four and in the evening, instead of four, he would only give them three. The first morning he did that, the pigeons were very happy, to see that he had given them, an extra scoop. But come that evening, they became very upset, when he had only given them, three scoops. The next morning, he done the same and the pigeons were cautiously happy; there was a feeling among them that, they were going to wait and see, what was going to happen that evening. And sure enough, come the evening, he only gave them, three scoops. They became, extremely upset and refused outright, to eat anything he gave them, the next morning. They spent the entire day, noisily complaining; puffing up and pushing out their chests; throwing tantrums and strutting about, in a desperate huff. Then he thought, they might feel better, if he were to let them, fly about for a little while but lo and behold, they wouldn't even budge, from out of the coop, even though, he went as far as removing its roof. That night, he went to bed greatly troubled and wondered, what could have been, the cause of them, being so upset, to the point, of them being totally uncooperative. Some time during the night and with he not being able to sleep, he arose and went to his bedchamber window and from there, he beheld off in the heavens; over in the Constellation Taurus: the Pleiades star cluster and they very much reminded him, of his beloved pigeons. And as he gazed up at them, he asked himself, could it possibly be that they didn't like his modification, to the eating routine. So the next morning, he returned to giving them, three scoops and that evening, four. And the pigeons returned to being their happy selves. The next day, he did the same and the day after that and the pigeons were extremely happy. And whenever he would open, the hatches for them, to come out and fly, they would willingly do so and have mighty fun, so they would; wheeling about, above the trees and the roofs, before happily returning to the coop. And, when he took them on journeys, they would enjoy, been let

fly, all the way home. And the king was well pleased, for he had learnt something very important about feelings.”

§Vistar.17§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There are here on the island of today; women and men whose knowledge, goes as far as thinking: they really have no idea, deep down, why everything is; including themselves, nor are they truly convinced, how everything, came to be or will be, including themselves. There were here on the island, in centuries of old, tell told: women and men whose knowledge, by way of an importation, went as far as thinking there is a One God Above All gods, who created all, including themselves: from Whom, they and all came forth and to Whom, they and all will return. And there are many here on the island to this day, who would still, steadfastly, be of that way of thinking; be of that belief. And in the ancient old, we are so told: were women and men here on the island, whose native knowledge, went as far as thinking, there is nothing that isn’t divine: from themselves, to the trees, to the animals, to the rivers, to the rocks, to the hills and to the sky; even to the Sun and the moon. And there are some here on the island to this day, who would in some form or way, lay claim to be of that same view. And then, in ancient more ancient old, now near forgotten all tell told: were there women and men here on the island, whose knowledge went as far as saying: the limitation of the mind is thinking, the limitation of the eyes is seeing, the limitation of the nose is scenting, the limitation of the ears is listening, the limitation of the tongue is tasting and the limitation of the skin is feeling. They were of the view that with the leaving go of these primary limitations; by putting them behind them as it were, true knowledge would then be able to, naturally present itself to them. And, it did.”

§Vistar.18§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There was once a very bright woman, of the Tipperary landry, who greatly enjoyed, looking at everything, differently. Her considerations, clearly had a character, all of their own which could easily be distinguished, from the views of her neighbours, near and far. She used to say amazing

things, like: The Galteemore Mountain, is lower in height, than a cluster of clover, growing by a stream, in a valley down adown the ways. The Great River of the South, is shorter in length, than tea pouring from a teapot into a cup. The dolmens, embedded here and there throughout the island, are lighter by far, than dandelion orbs, floating upon the wind. The ladybird strolling, on the mossy stone, on a boundary ditch, is bigger than a horse, therein the field and who knows, knows, she said, The horse to be way bigger, than the steep cliffs, of the western coast. And the shimmerings on the waters, she said, Are brighter than the Sun which gave them life. And with such words and the like, could she happily go on and on, without ever reaching an end. Now, clearly, she used to say some things that seemingly, made no sense whatsoever, yet, no doubt to her, great sense did they make. She would say, what can't be looked at from another way; be it from numerous ways, is not being properly looked at. If the Galteemore Mountain, she would say, cannot be seen, to be lower in height, than a cluster of clover, growing by a stream in a valley down adown the ways, then, it is not being properly looked at. If the Great River of the South, cannot be seen, to be shorter in length, than tea pouring from a teapot into a cup, then, it is not being properly considered. If the dolmens, embedded here and there throughout the island, cannot be felt to be lighter by far, than dandelion orbs, floating upon the wind, then, they aren't being properly weighed up. If the ladybird, strolling on the mossy stone, on a boundary ditch, cannot be seen, to be bigger than a horse, therein the field, then, the leap, cannot be made, to seeing the horse, to be way bigger, than the steep cliffs of the western coast. And if the shimmerings on the waters, cannot be seen, to be brighter than the Sun, then, what is being looked upon, is not light. Now, clearly, she used to say some things that made no sense at all, yet then again, a great deal of sense, when thought out. And few in number were they, who with hearing her words, would ever wish, to abjure from learning, of her delightful procedures of the mind. So simply rest here with her words awhile, for they will surely produce, a sunshine smile."

§Vistar.19§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "There was once a hermit,

of the Blasket isles, who greatly enjoyed asking questions to himself, when in deep thought finding himself. Of a day he asked, for instance: Why, though oft, wild, rough and stormy, with waves reaching to great heights, does the sea about never completely fill up? Why, though with long warm summer days of heat beating down on it, does it never dry up? Why do the isles never sink into its depths? Why doesn't the mainland ever move closer to the isles; why the isles, even never to the mainland move any closer? What keeps mountainous clouds up? What keeps up the blue sky of day and the starry heavens of night? Why doesn't the moon, ever rise in the north? Why is the moon the size it is; why not any bigger or smaller? Why is the Sun so bright; why doesn't it shine in the middle of the night? Why isn't one half of it bright and the other dark? Why aren't there two or more suns; why only the one? How come, I feel I know for certain, there to be worlds of life, over by way, of the light of the stars? The interesting thing about him, however was that he never sought for answers to the questions. He didn't travel over to the mainland, to go search the length and the breadth of it, for those who might be able to provide him with some answers, for he well knew that one answer, would only lead to another question or even to a whole host of questions and then of course to a multitude of answers. And if that were to happen, he would no longer have any time, to be just sitting and strolling reflectively, back on his beloved Blaskets: to be thinking about things: to be asking questions away to himself. Questions alone themselves, provided him with the greatest joy and the sense of utter fulfilment. He liked keeping his thoughts; his ideas: his questions to himself, though he would enjoy listening and talking at length, with anyone who would sit and stroll with him reflectively. He had no interest whatsoever, in arguing a point with anyone; though he enjoyed from time to time, listening to others being argumentative among themselves. He thought it to be the funniest thing ever and at the same time the most pitiful. Often scholarly visitors from the mainland and beyond; having heard of him, would come to validate and bolster their own ideas against his but he would always make himself scarce, if he knew those of such a mindset, were on their way. He used like to stop at what he didn't know which he used to say himself was pretty much everything. Yet that

was only his way of talking, for in truth, he was astoundingly knowledgeable of the ways of the land, the sea and the sky. And he used to say, the one and only area, in which he lacked the greatest amount of knowledge and understanding was of himself.”

§Vistar.20§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Once of a spring equinox, way back in days of long ago: a man of the Cork landry, a woman of the Dublin, a man of the Laois and a woman of the Tyrone, were having a most interesting conversation, on who knows what is the right. It went something like this: The man of Cork said: If I were to lay myself down and sleep in a marsh, I would surely wake up, with some frightful pains all over me. Parts of my body, could even feel as if, they are no longer of this world. But would that be true now, in the case of a frog? No; no, not at all, for he would wake up and jump about, without a pain in the world on him. My question is, given as to what I have just said: who can claim to know, what is the right place in which to rest; in which to sleep? The woman of Dublin said: If I were to try living in a tree; running up and down it all the day long and gathering nuts and storing them high up, I would be in a tremble, so I would and most likely go vertigo. But would that be the case, for a squirrel? Oh, no; no, not at all, for she would be running up and down the trunk and the branches and out on along the limbs, way up into the heights and she would be thinking to herself, she is but running along the ground, so she would. My question is, given as to what I have just said: who can claim to know, what is the right place to have as a home? The man of Laois said: we humans eat animals, so we do. The cattle, the sheep and the deer eat grasses; the pigs rations; the birds seeds and the ants eat all kinds of things. My question is, given as to what I have just said: who can claim to know, what is the right taste? And the woman of Tyrone said: In the ancient of ancient long times ago, so the story goes: there was a woman, who was thought to be, the most beautiful specimen of a woman, on the island. And at the same time, there was said to have been a man, who in like description was the most handsome specimen of a man, on the island. But do you know what; whenever they would be strolling, along the edges of forests; either together or on their own,

the deer would frantically scatter and the birds, would all fly away in fright. They wouldn't do that, when anyone else would be strolling there. And if they were to walk along by rivers or streams or were to peer into lake waters, the fish therein, would immediately dive deep and would be nowhere to be seen. They wouldn't do that, if anyone else was to walk along by or to peer into the waters. And my question is, given as to what I have just said: who can claim to know, what is true beauty? And none of them could adequately answer one another's questions, although they had greatly enjoyed discussing them at length. And from there, they went on a little further to talk awhile about, who knows what is right for a landry; what is right for the island and its isles? In other words, who knows, what is right governance?

§Vistar.21§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A female human; correctly suspecting me, not to be, of human stock fully found; believing me rather to be, a humaculate, once put this question to me, saying: What essentially differentiates, a human from a humaculate? I answered: fear; being frightened; being terrified. And with this word itself being in need of some elaboration, I thusly spoke, saying: Though all the springs, streams, rivers and lakes of the island, where of a morn, of a sudden to rise up, before a humaculate as an enormous fountain; reaching way up into the clouds, it wouldn't frighten him or her, in the least. If the evened crater decorative veneer of the full moon, with rising above the horizon, were to fall away, revealing therein to be, a mysterious hollow, it wouldn't frighten a humaculate. Or, if of an evening, the star Sirius was to move and reposition itself, into the space between the stars: Betelgeuse, Mintaka, Bellatrix and Meissa, in the Orion Constellation, it wouldn't frighten a humaculate. And if in the deep dark of night, seven to ten galaxies, like unto the Andromeda, were from somewhere in the beyond, to come flow, in a moment of sight, into positions, all about Polaris, it wouldn't frighten a humaculate. Such in kind is what essentially differentiates, humaculates from humans, when it comes, for instance, to being afraid, being frightened; being terrified."

§Vistar.22§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me,

saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Sometimes, when the notion is upon me and when with being in the without of human sight finding myself, I mount on the winds of the morn, to go stroll on the clouds. And when with strolling there full far, I lay myself down awhile to nap in the sunbathed softness. When with awaking, I look about and seek out, the place where the moon ought to be and to it do I flow, on the unknown no air of there, to go listen, to its delightful humming coming from within, before, onward floating to dance and play, among the rich red grasses of the golden Sun. And with there having had full fun, I by over by inward by upward by downward, go rest in the heart of the galaxy. And before the noon-hour butterfly, has alighted upon a fragrant flower, I am back once again, within my terrestrial bower. Oh, come butterfly and me and caterpillar make three; come caterpillar come butterfly and me, in likeness we three unfold to see, to saw, to see, endlessly.”

§Vistar.23§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There was in the long ago and of the Armagh landry, a renowned sage, who would never occupy himself, with the governess of the landry or even of the island itself. He saw no pleasure whatsoever, in seeking for anything from anyone, yet he himself was most obliging and generous, when it came to anyone seeking his advice. What he couldn’t get himself, he would do without it. He had no wish, to be associated with or be seen to be affiliated with, any established way of thinking, be it native or imported: such as a religion, a philosophy or a political way of thinking. Yet, there was no one on the island, who didn’t enjoy listening to him, speak on such matters and the like. When he was speaking to you, you would get the impression that he wasn’t actually speaking, yet speaking he was. When he would be looking at you, you would have the feeling that he was also looking right through you, to the fields or to the hills behind you. When you would be speaking to him, you would know well that he was attentively listening to you; so much so that you would feel, he was also listening to the silences, between your words; your phrases and your sentences. And who knows but he may have also been listening, to the spaces between letters in each and every word. If

you happened to be strolling along with him, you would have this sense that he wasn't really walking; that he wasn't really touching the ground with his feet, yet touching it he was. And there were times too that people felt that while he was sitting or standing in their presence, he wasn't fully present at all; it felt as if he was also someplace else, if not in several places, at the same time. He was affectionately known as: The Morning Haze Sage."

§Vistar.24§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "There was once a man, who was always too hasty in assessing things; always over estimating things. Forever, would he be jumping ahead, to conclusions: to ends. If for instance, he saw a hen, he would and all within a moment, already be seeing an egg in the frying pan and then on his breakfast plate. Whenever, he would see the Sun rise, he would and all within a moment, already be seeing it to be, high in the midday sky and now it to be, in the evening and now, already to be setting. If he saw the tide coming in, he would and all within a moment, already be seeing it full and then, on its way out, until it was about, to come back in again. If he saw a woman that looked very attractive to him; he would and all within a moment, immediately see them, falling passionately in love; marrying; having children, growing old and departing this life. And, every morning, it was a default way of thinking with him, to be looking back and then seeing up from the beginning of his life; upcoming it along to his present age and then, after it he would be looking as it continued forward into the future and to its end. And, although he had often heard the word: live in the moment, he never bothered to take it to heart. Then one day, while he was out in the hills, he noticed an unusual; a-never-before-seen-by-him, insect on the ground. So he laid down to observe it. And as per usual, he was going through, his routine way of thinking. But, before he had reached the end of his thoughts, the insect transformed, right there before his eyes, into a mouse and the mouse into a sheep, the sheep into a horse, the horse into a tree and then, the tree into a swan which flew off into the distance. It was a profoundly, thought-changing experience for him as he completely abandoned, his former ways, of looking at everything, including himself."

§Vistar.25§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There was once a king, of the Galway landry, who of an afternoon and with heavy steps was walking along, a shore of Lough Corrib, when he suddenly stopped and put this question, to one of his confidants, saying: How do I know that the great dread I have of death, is not a delusion of mine? And the confidant, with looking out across the serene waters, answered, by saying: Your Majesty, long, long ago, there was a ferryman’s daughter, who was extremely beautiful. She was his only child but unfortunately, he used force her to work very hard, at ferrying people and animals across the Corrib. Of late, in an evening, a storm, suddenly came down on the waters and she and her father, were flung into the churning. She did her best to save him but he was dragged down into the depths and was no more. With holding on to some piece of the boat, she was, sometime during the night, shored up onto some rocks, where she remained exhausted. Now, the next morning, a king who happened to be strolling along that way, with seeing her, rushed down and picked her up in his arms and brought her to his carriage and to his palace which was some miles distant. And although, he treated her most respectfully, didn’t she bawl and scream and cry a lake of tears, all the way there. When reaching and while her wounds were being attended to and she was given the finest of clothes and food, she kept on bawling and screaming and crying that she wanted to go home: to the way of life that she had known, all her life. She was given a very comfortable room, all for herself, with attendants. And the king made a promise to her that if she didn’t like being there, after a few days, he would most certainly, fulfil her wish and would have her safely returned, to the place of her former way of life. But as the days and the nights went by, she slowly stopped her bawling, screaming and crying, when she began to realize, just how wonderful, this new way of life was; how everyone was so very nice to her and above all, how wonderfully respectful, the king was to her that she in no time at all, gave up any thoughts whatsoever, of wanting to return, to her previous way of life. And within six months; no, not even six months, she had accepted a proposal of marriage from the king. And she lived a very long, happy life, with

no longing whatsoever, for a life that she had once known and fully believed to be, the only life possible to her. And the king was well pleased, with his confidant's words."

§Vistar.26§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "There was, a young wife, in the back of days, who put this question to her young husband, saying: Am I a dream of yours; you a dream of mine? And he answered, by saying, How would I know that? And she said, Sometimes, I have the feeling that I am either dreaming my own life or I am the dream of someone else's. And seeing that we love each other and are married to each other, I began to reason thus that perhaps we are dreaming each other: you're dreaming me and I'm dreaming you. Then, the husband said, We could very well be someone else's dream too. And she said but then, why would anyone else be dreaming us? And he answered with, Why wouldn't they, for aren't we wondrously fashioned; bright in mind and heart, great in health and ever so charming in appearance? I suppose, she said that would make sense all right. Then he said, I wonder, if the valley here about; the hills over the way; even the clouds and the Sun were someone else's dream; even dreams of ours. Maybe they are, she said. But how might we be able to find that out for sure? For instance, when in bed next to you at night, I sometimes find myself to be within my own dreams, along with a me of me, who is the primary subject of the dream. And not alone that but I am even going as far as interpreting the dream from within the dream itself. So, during the day, when I am supposedly awake, I am all the time interpreting the reality about me, including myself. So it is that I think my life is a dream, in which I am concurrently attempting to make sense of it. And they decided, to leave looking at things like that, for the time being. They said to themselves that who knows, in the springtime of their olden days, there would be someone, who will be able to explain, all these things to them. And that they, with receiving a convincing explanation, will most likely be wondering, how come, they couldn't see things like that, when they were young."

§Vistar.27§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what

insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "It is recorded in writings of old that a king of the Down landry, had a most engaging conversation, with a king of the Roscommon landry, while they were of a day, strolling along Dún Dealgan Bay, over the way, in the Louth landry. And their talking went something along the lines of: If you and I, were having a conversation which resulted, in you getting the better of me, would that imply that you were indeed right and that I indeed was wrong? If, on the other hand, it resulted, in me getting the better of you, would that imply that I was indeed right and that you indeed were wrong? Is one of us definitely right and the other definitely wrong or is it the way that both of us are definitely right or both of us are definitely wrong? What if, we were to journey to ask, one of the rulers, from any of the other landries, to adjudicate this predicament for us? The problem is as I see it that if I were to ask someone, who would agree with me, then how would it be possible, for him or her to correctly adjudicate for us? Then, the same would be the case, if I were to ask someone, who would agree with me, then how would it be possible, for him or her to correctly adjudicate for us? And if, I were to ask someone, who disagrees with me, how then would it be possible, for him or her, to correctly adjudicate for us? The same would be the case, if I were to ask someone who disagrees with me, how then would it be possible, for him or her to correctly adjudicate for us? And surely, would be the problem too, if we were to ask someone, who differs, from both of our points of view or who would agree, with both of our points of view. That being the case, then, when all alternatives are weighed up, neither you nor I and those others, would be able to reach, any mutual understanding. Should we, I wonder, go as far as journeying and asking, all the leaders of the landries, to adjudicate for us? I don't think it would be worthwhile, for we would only end up, with the same conclusive problem which we have just outlined. Perhaps then, we should be looking instead, for some ideal vantage point, from which we would be able to discover, whether or not, there might be any - sameness in difference - to be found? It seems to me, such an ideal vantage point could well be that seagull on high there, carefreely gliding about. Then, what say you, if we were to ascend our heights, even to a higher altitude, than that of the seagull, of say to the clouds or even the Sun? I would say that if we

can ascend that far, then what is there to stop us, from ascending even higher and endlessly higher still, to say ‘the heights’ as it were, of the myriad stars? That would be marvelous, surely and most ideal for our purposes! How about, we keep that fully in mind in future, when assuredly, we will be encountering, differences of opinions between us, on various matters? I would be all for that, for by doing so, we would be insuring that we would be able to continue to enjoy, having endless mighty conversations with each other, on a world of; on a cosmos of issues, without we ever being concerned or even distracted, by the overcoming coming of each other, on who is right and who is wrong; who is wrong or who is right.”

§Vistar.28§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Of a lovely warm summer’s day and with resting on some hay, I fell into a halcyon sleep, wherein, I found myself, to be dreaming: I am a butterfly self, happily flitting about, on the edges of a grove; wherein, I then found my butterfly self, to be dreaming: I am a human self, strolling along by an ancient stone ditch; wherein, I found my human self, to be dreaming: I am a humaculate self, floating upon the wind, o’er rolling hills; wherein, I found my humaculate self, to be dreaming: I am myself as I was in home sweet home, over the way by galaxies away. And before I knew it, didn’t I find that self of myself, to be dreaming: I am a humaculate self on blue planet Earth; dwelling on a green island of its North Eastern Atlantic Ocean. And interestingly, at no time within the dream was I not able to tell; not able to distinguish, who it was who was dreaming whom. And with slowly waking and opening my eyes and with seeing a wispy white cloud, in the high blue sky, transforming itself into different shapes, didn’t I come to know, my selves, ever to be expressions, of endless translations.”

§Vistar.29§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Ever have I heard, the humans forever to be saying among themselves: there is a limit to our life; a limit to our physical existence; whereas to knowledge, there would appear to be, no limit whatsoever. What is the point, then, they say, in trying to use what is limited, to pursue after, what

is unlimited? The more optimistic among them, however, see great value in accumulating and passing on the knowledge, already acquired and that each generation, can accumulate all the more and build on what has already been discovered. Although these same, would readily acknowledge, their life is limited, they don't give themselves over to the notion that it follows as such that the pursuit of knowledge is a useless endeavour. Would that the humans, would know there to be, no limit to life; no limit to existences, only there are transformations, call them translations. Whenever, I have tried to say this to them, I get laughed at and straightaway, they point to the their fields and say, here last year, were golden grains growing or sheep and cattle grazing or to their gardens, were flowers of all kinds growing or in that house over there, the elderly couple who used live there, are no longer with us. And they in conclusion, after giving me a plethora of examples in this kind, always say that both them and me, would eventually of a season be, no more. And that will be the end of us, they say; where we will go after that or won't be going, no one at all can say for sure. More certain it is, they say, we are going no where at all, for autumn's leaves, are not reborn as trees, come the spring or neither are we born anew, once we leave life behind us. Our life, they say, has a beginning; it has a carrying on along through itself and then it has the end of itself. They insist that is all there is to it, plain and simple. All we can do, they say, is make every effort to preserve our bodies as best we can; maintain our life at all costs; take care of each other, until we reach the end of a that which was and which soon will be no more. Not knowing, surely is a most pitiful thing; causing the humans to live most pitifully. Knowledge that sees life to be limited is misinformation. Would that they would listen to know: that the life they have now on this planet, is but a life of lives: an existence of existences which is not at all to this planet confined. Beyond the hills, are beyonds never ending, I tell them; deep into the skies of clouds to sunny blue and moon to starry dark, in any and all directions, are to found worlds never ending. Would that they would, give up limiting themselves, these humans."

§Vistar.30§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "In a palace of the Meath

landry, way back over in days of old, there lived an astonishingly gifted storyteller. Not alone was she known and admired throughout the length and the breadth of the island for her wondrous storytelling capabilities but she was also renowned for it, in far away places off to the west, to the south, to the east and to the north. Now, one day as she was sitting in a garden of the palace, the eighteen year-old crown prince, happened along by and was very happy with seeing her and so went and courteously asked her, if she wouldn't mind, he sitting in her company and chatting for a little while. During the course of their conversation, he mentioned that there was something, he had wanted to ask her for quite some time. And this is what he asked her: How come, you are able to tell stories, in such a way that it always seems to me as if you aren't telling them at all? What kind of mysterious storytelling ability is this? Your Highness, there is nothing mysterious about it. Your humble servant merely loves doing not doing very well. Not doing? Yes, Your Highness. Please; elaborate for me as I am poor in understanding, when it comes to such profound matters. When I first began to tell stories, Your Highness and that was when I was about three, I saw nothing but the entire story. Then after seven years, I ceased to see it as a self-contained whole. And then after that, I began to culture myself, to let go of all my senses; beginning with my six primary senses. In the telling of a story, I didn't look with my eyes to see, my ears to hear, my nose to scent, my tongue to taste, my skin to feel or my mind to think the story. And now that I am in my ninety-eighth year of life, I know how to move my words effortlessly, through the valleys and fields of the imagination; move them seamlessly along by its shores and way out over its waters and into its skies. I don't understand. An ordinary storyteller, Your Highness, will run out of refreshing vocabulary within five years, this is because they are not interested in advancing their storytelling. A very good storyteller, will run out of refreshing vocabulary within twenty-five to thirty years, this too is because they are not interested in advancing their storytelling. Now, I have been telling stories with over ninety years, while ever have I been refreshing my vocabulary; so much so that I now have a vast corpora of vocabulary and phrases in my head, from which I may draw upon at any time. Then, it is but as it were, only a matter of

not telling the story and the story will of itself tell itself. It seems, I'll have to come back another day to converse with you some more on this as I am nowhere near yet comprehending such profundity. I would be honoured, Your Highness, for your humble servant, merely loves doing, not doing very well. And the crown prince smiled."

§Vistar.31§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "Of a day, a human to me had this to say: It seems to me and I wouldn't be alone now in thinking this; but it seems to me, you are human all right, yet I suspect, you aren't fully human though. You are one of us but in saying that, you aren't one of us. It is as simple a peculiarity as that, so it is. And I replied: Then, what do you suspect me to be? I don't know really, for though in every way you look and sound like a human; you walk like a human and yet, yet and yet, there is something about you that makes me believe you aren't fully human. If I am not fully human then what am I? Like I said and I wouldn't be alone now in thinking this but I don't know; I don't know what you are in truth. And then he asked, Who or what fashioned you? I replied, in the first instance, by saying: This beautiful island did; this lovely planet did; this majestic galaxy did. And he bluntly asked: Had you no human mother or human father, then? And I was about to tell him, how here I came to be, when something within me, made me realize that not every question of this one, needs to be answered. And so I asked him: Who or what fashioned you? And he replied: My ancestors and my parents did but ultimately it was my God: the God of my Abraham, my Jesus and my Mohammad who fashioned me so and this is all that I do know and desire to know. And then, I pointed to a pheasant, strolling about in the outskirts of a grove and asked: Can you say for sure, whether or not it is fully pheasant and not partially something else? He answered: Seeing it there by its gait; by its form, it tells me clearly, it is completely pheasant, for I well know pheasants, ducks and rabbits. And before you might go on to ask me, who fashioned it, I will tell you and I wouldn't be alone now in thinking this but it was its parents and ancestors and ultimately it was I believe the same as with me, my God; the God of my Abraham, my Jesus and my

Mohammad. With hearing his words, I felt as if I wanted to be carried right away on a gust of wind, way up in the high altitudes, for sometimes and fortunately it is not very often, listening to some humans speak, gives me the feeling that I am a highflying bird about to be encaged within a world of narrow little thoughts, where not alone will my wings be clipped, my eyes be hooded, my beak be muzzled but also, I will be tethered to some rigged little spindle of a thought therein that believes itself to be the axis of what they call the Universe.”

§Vistar.32§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Long ago, their lived a much beloved sage, in the Kilkenny landry, who of a summer’s day and surrounded by his closest admirers, peacefully passed away. There was a great outpouring of grief at his loss. And over the next few days, hundreds upon hundreds, to thousand upon thousands of people, from not alone throughout the Kilkenny landry, came to pay their final respects to him but from all parts of the island and even from beyond its shores. The lines of mourners coming to see his face for one last time, stretched all through the fields and along by mountain slopes, rivers, lakes and streams. Now, on the final day; late in the evening, with night already well on its way and at that last hour, before they would forever veil his countenance, there arrived, an elderly mourner, dressed respectfully in summer colours and her hair blowing in the breeze and who with entering, went and gracefully stood by the body and with gently kissing the brow and with tears streaming as she beheld the serene countenance, of her long time friend and confidant, she looked ceiling ward and softly said aloud: You were. You are. You will be again! And when she had come out, those standing around asked her, saying, Seeing that you were his closest friend and confidant was it proper then that you should offer your condolences, by wearing summer colours and letting your hair free to be blowing away in the breeze and was it proper too, to be saying those things? And she replied: Of course it was proper. Why wouldn’t it have been? When I entered a little while ago, I found there to be old men and old women, like yourselves, covered in black from head to toe and wailing and olagoning away as if they had lost half the population of the island

and there were young men and women there, like yourself, hysterical as if the end of seasons had come. None to anyone of them or you, understand anything at all about coming, being and going. If you did, you would have been well pleased with my colours and those words of mine. When a great sage like him appeared amongst us, it was at the proper time for him to come; when he went away from us, it was at the proper time and it was owing to the natural sequence of his coming and having lived amongst us. And it will be at the proper time when he will again come among us, though it be in ten thousand years or tomorrow.”

§Vistar.33§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “One day, a young disciple of a sage, came to his master and asked his leave, to take his departure for a season. Where are you going to, asked the Master. I will go to a landry, five to seven days journey on foot. And with what objective? I have heard, my Master that the ruler of this particular landry, is in the vigour of his years and consults none but himself as to his courses of action. He deals with his landry as if it were a matter of, not much consequence and has no perception whatsoever, of his numerous errors. He thinks lightly, of his people’s health and dying; the dead are lying all over his landry as if no smaller space, could contain them; in the valleys and about the marshes, they are as rotting tree trunks, strewn about. The people know not, where to turn to. I have heard you, my Master, say, Leave the landry that is well governed; go to the landry where disorder prevails. I wish through what I have learnt, thus far from you, my Master, to think out some good methods, of dealing with the ruler of this landry, if peradventure the iniquities of such a ruler may indeed be dispelled. Alas! The risk is that you will go only to suffer, in the punishment of your own making! The right method, in any and such a case, won’t admit of any admixture. With such admixture, the one method, will become many methods. Their multiplication will embarrass you. That embarrassment, will make you anxious and that anxiousness, will prevent you keeping yourself safe. The great advisors to the rulers of landries in days of old, first had, what they needed to do in themselves be done and only then, afterwards did they consider, bringing that change about in others.

If you don't have it within yourself, you can't give it. If what they needed in themselves was not fully established within themselves, what leisure would they have then, to go and interfere, with the proceedings of a tyrant? Moreover, do you know how virtue, is liable to be dissipated and how wisdom, proceeds to display itself? Virtue is dissipated, in the pursuit of the name for it and wisdom seeks to display itself, in the striving with others. In the pursuit of the name, people overthrow one another; wisdom becomes a weapon of contention. Both these things are instruments of iniquity and should not be allowed to have free course in one's conduct. Supposing one's virtue to be great and his or her sincerity firm, if he or she do not comprehend, the spirit of those whom he or she wishes to influence; and supposing he or she is free, from the disposition to strive for reputation, if he or she do not comprehend their minds; when in such a case he or she forcibly, insists, on benevolence and righteousness; setting them forth in the strongest and most direct language: before the tyrant, then he or she, hating his or her reprover's possession of those excellences, will put him or her down as doing him or her injury. He or she who injures others, is sure to be injured by them in return. You indeed will hardly escape, being injured by the tyrant, to whom you intend to go. Further, if perchance he takes pleasure in people of worth and hates those of an opposite character, what is the use of your seeking, to make yourself out to be different, from such people about him? Before you have begun to announce your views, he as ruler; as the power that be, will take full advantage of you and at once contend with you for victory. Your eyes will be dazed and full of perplexity; you will try to look pleased with him and you will frame your words with care; your demeanour will be conformed to his; you will confirm him in his views. In this way, you will be adding fire to fire; increasing as you may express it, the iniquities which you so very much deplore. To these signs of deferring to him at the first, there will be no end. You will be in constant danger, seeing he does not believe you and of you making your words more strong and you are sure to die at the hands of such a one. Nevertheless, you must have some ground for the course which you wish to take; let me hear it. May I go, doing so in uprightness and humility, using also every endeavour to be uniform in my plans and

overall presentation? No, indeed! How can you do so? This man makes a display, of being filled to overflowing with virtue and has great self-conceit. His feelings are not to be determined, from his countenance. Ordinary people, do not venture to oppose him and he proceeds from the way in which he affects them, to seek still more the satisfaction of his own mind. He may be described as, unaffected by the small lessons of virtue, brought to bear on him from day to day; how much less will he be so by your lessons? He will be obstinate and absolutely refuse, to be converted to your way of thinking. He may outwardly agree with you but inwardly, there will be no self-condemnation; how then, can you go to him in this way and be successful? Well then; while inwardly maintaining my straightforward intention, I will outwardly seem to bend to him. I will deliver my lessons and substantiate them by appealing to antiquity. By appealing to antiquity, I shall be a co-worker with the ancients. Although the words, in which I convey my lessons, may really be condemnatory of the ruler, they will be those of antiquity and not my own. In this way, though straightforward, I shall be free from blame, seeing that I am co-working with antiquity. May I go to the ruler of that landry in this way and be successful? No, indeed! How can you do so? You have too many plans of proceeding and have not spied out the ruler's real character. Though you firmly adhere to your plans, you may be held free from transgression but this will be all the result. How can you in this way, produce the transformation which you so desire? All this only shows in you, the mind of a student teacher! No, though your heart is in the right place, stay here where you are and learn a great deal more. There are more considerations in such matters, than you can possibly learn in a day; in a season or even over many seasons. Forgive me, my Master for my lack of studying and impulsiveness. No more needs to be said about it. Let's get on with today's lesson. Shall we? Thank you, my Master."

§Vistar.34§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "Long ago, a queen of the Leitrim landry was sending one of her ministers on a very important mission to the king of the Fermanagh landry. The minster having received the mission and going into a garden, somehow got it into

his head that the king of Fermanagh might not treat him respectfully, though the basis for thinking such a thing was groundless. All the same, such a thought was now in his head and it was quickly consuming him. He began to think that even an ordinary person cannot be readily moved to action, then how much less the king of a landry! With thinking of such things, he became full of apprehension. In the morning, when he had received his mission from his queen he was fine but by midday he was gulping iced water in an attempt to cool down as it were his anxiety. By afternoon he was almost beside himself with worry. And then he began to think that if he returns having failed in his mission, his queen will surely deal with him harshly. These nagging, head-throbbing concerns were weighing him down so much that he found it almost too difficult to stay standing on his feet. He said to himself, I am not able to bear the burden of this mission. And he didn't know what to do. Then his wife came and said to him: I don't know what has got into you for you have never acted like this before even though you have had far more sensitive missions to go on. Get a hold of your courage; the courage Her Majesty and I know you to possess in abundance. Go and transmit Her Majesty's message to His Majesty verbatim as you were told to do. Do not transmit it with any overflow of flowery language of your own fashioning and you will have success and come back home to us safe and sound. The next day he set off on his queen's mission and carrying his wife's words in his heart and everything worked out wonderfully."

§Vistar.35§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "In the Cork landry of ancient old, I hear tell told, there lived a cripple, who had to be carried about everywhere. Yet this man was renowned throughout the island, for his great wisdom and profound insights. And they said of him: Though he was a cripple, the disciples who followed him about, were equal in number, to the great masters who walked of their own accord all over the island. When he was in the presence of others, he did not teach them; yet they found themselves, to have been well taught by him. Whenever people went to him, they would go empty of knowing what it is, they

wanted to know but they would come away from him, brimming over with knowledge of that something. To such a person, life and death were big considerations but they could work no change in him. Though the mountains were to rise up before his eyes and flatten themselves down out into fields and the skies were to start tumbling down, they would occasion in him, no fear. While other things changed about him, he held true to himself; the transformations of things to him being the most natural and the greatly welcomed. When we look at things as they differ, we see them to be different; when we look at them as they agree, we see them all to be a unity. So it was with this person. He took little knowledge of the things, for which his ears and eyes were the appropriate means, for his mind delighted itself, in the harmony of all things. He looked at the unity which belongs to things and did not perceive where they have suffered loss. He looked on the distortions of his feet as such are the things that can happen from birth for some reason or other but if likewise, they could be made right, by some means or other, he would have greatly welcomed such naturalness too. We do not look into running water to be a mirror for us but into still water; it is only the still water that can capture all. We look into running waters; shimmering waters for something else and that something else, is well found therein.”

§Vistar.36§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “It was oft told and then as oft again, long, long forgotten about, before being retold that there was once a man, who lived in the high hills of the south, who was of an unbelievably ugly countenance, though not at all a frightening one. He lived with his parents-in-law and they were so awed by his depths of knowledge and wisdom that they would be reluctant to be out of his gaze for too long, for being in his presence they felt ever so contented. When his wife-to-be, first set eyes on him, she fled into a nearby grove, not out of any fear of him but she just didn’t know how to control her emotions in his presence. She loved him at first sight with a love that was total. And when she returned to her parents, she told them she had met the man of her life; the man who she wanted to be her husband. When they first set eyes on him, they were lost for words and it was only

later that they could begin to try to answer their own question to themselves: How could ugliness be so stunningly beautiful? The king and queen of the landry having heard of it, went to meet him for themselves, to see just how contradictory a person he was. When they first set eyes on him, they were as if spellbound to the ground, for they could not move a muscle. Once they had recovered from their initial reaction upon seeing him and they with listening to his words, invited him and his wife and parents-in law, to come stay in the palace for a while that they may listen more to his words on so many different things. Now, he had not stayed in the palace two days, when both the king and the queen were completely captivated by his depths of knowledge and wisdom and by the utter beauty of his voice and expressions. And before they knew it, it only being just three weeks, they offered him the rulership of the landry. He was saddened with the offer, for he had no need for such things but out of courtesy, he accepted it. Then early of a dawn; it being no more that seven to nine days after having received the rulership of the landry, he with taking his wife and parents-in-law, left the rulership and the palace and returned to their home. And with the king and the queen by midday, having learnt of this, they well understood, why he would want to leave; why he would want to return with his wife and parents-in-law, to live in peace and simplicity in their home-sweet-home in the countryside.”

§Vistar.37§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Early in an eve, an elderly physician; an octogenarian and a young physician of no more than twenty-eight, were sitting on a bank of the Great River of the West and enjoying talking away about, the external reality of the river; the trees, the hills, the sky, the humans, the birds and the foxes and all and the internal reality of the human body. They were of the agreed opinion that what is without, is in and of a form within; what is within, is in and of a form without. And they with noticing: a lovely pink, to peach, to light purplish atmospheric glow, upon the horizon after the Sun setting, wondered, where such a phenomenon might be located within the body. And they were of the opinion that it must be somewhere along the outer extremes of

the body, namely the skin. Then they wondered what its function might be; was it purely an aesthetical response to the body's sun setting or sun rising or perhaps something else. Then the eighty-five year-old had the following arcane story to tell: Once in my travels, I met a person, who though fully human in appearance and in language spoken, told me that I would need to rethink everything I had ever learnt about the body. He said that located just beneath the skin is a great river that flows throughout the entire body; that there is no place it doesn't reach. It has no wellspring and neither does it flow out into some internal or external sea. I was awestruck by his words; and I wasn't able to accept them as being true, for I had never seen this river with my own two eyes, to know. And when I asked what its function was, he answered me by saying: the eyes see, the ears hear, the nose scents, the tongue tastes, the skin feels and the brain thinks. And then he said, The glow: the river glow sensualises; it sensualizes the entire body. This is what gives sensuality to the body and what suffuses sensuality beyond the body. So I asked, Do we have seven senses then? Yes; not just seven but many the more besides. Next to the heart which is not a sense, the river glow is the greatest sense in the body. Then I asked, Why is it then that some people seem to be devoid of sensuality? And the answer I received was, they don't know it is there. And the younger physician said: We need to go and learn more about this from that person. Where did you meet him? It was somewhere along the shore of Lough Neagh. But that was some fifty-seven years ago. Not to worry, said the younger physician. Let's head off and see anyway, for who knows we might meet him or someone who likewise might be able to enlighten us. Let's do it! said the octogenarian."

§Vistar.38§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "Once, while carefreely sowing seeds, along by the bank of a stream, a human well known to me, who was sitting close by and contemplating the high blue sky, spoke unto me, saying: Do you clearly know, the part the non-human in you plays; do you also clearly know that which the human in you plays? And I answered, Yes, clearly I do. Then, she said, You are in the perfection of knowledge. We humans, know next to

nothing, when it comes to such matters. All with us is conjecture, since we don't know are we totally human or partly human, like yourself or whether we may even be partly divine. And even if we were to believe we are both human and divine, we have no idea as to what extent we are either of. What is divine; what is divinity? It is the very presence of the One God Above All gods within us. Who told you such to be so? Our sacred books did and the words of our religious teachers faithfully handed down from generation to generation. From where or whom did your sacred writings come from? Be the full word told: from the One God Above All gods, by way of our prophets. I see. And she asked: Besides being, part human and part non-human, do you have any divinity; any divine in you? No; no I don't but there is that of me which is greater, than that what you call divine or divinity. And she smiled and with finding it more comfortable for the moment that was in it, returned to beginnings, saying: How do you know that what you call the human in you, is not the non-human; that what you call the non-human, is not the human? I clearly know which is which. What is human in me is fully human; what is non-human full non-human. Would that we humans could be so clear about such things and the like. And I smiled and resumed the sowing of seeds; she her contemplation of the high blue sky."

§Vistar.39§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A king and queen of the Meath landry had an interesting custom when their children would reach the age of five. They would be asked to make a special choice which might give an indication of where their primary interests might lie in the future. They weren't told, this would happen when they would reach five, so it was something very new to them, when they were asked to do it. And so of a day, their youngest children who happened to be twins: a boy and girl, found themselves sitting in the sunshine, before their parents the king and queen and all the ministers and attendants. Five symbols: two of each; ten in total, were placed before them, with a partition dividing them, so that neither could see each other. And the children were then asked to choose any two of the symbols. The symbols were a quill, an anchor, a bow and arrow, a fishing pole and a sceptre. Both

children unbeknownst to each other and without having to deliberate picked exactly the same two symbols: a quill and an anchor. The quill symbolized writing and the reading of many manuscripts, while the anchor indicated possible journeying beyond the shores of the island and by inference journeying to many places. All them who had seen this, marveled that the children had made identical choices and the king and queen were well pleased with their choices.”

§Vistar.40§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Of a day, a king of the Sligo landry, put the following question, to his confidant: What were the insightful of old like, for I have heard tell, they were very different, from those in this our own day? O they were, Your Majesty. You have heard told well. The insightful of old, did not reject the views of the few or the consensus of the many; but did give to all views, full earful play. They lived without doing anything that would, have them be with feelings of shame or regret. Though they might make mistakes, they had no occasion for regret; though they might succeed, they had no self-complacency. Being as such, they could ascend the loftiest heights of thought, without any fear of vertigo; they could pass through down pouring out of the heavens thoughts, without being drenched; they could go into wildly flaming forests of thought, without being burnt. So it was that by their knowledge, they ascended to and reached quite unimaginable to us, realms of wondrous insight. The insightful of old, Your Majesty, dreamt awake and slept a dream; they had no anxiety whether awake or asleep. They took their time eating; fully savouring every mouthful. Their breathing came silently, almost as if they weren’t breathing at all. Their words seemed to journey up from the soles of their feet and on in from the tips of their fingers. There were great silences in their speaking; profound wording in their silences. However, one might try, to start up an argument with them, over anything, they would fail straightaway, for they had no interest whatsoever in being distraction providers. The insightful of old, Your Majesty, loved life and saw no discontinuity in it, when it went through transformation. They looked upon their entrance into their own life as being a great privilege and joy and were as we all

are, greatly saddened, with the thought of it ending way too soon and leaving beloved ones behind. They did not forget what their beginning had been and they did not inquire into what their end would be, for they knew ever so well: that ends are but beginnings; beginnings endings. And the king wasn't able to speak for the rest of the day, for so much was he awed, of the words spoken to him, by his confidant."

§Vistar.41§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "In days of long ago, when harps and harpers were in the plenty throughout the island, there was one such harper, sauntering along on horseback, while strumming away and singing a wondrous refrain. And now with looking up ahead, he beheld a beautiful white swan, slowly gliding in along towards them, before she coming into alight on the pathway, out in front of them. The horse with perceiving this too, had already come to a gentle halt. The swan looked up at the horse and then the harper as if she wanted them to come follow her. And so the swan went strolling on along out front, with the horse and his musical mount, sauntering on along behind. And the harper being quite enamoured of this lovely situation and the great beauty of the about scenery, played a melody on the harp and to it put some lyrics which well encapsulated all these things. Now, after some time, they came to the outskirts of a village. At that, the swan began to run a little and with stretching out her wings, she rose up above the shrubs and the trees and village as she glided away gracefully, off into the distance. There, sitting at the entrance to the village was a middle-aged kitemaker, who was humming away to himself as he was putting the final touches, to a lovely yellow kite. The harper dismounted and went over and greeted him. And the kitemaker, being well pleased to see a new face, invited him to sit with him; to have a bit of a chat, for he was of the mood then, to have a fine conversation, with anyone who might happen to come on by, especially, if that someone, had come from far away places. In the course of their engaging conversation, on a host of things and the harper having played some melodies and sung some songs, the kitemaker told the following story. He told of how, a king and queen from a different landry, who with passing through that way

of a day, stopped when they saw, the kitemaker's display of fascinating kites. Without dismounting from their carriage, they commented to him on their beauty and said that although, they didn't need a kite, they would be most glad to make a substantial donation of gold, to help the artisan, support himself and his family. But the kitemaker, with well, concealing his feelings, respectfully declined their offer and said that he instead would be very happy, to sell them any one kite of their choice and at a reduced price. But the king and the queen, didn't accept his offer, nor did they give him any donation but without further word, carried on upon their way. And the harper with hearing this asked him: Why didn't you accept the generous donation; after all, it could have been a tremendous help to you, in supporting yourself and your family? I know that but I experienced at their offer some deep down pride welling up within me; a lovingly handed down ancestral pride about being a maker of beautiful kites and writing some beautiful words of the ancients on them. For their majesties, not to have first offered to buy one of them from me but instead, to toss a donation at me as one might scraps to a dog, greatly hurt my pride. As such, I politely refused to accept their donation. And the harper jokingly replied, saying: But, you could have been made very rich by it; live almost in a palace and wouldn't have to be making all that meticulous effort anymore that goes into making kites; you could even if you wanted, hire someone for you to make them. And the kitemaker, replied in a similar tone: It would be easier, surely I imagine, for a harper to give up playing and singing to his harp while sauntering about on horseback in the wide and lovely, than for me to give up kitemaking. And they both laughed heartily and agreed that whatever the circumstances: pride, dignity, integrity and the pleasure of little joys, at freely creating something beautiful; something precious, for the now or the ages; be it a scripted kite, a melody or a song are invaluable treasures of life. And the words and thoughts took them to seeing that these things to those too who are in the know, will be considerate so and won't be given over to hurting the pride of the artist, by not purchasing a single one of his or her works but instead tossing to them a donation, however great or small it be. And the kitemaker continued with his love to do; the harper and the horse theirs."

§Vistar.42§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “In days of long ago, a humaculate dwelling here on the island, had this to say: There is the land about and all that is upon it; there is that which is below the land and all that is within it; there are the springs, streams, lakes, rivers and the sea and all that is within them and there is the sky, be it the endless heavens and the endlessness of all that is of it. I am an endless lifeform of these; ever being born of them and into them; ever living with them and ever am I returning unto them. Of this place and that place of them, have I been numerous times; today I am of this planet. I may or may not ever again be of this planet and then again, I may; I would like to though. Though they have caused me, to dwell here on this planet of theirs and have well hid me, in plane view here on this beautiful island, very few among the humans are they, who can see me, hear me or know me, though I oft be with strolling and chatting in their company. Save for the handful of us humaculates living here on the island, I would I believe be very lonely. Why is it that the insects and the animals of the land, the birds of the air, the fishes of the waters and the grasses and flowers and trees, even the rocks, all do see me, all do hear me and all do know me enough to be contentedly communicating with me? Why is it that the humans alone do not save for the one or two? Given this, why wasn’t I made part butterfly or trout or seagull or horse instead; why a human? Why was I given to be a humaculate?

§Vistar.43§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “A princess of the Antrim landry, who had from her childhood, a great desire to know everything that could be possibly known, once put this question, to her mother the queen, saying: Mother, Your Majesty, can you cast some light for me, on the known to be but ever remaining unseen? My Precious Daughter and Princess, what you have made request of me is not easy to give a direct answer and as such, can it only be approached by roundabout words. I can put it this way for you, my Brightness, by saying; that the known to be but ever remaining unseen is formless. I may talk to you of it as I now am but it can’t

be received by you, since it can't be transmitted, yet you will come to know it and perhaps already do you know it, without realizing it. By way of your senses you can't sense it, yet you can. And the princess inquired as to how this can be. And the queen her mother answered, saying: You can't see it with your eyes, you can't hear it with your ears, can't scent it with your nose, can't taste it with your tongue, can't feel it with your skin, can't think it or even imagine it with your brain or sensualize it with your river glow, yet somehow, with all these you can it get to know. Therein is the mystery of it. And seeing that there is no a before the existence of all things, nor no an after the existence of all things, it is as all things are, including you and me, ever and everywhere existent; there being nowhere where it doesn't exist. And the princess, courteously took her leave, to go stroll on her own in a palace garden; there to delightfully reflect upon the profound words spoken to her, by her mother the queen."

§Vistar.44§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A long-in-years king of the Wicklow landry was asked by one of his approaching middle-aged ministers, how came his complexion; his countenance and demeanour, always appeared to be so fresh, bright and youthful. The king answered by saying: I leave the past remain in the past. Is that all you do, Your Majesty? I leave the present be present. Is that all you do, Your Majesty? I leave the future be in the future. Then, taken as a whole, Your Majesty, is that enough: just letting the past be remaining in the past; the present be present and the future in the future to be, to allow you to maintain such youthfulness? How could that be enough? I leave spaces be in their places. What do mean, Your Majesty? Yesterday was a space and I was in it; but I am no longer in that space, for I am in space today and tomorrow will be another space, in which I may be in. All days are spaces. Howsoever, I let go of the spaces where I have been in, while being in the space I find myself to be. Then, taken as a whole, Your Majesty, is that enough: just letting the past be remaining in the past; the present be present and the future in the future to be and the letting go of the spaces where you aren't in, to allow you to maintain your youthfulness? Yes that would be true to say. Your

Majesty, if I may, can you teach me how to use my mind as such? From that moment and for an hour each day, the king taught the minister how to use his mind in this way. After three months, the minister was able to leave the past in the past. After another three months, he was able to leave the present be present and after a further three months, he was able to leave the future be in the future. And with continuing on for three more months, he was able to leave spaces be in their places. At the end of this, there was a noticeable reappearance of youthfulness in his complexion; in his countenance and in his demeanour.”

§Vistar.45§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There was once a master candle maker, who had lived long of days. He travelled throughout the length and breadth of the island, selling his handiwork. There was no one, who hadn’t heard of him, either directly or by a thousand and one stories mentioning him and his marvelous candles. Then of a month of days, word reached from mouth to mouth, along the valleys and through the fields and groves that he was nearing the end, of his present form of existence. Many and many the many were they, who came to express their final gratitude to him, for illuminating their worlds down through the years and to say their final goodbyes to him. Among the many who came to visit him was an elderly baker, who with thanking him for his bright light throughout the years and for his friendship, put this question to him, saying: What do you think will become of you next? I have no idea. Maybe I will be given to taking up residence in a tree sapling or a heron or a curlew fledgling or a caterpillar or an ant or even a honeybee. Do you think you might be again given to be a babe in the womb of a woman? It would sure be nice since I like being a human. Then again, if I had been a giant oak tree, a great elk, a blackbird, a butterfly, an ant or a honeybee, maybe I would like being them again too. I guess, said the baker that is how it goes, when we are with leaving our present existence, whatever that may be. And that candle maker put this question to the baker, saying: Would you like to be a human again; again be a baker? Why wouldn’t I? Being a baker I am very happy. But who knows, I could even be a candle maker. You will be very happy, I tell you, for like

baking, candle making is a lovely way of life; a sacred way of life. And these master artisans of Éire, smiled to each other.”

§Vistar.46§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There was once a king of a landry, with having received word in passing that there was a human; a human yes but not fully human, who was living in a far off oak forest, became exceedingly curious as to who or as to what such a human would look like. Not being able to hold his curiosity in check, he decided that he would go to the oak forest, to see for himself, if this were really true or nothing more than folkloric rumours. After two days and nights, moving in and about the forest, they hadn’t seen or met a human, fitting the description. On the advice of one his attendants, he reluctantly ordered that they turn about and return to the palace but that just to make things a little bit more interesting, they were to return by a different route, from which they had come. Now, as they were moving along, under a cloudy sky, they happened to notice, a little ways over from them, a delightful sun-kissed spot in the trees. They stopped to gaze at it for a few moments and were about to move on, when they thought, they had seen something move therein. With quietly and slowly moving toward the softly radiant patch, they noticed, a most beautiful woman sitting therein and she seemed to be enjoying, letting the sunrays through the trees, be lotioning her face. With gentleness and softness of voice, they brought themselves into her presence. She welcomed them and the king told her, why they had come into the forest; they had come to confirm the existence or non-existence of what they described as a not fully human human. And after listening some more to them, she told them that what they were probably looking for was a humaculate. And having never heard of such a being or of such a word; such a human there to be, the king asked her about it. A humaculate is a lifeform, Your Majesty, come from somewhere, way beyond the moon and who is of the stars and who is given to inter the womb of a pregnant human woman, to of the baby be. As they live on this planet; live in this world, they are as if, they are of it, yet but not of it; not of it, yet of it. Are they to be feared? No, not at all, Your Majesty. Why do they come? And she, with sensing that he was slow of catching on,

merely gave him this simple answer, saying: They are somehow given to be here, Your Majesty and that is all I can say about them. Are they giant-like or dwarf-like; are they all out of natural shape, having no harmonious formation to them? They are neither giant-like nor dwarf-like and neither are they of an unnatural form. They are in appearance as even as I am before you, Your Majesty. Then, would I have known if I had met one? Purely by appearance; most likely you wouldn't have known, Your Majesty. But, if you were to talk to them even for a few moments, it would become quickly apparent to you that their way of thinking was not that of a mere human. Can you tell me then, where I might possibly run into one of them, for I have a great curiosity, to see one of them close up for myself: to judge how far they are human, how far are they not human? And most importantly, to see, if I could have some use for them, in the palace. Ah, I see - If you were to journey along that way, Your Majesty, who knows, you just might happen to meet one. And without uttering a word of thanks to her, he quickly headed off with his attendants; carrying the expectation that they would soon meet a humaculate. And with them having left from out of her presence, she quickly rose to her feet and ran deep into the forest, just in case, they might return, having had some second thoughts."

§Vistar.47§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "There was I heard tell, back in days of way gone by, a crown prince of the Dublin landry, who with having gone on a grand tour, to visit by invitation, the rulers of Louth, Down, Antrim, Derry, Donegal, Sligo, Mayo and Galway landries was heading back home across the midlands, when he was informed that a certain sage, dwelt in the northern regions of the Offaly landry. And it was suggested to him that it might be well worth taking a slight detour, to go visit her. Half-heartedly, he agreed to go visit her, for it seems it was a time in the history of the island, when the sages of the hills and valleys weren't being listened to. The sage of northern Offaly put this question to him, saying: What have you learnt so far on your grand tour, Your Highness? I can say, I have learnt how to clearly tell all thises from all thats; all thats from all thises. With this way of thinking, I am able to clearly tell the difference between, what is right and what is wrong; what is

wrong and what is right. I have learnt exactitude of interpretation; learnt how to leave no room whatsoever, for ambivalence to enter into my thoughts or into any situation. I have learnt, the basics I feel, of what it is, to be a formidable ruler. If you have learnt this way of using your mind, Your Highness, why then, have you come to see me? With such a fixed way of interpreting reality, you would find it quite difficult, even impossible, to learn anything at all from me. How so come? How do you interpret reality, then? I wander my mind in free and easy going, Your Highness; in ever-changing forms and shapes, like unto the stream there or the breeze here about us or to that bird there in flight gliding. Sure that's pure simplistic; that's no usable way at all to be interpreting reality. No way, could I use it in the future, to successfully rule my landry. Have you no curiosity, Your Highness about, even skirting along its hedges a while, to experience what it is like? None whatsoever. I am fully confident, in my own perfect way of thinking. How would you know until you give it a go, Your Highness? There are some things you just know and this is one of them. Permit me, Your Highness, to tell you the rudiments of my way of thinking. Go ahead if you want. Nature gives to all things their harmonious qualities, Your Highness and does not confine them to a single shape or form; ever-changing is its *modus operandi*. It has no past, present or future to be knotting itself up in. Enjoyment is at the heart of the matter. Stop; stop there, before you go any further! I would like to be left stay with my own way of thinking. And the sage, courteously let him be on his way."

§Vistar.48§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "Of an afternoon, a one hundred and twenty year-old human, put this question to me, saying: Even at this stage in my life, is it still possible for me, to begin to think as one like you do; to begin, to be able to think like unto a humaculate? Yes, of course, why not? It is certainly possible. How should I go about it? What have you tried? I have ascended and descended the dizzy summits of arithmetic and mathematics. What else have you ascended and descended? The dizzy summits of physics, chemistry and biology. Anything else? Yes, I have ascended and descended the dizzy summits of language. What else have you

ascended and descended? The dizzy summits of all the major religions. Anything else? Yes, I have ascended and descended the dizzy summits of philosophy. What else have you ascended and descended? The dizzy summits of law and politics. Anything else? Yes, I have ascended and descended the dizzy summits of psychology and psychiatry. What else have you ascended and descended? The dizzy summits of economics and business. Anything else? Yes, I have ascended and descended the dizzy summits of astronomy. What else have you ascended and descended? The dizzy summits of science in its entirety. But now, when I come to think of it, there is nothing that I haven't ascended and descended in my quest for knowledge. And yet, although I have done so, I feel when talking with you that my knowing of things is but that of the level of a toddler. How can that be so? Instead of descending, you should have let your thoughts take flight as a flock of cosmic birds, to glide themselves carefreely, out beyond the Sun and the galaxy; to be heading away nicely, way over by way over, be ever over going. And that was as far as our conversation could go, for he had second, third, fourth and fifth thoughts about letting go, into safekeeping, all that he did know."

§Vistar.49§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "Two long-time friends; two tillers of the land and separated by hills, would only every now and then, get to meet each other. Now, one time it happened that there was a continuous pouring of rain; the likes of which, had never fallen before; for ten days and nights did it last. One of them began to feel a great heaviness, for his friend, because the particular layout of his land, lent itself easily to flooding. So, without being able to remain at home any longer, he wrapped up some food stuffs and set off in the pouring rain over the hills, to go see his friend. When he eventually arrived, at the entrance to his friend's dwelling, he could hear his friend inside, half singing and half wailing away loudly to himself: Oh ancestors! Oh father! Oh mother! Oh my people! Oh the peoples of all the landries! Was it you, oh; was it you, oh, who caused me to be experiencing this desperate catastrophe oh; a catastrophe oh that visits me oh come when the sky is half out of harmony. Oh was it you you you you you! Oh was

it you you you you oh! The friend with hearing this was annoyed and entered and asked, saying: Why are you complaining again, to everyone under the clouds, for something of your own making and perpetuation? What do you mean, of my own making and perpetuation? If you had only listened to me years ago, you would never have been habitually experiencing such devastation. If only you had more of an understanding, of the lay of the land, the currents of the winds and the flows of waters, you wouldn't have remained in this location. All you had to do was to live over there a bit of the ways and you would never be troubled, by the rains and the waters. But you were too stubborn; you wanted to hold on to this piece of all but useless land, just because your parents had left it to you; land that in turn had been left to them by their parents and so going way back for who knows how long. They were all like you; stubborn as you like to the moon and couldn't be bothered, trying to understand the ways of the land, the wind, rains and waters. And, not being able to bear, the truthfulness of his friend's words anymore, he right there and then, abandoned that place and moved a little bit over the ways. And for the rest of his life, no flood waters ever touched upon him; upon his dwelling or his bit of land."

§Vistar.50§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "There was in ancient of old, here on the island I have heard told, a recluse; a recluse that was so outlandish in his speculations that to all and sundry, he was not of the ordinary everyday real world at all. To many, he was simply a very nice madman; harmless as they come, who loved to be talking to visions in the winds and visages in the rains. Yet for the handful who knew, how to listen to and look beyond the first impressions of what he said; the first layers of meanings that he set forth, there was much there to be found that was way ahead of its time or if you like way behind of its time or even way outside of time altogether. Here are some of the claims he made. For instance, he claimed that if you waded away out into the western sea, you would reach, the other side of the moon. He claimed that if with locating the exact center of the island, you were there to dig a hole, way deep into the ground, you would be able to see the stars all year round. He claimed that a bumblebee, would have no problem,

carrying the highest mountain in the land, in between its legs and with buzzing about here and there, it could deposit it in any other part of the island, according to its inclination. He claimed that if you could fly through a low in the horizon cloud at sunrise, you would within a very short time, find sunset to be waiting for you on the other side of it. He claimed, there are lifeforms that can neither be seen in the broad daylight or in a full moonlit of night, though you had a thousand flaming torches at your disposal. And he said, 'These lifeforms were taller in height, than the tallest tree and smaller in width than the tiniest speck of dust. And besides these, there were many more claims he made that if they were to be told, an entire spring or summer season would go by.'

§Vistar.51§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A middle-aged king, of the Limerick landry was travelling in the hills, when he happened upon a sage, sitting by a stream. Having courteously greeted her, he asked if it might be acceptable by her, for him to ask her a question. Of course, Your Majesty. Please do. How may I be the best possible leader of my people and the comforter of my own mind? Always, let your mind find its enjoyment in pure simplicity, Your Majesty. Blend it with the flowing of streams and the growing of trees. With gratitude welcome sunrises with open arms, bow at zeniths with palms crossed over unto your chest and sunsets farewell with having them be down by your sides. Do this and you will be much beloved and adhered to. But when you feel a bit drained with your responsibilities, Your Majesty, let your thoughts mount on light shines and dark beams; proceed along with them as days and nights; with them to their places of dwelling go; be with them wandering outside appellations and designations; outside language with them be and restored to freshness and vigour, will you be. And, being much pleased with this answer, he courteously left from out of her presence, to leave her to be, with musing away, carefreely."

§Vistar.52§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A King and Queen of the Waterford landry, were with finding themselves, free from their responsibilities and cares, strolling together in the palace garden,

when one said to the other: Can a man be compared to a woman? Why do you ask? I was just wondering with looking at the sky and out across the land, for there are some similarities in them but they are definitely not the same. It must be serendipity, for I too with looking up at the sky and out across the land was noticing that they though being different, hold many similarities. And with following on with this thought, I was just about to ask you: Can a woman be compared to a man, when you put your question to me. I think we will have to admit, there are many similarities between us, yet, we aren't the same; we are different from each other. Without the sky and the land we would have no world. Without we being betwixt the land and the sky, there would be no one to talk of them or of the world. Very true. Shall we say men may be compared to the sky and women to the land or women to the sky and men to the land? It makes no difference, for what we say or don't say, for the sky is still the sky, the land still the land; man still man and woman still woman. Let's touch on equality for a moment as it was something I overheard some of our ministers discussing the other day. What had they to say on it? They were trying to make the case that inequality is equality; equality is inequality. And when they asked my opinion, I said, There is but equality and that anything else, is but a manipulating and distorting of reality, in an attempt to have power over each other. Sometimes, I think, our world is in language alone; we being external to it. Language is by nature confining, for instance, the word 'man' or the word 'woman' are merely appellations of a kind; far are they removed from reality. Then, what shall we say is language useful for? On a lovely day like today and in such fine charming company, is it not but a sweet toy for us to enjoy? Yes, indeed it is; a sweet toy for us to enjoy."

§Vistar.53§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "There was once a sage impersonator who lived at the edge of a forest. He claimed he knew all about into existence coming; all about living and all about from existence leaving. He would even go as far as saying that he knew the very year, month, day and right down to the hour that someone would pass away. He claimed to be with a complete understanding of the true meaning of happiness. The inhabitants of the

surrounding villages to his abode would hide themselves, if they saw him coming along; fearing that he would tell them, their end was nigh. And they gave him the name: The Sage of All Claims which when he with learning of it, told them it was a most appropriate name for him, for he said, He did indeed know all things. Now, a certain fearless young philosopher and his teacher, with being in the vicinity and hearing of him and with wishing to ascertain for himself what kind of person he was, received permission from his teacher, to go see him. When he went and when he met him, he was fascinated by him and with returning to his teacher, he told her of his meeting, saying: I considered your insights, my Teacher, into life to be highly impressive but if I may humbly say, I have now found one who is far superior to you and I should like to go follow him. Where would you be going, for I have merely taught you the periphery of my thoughts and have not yet taught you their deeper meanings? Invite this so-called sage of yours to come see me and I will try to discover what he is made of. A few days later, the young philosopher came with the Sage of All Claims to meet his teacher. In less than twenty minutes he emerged and said to the young philosopher: Alas! Alas! Alas! Your teacher is about to leave life; she won't live beyond three sunsets. I saw it in her eyes. When he heard this, he rushed in and was all in tears; so much so that the front of his jacket was drenched. And he told his teacher what the Sage of All Claims had said. And his teacher said: I for the sake of seeing what he is made of, showed myself to him as it were with the forms of roots deep hidden in the soil. Invite him to come back again in a few days. A few days later the young philosopher again came with the Sage of All Claims to meet his teacher. In less than fifteen minutes he emerged and said to him: It is most fortunate truly for your teacher that she met me. She will get better it is certain, for all the signs of living are clearly to be seen in her countenance. When he heard this he went in and told it to his teacher, who said: This time, I showed myself to him to be of a sky blue day. Invite him to come back again in a few days. A few days later the young philosopher again came with the Sage of All Claims to meet his teacher. In less than ten minutes he emerged and said to him: Your teacher is never the same. It is becoming increasingly difficult for me to read her physiognomy. When he heard this he

went in and told it to his teacher, who said: This time, I showed myself to him to be of the starry heavens of night. Have him come around one more time. Two days later, the young philosopher again brought the Sage of All Claims around to see his teacher. In less than five minutes he emerged and was half tripping over himself and without saying a word to the young philosopher, ran off over the way, with his hands frantically waving and talking pure gibberish to himself. When he saw this, he rushed in and told his teacher and asked what she had said to have caused him to be leaving in such a manner; in such a state. This time, I showed myself to him not to be of this planet and he ran out the door. Should I go run after him, my Teacher and try to bring him back? Let him be; he will be fine in a year or two. No more though will he be claiming to be something he is not; no more will he be fooling the people. At this, the young philosopher came to the sudden self-realization that he was nothing more than a novice, when it came to growing in understanding of the teachings and way of his teacher. And from that day forth, his knowledge began to noticeably broaden and deepen.”

§Vistar.54§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “An elderly wise woman, whom I happened to meet along the way of an early in summer’s day, put this question to me saying: What is that which was; what is that which is; and what is that which is on its ever-arriving way? Movement by two ways presented. How so do you mean? There was that which set out on its way and with having gone as far as it needed to go, it headed on back the way it had come. Take me into concepts that I can comprehend. There was that which set out on its way; that we will call in human language time and literally everything with it but it is not time for there is no such thing as time. Anyway, lest we give way to such thoughts and get off course, let’s stay with saying that everything that was ever meant to be, had first as it were to be laid down in reverse, in order for it to be. I’m nicely lost now but continue on, for I might be able to enter into an understanding. When everything that is meant to be, is completely laid down in reverse, the movement pauses, for it has gone as far as it intended to go. Now it starts what we call the return movement: of everything becoming itself. What humans call the past is that; the

return(ing); what they call the present is the returning as we are experiencing it and its ongoing the future. My mind must be letting me down a bit, for your meanings aren't fully coming home to me. Is there no simple; no tangible example you can let me have? Right, then let's stand up and make one together. Let's stand here. Now let's slowly walk backwards for a little while. Let's stop here a moment. We walking in reverse is what may be called the forward movement of things (although we were walking in reverse); the laying down of everything in reverse. In this case the laying down of ourselves. Now let's walk forward. This is the past coming up to the present to where we were seated earlier. Now let's keep on walking a little further. This is the future. Without we having first walked back in reverse we wouldn't have been able to walk forward into ourselves. If we hadn't first been we couldn't now be. I got it! I got it! That which was; is and will be, is the returning movement of that which you call the forward movement. And that without we first having been we could never be. Is that right? Wonderful! That is it. Then may I ask how did the forward movement first move; what caused it to move? Was there someone like say, unto a God who initiated it or did it somehow start to move all of its own accord? To say the forward movement started out on its journeying is merely a way of saying that that which was; that which is and that which will be, first was that which it wasn't. Then how did the forward movement determine it had gone as far as it needed to go in the laying down of all things in reverse? That is merely a way of saying that the return movement set out on its journey. Nothing about this, I know is easily placed in the confines of human language. Suffice it is perhaps to say that we wouldn't be here on this lovely early in summer's day, even the day itself wouldn't be, if it and we hadn't first existed in reverse; it and we were laid down in reverse in the forward movement and in the returning movement taken ourselves up. Then are you saying: I was; we were here before but in reverse? Yes. That is what I am saying. We will definitely have to talk again another day for this is fascinating. Let's do that, for it is indeed most delightful to be conversing with you on such matters. For me too. Until we meet again. Yes, until we meet again."

§Vistar.55{ina Shuí sitting}§ The North Tree Star Visitor

spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There once stood, where the ancient boundaries of the Cork, Tipperary and Waterford landries met, a most wondrous tree. It wasn’t an oak, an elm or a beech but an unknown tree; the only one of its kind on the island. It stood about five times the height and width, of an average fully grown oak tree. It was said to have been several thousand years old. And the name given to it through the generations was: The Sun Sky Tree, for it was said that it had grown from a seed that had of a high blue sky day fallen from out of the Sun; yes, fallen from out of the Sun. Its fruit was about ten times the size of a good sized apple. And they were said to have been delicious. When southerly breezes would blow, the delightful fragrance would be carried all the way up north, even to the furthest most isles. Every autumn the kings and queens of the landries, would send someone from the kitchens to bring some fruit back. And there was enough fruit to go around, a number of times over, for all the landries. Then, one winter a king of a landry; nobody really knows which one was said to have had a dream, in which he had been told that this was going to be the last spring the tree would produce fruit and that come the following winter snows, it would die and be no more. Word of his dream got out and in no time spread to all the landries. People became so concerned about this possibility that each of the landries sent their horticulturists, to go secure a branch, a limb or a snip of the tree and to bring it back and plant it. By mid-spring of that year, the tree had been so stripped bare of its branches that only a stump remained; a lifeless stump. And it was discovered that not alone that but not a single one of its branches, limbs or snips grew in any one of the landries. There was nobody who didn’t feel deeply sad about it. Years later, the king who had dreamt the so-called dream about the imminent dying of the Sun Sky Tree, admitted on his deathbed that the tree of his dream was not in fact the Sun Sky Tree but rather that of an old tree in his palace orchard that had been planted by one of his ancestors. If the truth be known, the Sun Sky Tree would be still growing to this day; bearing delicious fruit in plenty and its delightful fragrance upon southern breezes, would be carried all the way up north, even to the furthest most isles.”

§Vistar.56§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There once was in ages of long ago, yet of not so long ago as to be way ancient, a landry bordering the landries of Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim and Donegal. It extended from the most westerly point of Mayo north about, in a jagged arch, round to the most northerly point of Donegal. It was said to have been a beautiful place; blessed with hills and valleys and with forests, waterfalls, rivers, lakes and streams and grasses of the finest quality. And the people living there, were as good natured, jovial and noble as anyone, in any of the landries throughout the island. In a word, they were people of Éire to the core. Then one day, a most unusual thing happened, off the most westerly coast of the landry; in that an animal of some sorts, came ashore on to a strand. Although it looked like some kind of crustacean, it did more by far resemble a spider. It was about three yards in width by about ten in length and about five in height. Yet, it wasn’t a spider either. People who were there on the cliffs at the time, were terrified of it but then in a moment, it literally vanished right before their eyes. They were amazed and asked one to another what had they just seen; what had just happened. And they relayed the happening to the king and queen of the landry. And that seemingly was the end of it but for the weaving of it into stories and legends. But in fact that wasn’t the end of it for the very next day curious things began to happen throughout the landry. First, it was the trees, in that every last one of them withered and crumbled to dust. All the waterfalls, streams, lakes and rivers dried up and the grasses turned to sand. Then, within a few days, there appeared small cracks in the ground, all along the landry boundary with Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim and Donegal. The king and queen of the landry sensing that something dreadful was going to happen, sent out the word that everyone should immediately vacate the landry. And so they did in droves spill out into the adjoining landries. Then when the landry was totally emptied of people and their animals, there was heard a deafening sound which was heard everywhere across the island. And people who were standing on the landry boundary witnessed something never before witnessed: that of an entire landry being as it were, dragged off out to sea and down under the waves. And with

that happening the sea rushed in in its place and created a whole new shoreline; the likeness of which we have there to this day. And the children, ever have been taught, down through the generations, to wholeheartedly love and appreciate their island home; love and appreciate every last pebble on its seashore; every tree on its hillsides; every handful of soil in its fields and every drop of water in its streams, lakes and rivers.”

§Vistar.57§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Humans are fascinated by the extraordinary but terrified of using it; preferring instead to stay well within their self-imposed boundaries of what they consider to be the ordinary. And that which they call ordinary they would have it be their extraordinary. For instance: Being able to well see the distant hills or stars in the heavens of night they would claim to be extraordinary seeing. Being able to well hear the rustling of the leaves in a breeze they would claim to be extraordinary hearing. Being able to well scent the fragrances of flowers they would claim to be extraordinary scenting. Being able to well taste all the different flavourings in dishes they would claim to be extraordinary tasting. Being able to well feel cold and heat they would claim to be extraordinary feeling. Being able to well think so many thoughts; calculating so many equations and formulae they would claim to be extraordinary thinking. For fear of my life, I refrain from telling them directly that they are for the most part, just using about one percent of their eyes to see, ears to hear, noses to scent, tongues to taste, skin to feel and brain to think. And such being the case, there is no way that I can talk to them of the river glow. That too they are using only about one percent of it to sensualize their entire body and its immediacy. They would even lay claim that an extraordinary power of seeing, hearing, scenting, tasting, feeling and thinking leads to nothing but confusion. Extraordinariness they look upon as being a troublemaker, though they never tire of letting themselves be enchanted by it. Their mighty civilizations are but a testimony to ordinariness. Would that they would stop trying to see a future for their past ordinariness; would that they would begin to explore, just how wondrously extraordinary they are, for there is no being quite

like them in this rim of the galaxy; this a galaxy they call the Milky Way.”

§Vistar.58§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There was once a sage of the Glens of the Antrim landry; a scripter of marvelous tales and a detailed accounter of things that he had experienced in his life. And from early in his life he had been given the nickname: ‘The Hole in the Rock’ for there appeared to be something missing from him. Now, the most amazing thing about him was that, if you were to ask him anything about his life, he wouldn’t be able to recall for you a single happening from his childhood and running all the way right up to his present age; whatever that might be at the time of you speaking to him. Whether you had been talking to him when he was ten years of age, thirty or fifty or in his ninety-fifth: his last year of life, the situation would still be the same. If you asked him what happened yesterday or last week or last month or this time last year he wouldn’t be able to give you an answer. Yet, when you would read his tales about what happened yesterday or last week or last month or this time last year you would be astounded by his ability to bring out the minutiae of everything concerning those happenings. You would even be able to read what he was thinking in the womb. Yet, if you were to ask him directly, he wouldn’t be able to tell you. He would even go as far as saying that it wasn’t him that had written those tales, yet it was absolutely certain that he did. A king of the Antrim landry being curious as to how this could be, visited the Glens to meet him and to ask him how he was able to write such marvelous stories coming from his wombhood, childhood, adolescence, adulthood and all the way up to his most senior years which at this time was when he was seventy-nine. And he wanted to know too how was it possible for him to write about things that happened in his life, say just the day before, yet if you were to talk about them to him he wouldn’t be able to do so. And the king went and put this question to him, saying: Is there someone who speaks in your ear as you write; does your quill move of its own accord and the tales and the accounts it does write? Neither, Your Majesty. I merely put my quill to parchment and I write. But surely, there is more to it than that. Is there no special

method you employ? To others it may appear to be a special method, Your Majesty but for me it is the most natural thing in the world. What would that be? Association by way of fragments. How do you mean? By way of sound fragments do I know what to write, Your Majesty and not alone by sound fragments but also by vision, scent, taste, feel, thought and sense fragments. Could you be more specific as I am not so easily catching your meaning? If you were to ask me, Your Majesty, something about what happened in that which we call yesterday, I wouldn't be able to answer you. And it is not that I wouldn't be able to answer but rather, I wouldn't know how to go about putting an answer together for you. Then, how would I be able to know from you about something that had happened to you or for you yesterday? Don't ask, Your Majesty, rather give me a word or a phrasal sounding. For instance, if you were to say to me: a thrush singing in an ash tree, then I would be able to tell you of all the times and places in my life: right from my wombhood up to this present moment when and where I had heard a thrush singing in an ash tree. And not alone that but what the weather was like at those times and how I was feeling and whether it was of a morning, an afternoon or an evening. That's; that's amazing, Your Majesty, to me it is the most natural thing in my world. Would that be same if I were to give you say a, phrasal seeing or a phrasal scenting, tasting, feeling, thinking or sensing? It would, Your Majesty. And if I may, how does it come to you to write about something? I gaze to my inner world, Your Majesty, to behold what words and phrasals it is presenting to me and I take it from there. And the king was well pleased with his elucidations and from that day forth, whenever he would come to visit him in the Glens, he would never ask him a question; always he would extend to him single words or phrasals and the conversation would take off from there. And the king bestowed on him the honorary title that of: The Full Emptiness of the Glens."

§Vistar.59§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "Of an afternoon, I was sitting on a promontory and gazing out over the wide be about Southern Sea, when a woman came into my presence and graciously asked, If I wouldn't mind having her company. And with a fresh

breeze softly swirling about us, we enjoyed talking about different things. And she put this question to me, saying: What is the primary use of our senses? It is to use them on ourselves. How so do you mean? Haven't you noticed, how nearly everyone is preoccupied with using their senses on everything that is external to them? They look at things and others; they listen to, they scent, taste, feel, think and sense beyond them. Yet, our senses are primarily given to us to use on ourselves. For instance, our eyes are given to us to be looking at ourselves; our ears for listening to ourselves, our nose for scenting ourselves, our tongue for tasting ourselves; our skin for feeling ourselves, our brain for thinking about ourselves and the glow for sensualising ourselves. And only after that, yet simultaneously are they to be used for looking out beyond ourselves; listening out, scenting, tasting, feeling, thinking and sensualizing. While as you say they are primarily meant to be used on ourselves, how then should we best use them to consider everything and everyone beyond ourselves? Look with eyes that have first seen oneself; listen with ears that have first listened to oneself; scent with a nose that has first scented oneself; tongue that has first tasted oneself; skin that has first felt oneself, thought that has first thought oneself and sensualize that has first sensualized oneself. Is that the way you have been, say looking at me, since I came into your presence? Yes, it has. I have been able to look at you clearly for I have been simultaneously looking at myself; listening to you clearly for I have been simultaneously listening to myself; scenting you clearly for I have been scenting myself; tasting you clearly for I have been tasting myself; feeling you clearly for I have been feeling myself; thinking you clearly for I have been thinking myself and sensualizing you clearly for I have been sensualizing myself. Have a go at it and see just how wondrous a way it is to be using your senses. Oh, my! There is a difference in your appearance compared to when I first came and saw you; a difference in your words compared to when I first heard you speak. And we continued on happily talking about such and the like until the first stars of eve appeared into our view."

§Vistar.60§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A sage of the Kildare

landry, who naturally had a great love for animals; all animals but especially horses, had this to say of a day, to his king. Your Majesty, horses can with their hoofs tread on the hoarfrost and snow and with their hair withstand the wind, cold and rain; they feed on the grasses and drink of the waters; they rub necks and prance and leap about playfully: this and the like is of the true nature of horses. Though you were to construct lavish stables for them, they would have no interest at all in them. What if I were to have them be made simple in their design; resembling as much as possible their homeland in the hills of the south? They would still prefer by far, Your Majesty, to stay in the hills, with all its discomforts and unpredictability, for they would be free there to roam at their leisure. I would have them have the finest of trainers; the most experienced and would harness them in splendid trappings with golden ringed bits in their mouths. Why would you need to train them, Your Majesty and harness them in trappings and place bits in their mouths? I want to have them race before me and my court in big circles; make them run real fast if they will but if they don't, then with some persuasion from riders on their backs. They would need to be trained as such on how they may best obey their riders. But of course, I would be employing only the finest of trainers who would be as gentle with them as they need to be. There was once in long of ago, Your Majesty, a certain horse trainer or at least that is the title he went by, who was said to know how to get inside a horse's mind. Would he have been considered the finest horse trainer of his day? Hear what I have to say, Your Majesty and you can well judge for yourself whether he was or he wasn't. This trainer used to boast he knew more than anyone else on the island, Your Majesty, how to effectively train horses: how to make horses of the hills, have no choice left to them but to quickly surrender up to him, their carefree nature. And now, I am not going to go into details, Your Majesty, for that it is not in me to be able to describe his methods; sufficient, it will be for you to know that if he had removed say fifty horse from their home in the hills and straightaway started to train them, then half of them; yes, half of them would be dead from the severity of his treatment of them within a month. From the remaining, two thirds of them would be dead within a week. By the sixth week, there would be left at most

two or three horses standing and from them, he would have gotten one to almost completely surrender up its carefree nature to him. Say no more; say no more, for I get the drift of what you are saying. But just out of curiosity, how many years did he spend training horses; was he at it all his life? Nineteen, Your Majesty, before meeting his lightning. What happened to him? While attempting to capture a much sought-after stallion of the southern hills, he was fatally hind legged by him into a bog, Your Majesty. Were there such as he in days of old? To which do you make reference, Your Majesty: to the trainer or to the stallion? Well, when you put it that way, both of them.”

§Vistar.61§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There is a story that tells of a village in ancient old which with learning of a crisis that would determine the moral integrity of its people, especially of its youth, decided to call all the inhabitants of the village and even of its environs together; to come of an afternoon to the village shrine; a grotto dedicated to Mother Nature, to pray for the crisis to be averted. Now, on the said afternoon, ten people out of a population of some five hundred or so appeared at the village shrine to pray. Why the numbers weren’t greater nobody knew; even to this day nobody knows. Seven of those who had answered the call were over seventy-years of age; four women and two men, while the remaining: two women and two men were in their early to mid sixties. And they did earnestly and sincerely pray beneath a lovely clear blue sky, for the moral integrity of their village and its environs; especially for their youth did they pray. Mother Nature seeing the great love in the hearts of this handful, willingly, saved the moral integrity of all.”

§Vistar.62§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “A renowned scribe of old, of the Cavan landry, it was said wrote and beautifully decorated a manuscript containing some thirty-three thousand words, on the first chapter of a sacred book which was written in far away desert lands off to the south by southeast; an interpretation of which had

found its way into his hands. And he had even signed it and safely stowed it away until he would return from having sojourned on an isle off the western coast. On returning, he would present it to his king and queen and if they found it to be to their liking, it would be given their seal and placed in the royal archives. In time, copies of it would be made and shared to all the royal houses throughout the island and would have well prepared them, for what to expect, if ever such a highly restrictive way of thinking were to reach this shore. Now, while sojourning on that pleasant isle off the western coast, he for some reason found himself to be dwelling quite a lot on that writing of his. He thought about it so much and became so troubled about it that he decided that when he would return to the palace, he would take it out and burn it. And sure enough and true to his intention, upon he returning, he took out the beautiful manuscript and tossed it into a fire; there he watched it as it was transformed into a manuscript of ashes. At first, he was happy with himself that he had had the courage to carry out his intentions and destroy his work but with the compounding of days, weeks and months he found himself greatly regretting his decision and came to look upon it as an irreversible error of judgement on his part. Nobody had encouraged him to do it, he had done it himself. There was no way of rewriting it as it had no drafts. It was an original; an original inspiration and as such was forever gone. Day and night for months on end did he lament to himself, his decision, for however problematic, he thought the content might be and surely it could for some be, it was still a work of his mind and like all of his other works, an artistic fashioning of his hand was it.”

§Vistar.63§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “A queen of the Dublin landry, way back in the day and while out and about visiting her subjects, happened to meet a sage. And with finding the sage; this particular sage, to be in a talkative mood; for it was said of him that he wasn’t always to be found in a talkative mood asked him, saying: How may I wisely keep safe and secure the precious items of my queendom? I would as to know, Your Majesty, how you have been securing them all along? I have them stored in sound oak boxes and them in turn have tightly bound with the finest of ropes; ropes

which in turn have been knotted multiple times. And at the entrance to my repository, I have stationed two guards which are replaced every four hours, including during the hours of darkness. And the door itself contains several different kinds of locks. I see. Let me tell you of a king in ancient old, Your Majesty, who when in taking precautions against thieves, stored all his precious items in nine sets of triple boxes that is, in a total of twenty-seven boxes. The outer boxes were chiseled from the hardest granite to be found on the island, the next box was fashioned from thousand-year-old oak and the inmost box from well toughed iron. Standing next to each set of boxes was a guard, armed to the hilt. These guards were replaced by new guards on the hour, every hour, throughout the day and night. Now, an exceedingly clever thief with learning of this, Your Majesty, decided and just for the sheer challenge and the pleasure of it, to take it upon himself to empty the repository of its precious contents, right down to the tiniest of objects, whatever that might be. The first thing he did was secure the help of three masters: a master stonemason, a master carpenter and a master blacksmith. And with the help of a few handymen and handymen they were able to cause the guards to fall into a deep sleep. Upon then entering the repository, the master stonemason with taking just one look at each of the granite boxes was able to identify as it were - a give away spot. And with applying the slightest tap he was able to cause them to crumble into little pieces. The master carpenter with just rubbing his hands along the now revealed oak boxes was able to have them fall apart and the master blacksmith with just touching a corner of the now revealed iron boxes was able to make them buckle and fold wide open. And with the help of his crew of men and women, the thief carried off every last item contained in those boxes. And seeing that he had no need for them; having done it all for the sheer challenge and the pleasure of it, placed all the items; every last one of them in a cave not far from the palace; giving word by round about ways where the king might recover his precious items. And the queen, not being able to give expression to her astonishment at the story, quickly left from out of the presence of the sage.”

§Vistar.64§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what

insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "Discovered I, in a partially rat-gnawed manuscript of old, an account of a dream: a frightening dream of mistruths; more of a nightmare, a certain king was said to have had, in which therein, a much distorted twin ghostly image of himself appeared to him and sternly spoke to him the following, saying: Sages and their teachings are the agencies for the corruption of the kings and queens of the landries and by way and by such of the subjects. They and their teachings should be made to disappear into the soggiest of bogs. Therefore, if an end were put to sages and the sharing of their insights be left totally forgotten about, dishonest kings and queens would cease to arise. If precious stones and pearls, were to be smashed to pieces and mixed up with the sands and pebbles on the seashore, then not even small thieves would appear. If all kinds of tallies were burned and seals broken beyond repair, everyone would become simple and unsophisticated. Then way easier it would be for them to be ruled. Keeping people as much as possible out of the know is the best way of controlling them; who doesn't this know? Far too few, are the leaders who don't appreciate, the power knowledge can bring to bear on ignorance. If weighing scales of all shapes and forms were twisted out of shape and snapped in two, no one would be wrangling. If the teachings of the sages were entirely set aside throughout the island, a beginning might be made of proper reasoning with them. If all musical harmonies were reduced to a state of utter confusion; having harps and flutes all burned and the ears and throats of the musicians permanently stopped up, everyone would be able the better to hear what they need alone to be listening to. If elegant ornaments were abolished, all embellishing colours banned for use and the eyes of such fashioners were to be permanently sealed up, everyone would be able the better to see what they need alone to be seeing. If the compass, square and plumb line were thrown away and the skillful fingers broken, everyone would begin to be skillful in what they are meant alone to be skillful at. Oh, if only the mouths of the sages were permanently gagged and their writings burnt, everyone would be the happier. And with waking in a drenching sweat, it said the king that very same day, let go of his kingly responsibilities and retreated into the hills; becoming, in time a profound sage, whose writings are still

with us today and will for future generations be greatly appreciated.”

§Vistar.65§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “A human was saying to me, how great it is that humans can make so many different things. And I replied, saying: Yes, the human delights in making things and that is very good but what is not very good, is that they don’t always give due consideration to the long-term consequences of what they make. How so? The fashioning of all kinds of weaponry to bring down birds out of their airy world, makes birds nervous and ever watchful for the appearance of humans. The same would be true for the fishes of the waters in that it makes them dive deep and hide with knowing a human is nearing. And the little animals of the burrows and dens by grove and field are ever fearful at the sound of even the human voice. Deer and boar scatter at picking up the scent of a human on the breeze. Ah, yes but we humans have to live you know; we have somehow to feed our stomachs. Of course but when humans become excessively cunning at making weaponry, then there is no longer leisure and harmony among the animals. And what will you say of the weaponry you make to take out your fellow human or his family or his entire village? Does anyone feel safe anymore? And what if in the future your descendants became so excessively cunning at producing, say weapons to use on each other that would be located so far away from them yet be able to hit a person with deadly accuracy and they wouldn’t have even been able to see them pointed at them. They would no longer be of the living and they wouldn’t have known what had caused it to be so. Then there would be no one who would be able to sleep soundly at night and their days would be greatly troubling for them. Then what say you is the solution? Be fully human. What do you mean, be fully human; for don’t I feel as fully human as the next person? That is to be thinking superficially and it is to be thinking all so human. When you will start being fully human, you then will know, exactly what I mean.”

§Vistar.66§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what

insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A sage of old said to a crown prince of a landry: When people, Your Highness, do not carry their nature beyond its normal, natural condition, nor alter its admirable characteristics, not alone is the moral integrity of a landry secured but so too that of the harmony of the seasons. Then what shall we say of people's dissatisfaction? A people's dissatisfaction, Your Highness, is made to arise where they ought not to do so; their intentions are all uncertain; they lose the mastery of their thoughts; they stop short midway in their words and actions and do not finish what they have begun. In this state of things, a landry begins to have lofty aims and jealous dislikes, ambitious courses and fierce animosities. Who or what can save it? There is a story coming from ancient old, Your Highness that tell told of a day, when the entire population of the island, found itself to have walked itself, into a thought confusion that lasted for several years. What was the thought confusion? Nobody knows, Your Highness but as an immediate consequence of it, the seasons were thrown all out of harmony; so much so were they in discord that winter days with frost, ice and snow could be found in the heart of the summer and the summer in the heart of the winter. All the animals became utterly perplexed. Birds fell from out of the sky in mid-flight, for they had lost their purpose. Fishes of the rivers and streams, threw themselves up on to the banks and there remained until life had left them. The same was to be witnessed all along the shore all around the island. In the middle of the night, the Sun would suddenly appear high in the sky and then just again as quickly disappear. A bright morning would suddenly find itself to be as dark as any a night with neither the moon nor a star in sight. People would be walking into each other, not because they weren't able to see each other but somehow they would find themselves to be in one another's way. And this would quite often lead them to fight and to call each other all sorts of discourteous names. And numerous were they who took the lives of others in such a situation. Of a month, every fifth dwelling, say in a village, would be left without someone. In one place it was said that two thousand one hundred and eighteen people were of a month no longer left to be of this world. How long did this dreadful disharmony go on for? Twenty-five years, Your Highness. How was it brought to an end? Of a day, the

people came to their senses, Your Highness, with listening to the wise words of a young crown prince of a certain landry. They vowed never again to do that which brought so much hardship to themselves and everything around them for so long. It was if all things had been made anew, for the seasons became again harmonious. Fishes remained in the waters and people in every fifth house lived to see their great grandchildren.”

§Vistar.67§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “A weaver of words, phrases, sentences and paragraphs was of a day, sitting before his humble dwelling, when he with pausing in his weaving to momentarily or for howsoever long needed, to take in the beautiful views, there before him on display, along by a shimmering stream, found himself to be of his own day, yet, not to be of his own day, he thought. Now, you might think to see to hear to know that he went journeying his thoughts in yesterdays, both near to now to far away to distances great. No; he wasn’t given to be in over the way of yesterdays, rather was he to be in thoughts of tomorrows but then again, not of tomorrows flowing on from his yesterdays or even from his own day but of a future, where he was also seemingly to be dwelling. And in this sight thoughtfulness he saw himself; a self of himself among trees strolling. In appearance therein was he in exact similitude to him. And he did call out to that himself in the tomorrow, saying: Come; come sit talk to me of the over there where you stroll; I of the way over here where I weave will I speak. And in a moment, the self of the future was sitting next to him and they with finding themselves, to be no strangers at all to the art of weaving words, phrases, sentences and paragraphs, talked away of things happening up in the hundreds of years ahead and of the present. With the ease of dolphins playing in the sea, were they enjoying each other’s insightful company.”

§Vistar.68§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “A woman of some three score or more was of a mid-morn found to be sitting by a bay and she was with lamenting away to herself so as if she had lost

something very precious. Along came an island walker: one who spends his or her life carefreely strolling throughout the island and never tiring of it; he with noticing her, came and asked, If he might enter into her presence for some moments. Certainly you may; sit here next to me all the rest of the day long and into the night to dawn if it is your way. The shimmering waters look good this day; being, so to say, why have you been crying be it lamenting away? He has lost it. Who has lost it; what is it he lost? My husband; he has lost it and he doesn't know where he lost it. I see. Then, when did he last have it in his possession? He never had it in his possession; it was not something he could really have. What, pray tell on this lovely summer's day did he let from himself slip away? Perhaps it is still with him without him being even aware of it. I would know if it was with him and with him it is not. Oh, back in the near be yesterdays, it was always with him come night or day and with it we could so oft enjoy to play. Was it something he alone had or did you both have versions of in part? Of course he had his and I still do have mine. Then what caused him to lose his? How should I know for didn't I wake up of a break of day and he no longer was seemingly interested in our play. I don't know what to say to so other than to hope his will return someday and may that day be ever so soon. And he left her there by the bay, with her thoughts to be crying and lamenting away or to do something come what may. And with he having long now disappeared from out of her view she realized she had never really told him what was at the heart of the matter. And to tell him, she did rise to her feet and began to run along the way he had went. And with walking on and on along the bay he came in mid-afternoon upon a man of some three score or more sitting and he lamenting away to himself so as if he had lost something very precious. And the island walker asked if he might enter into his presence for some moments. Certainly you may; sit here next to me all the rest of the day long and into the night to dawn if it is your way. The shimmering waters look good this day; being, so to say, why have you been crying be it lamenting away? She has lost it. Who has lost it; what is it she lost? My wife; she has lost it and she doesn't know where she lost it. I see. Then, when did she last have it in her possession? She never had it in her possession; it was not something she could really have. What, pray

tell on this lovely summer's day did she let from herself slip away? Perhaps it is still with her without her being even aware of it. I would know if it was with her and with her it is not. Oh, back in the near be yesterdays, it was always with her come night or day and with it we could so oft enjoy to play. Was it something she alone had or did you both have versions of in part? Of course she had hers and I still do have mine. Then what caused her to lose hers? How should I know for didn't I wake up of a break of day and she no longer was seemingly interested in our play. I don't know what to say to so other than to hope hers will return someday and may that day be ever so soon. And he left him there by the bay, with his thoughts to be crying and lamenting away or to do something come what may; heading back the same way he had come. And with the island walker having long now disappeared from out of his view he realized he had never really told him what was at the heart of the matter. And to tell him, he did rise to his feet and began to run along the way the walker had went. Now, somewhere there in the midst of in between, the walker intentionally took a turn inland and on onward into nowhere did he proceed. Meanwhile that woman from her direction appeared; the man from his and before they knew it, they found themselves to be intertwining in the pure pleasure of their familiar spontaneous play overlooking the golden bay. In then and there glow did they come to know: age to be but numbers; forms physicality and that which is always present; to have and to hold but never to possess is spontaneity."

§Vistar.69§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "There was back in the days of old, a sage of a valley of the south. And he was a well-travelled sage, who had for some nineteen years, sojourned in different places far beyond the island. With having been, seventeen years already back, from sojourning in far away lands and with having withdrawn himself, for the most part from the world at large, he of a day began to feel as if, he was a captive in this his own land; a type of captivity of having no physical constraints laid upon him; yet he felt he himself to be a captive. If he walked in a southerly direction, for say five hours, he would reach the sea and even ever before, reaching it, he would have been able to see it way

off in the distance. And yet standing on the shore, filled him with sadness and a longing to be free, from the invisible entanglements of his native land and his people. If he headed off walking in a north westerly direction, he would in nine to ten hours, reach the foot of one of the highest mountains of the south and even ever before, reaching it, he would have been able to see it way off in the distance. Yet when with standing on its summit and looking about in all directions, he would feel sad and a longing would rise up within him, to go travel again in far away lands. Of a day he was sitting by a shimmering brook and he was composing a verse of poetry, when along came this king of a landry, who spoke to him, saying: I have heard that you are well acquainted with humanity; with what it is to be fully human. I venture to ask, what its essential elements are, for I wish to take its subtlest influences to have even more control over my people. What you wish to ask about, Your Majesty, is the original substance of all humans; what you wish to have the direction of, is that substance as it was before it became distorted and reshaped over and over until reaching its present state that of inhumanity. According to your ruling of your landry; a landry which I am very familiar with, having been born just within its north eastern border; anything goes it seems, from allowing your people to be unnatural with each other, to allowing them to take the lives of their children at will and the lives of their elderly. Given thus, I am not convinced you will be even able to accept what I would relate to you concerning humanity. Well; what if I were to take a hiatus of say a month from ruling to reflect on what you have said; would that be enough for you to tell me? Take a whole year instead and then come back to me. The king withdrew from out of the presence of the sage of the valley, to take a one-year hiatus from the ruling of his kingdom in order to reflect on what he had heard. He went and dwelt alone in a solitary villa, for the entire year, before returning to again talk with the sage of the valley. When he got there he found the sage lying on a rock and gazing up at the clouds. With an air of honest-to-goodness deferential submission, the king went forward and in a low voice, he graciously spoke to him, saying: I have heard that you are well acquainted with humanity; with what it is to be fully human. I venture to ask, what its essential elements are, for I wish to know about them that I may

be a better person and a better ruler of my people. An excellent question, Your Majesty, couched as it too in a fine disposition. The essence of humanity is being human; being human is to be noble; to be a noble human being is to be natural; to be natural is to consider all human life to be precious and that preciousness for life, is extended in almost full part, even to the birds of the air, the fishes of the waters and the cattle of the fields; alas the stomach needs to be satisfied otherwise the human won't be able to survive. May it be so, though that sometime in the future, we humans won't have to bring to an end the life of animals, for our own survival. Indeed, may it be so as you have said. Thank you so very much. You are most welcome, Your Majesty. Thank you for making my remaining here, for yet another day on the island, so worthwhile. And the king with ever deeply internalizing what he had heard from the sage, returned to his palace to introduce it to his people. It was said that he had at first met with some desperate opposition from them, for the whole concept of humanity had by this time, long been relegated by them, into insignificance."

§Vistar.70§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "Once of a time, in the hills and when with there floating away carefreely upon a breeze, I happened to observe below me, a woman and she was dancing away for herself. And with floating on a little further, I alighted from the breeze and took to strolling back to where I had seen her. And she with noticing me coming her way, did not cease in her dancing play. And I sat there at a distance, watching her in her performance, of what appeared to be the Dance of the Midday. After some time, she came and with a smile sat in my company. If ever a human woman was so beautiful she was so beautiful. May I inquire as to why you were dancing? Sun being in midday high, desired me to do so; so do did I did, enjoyably. What say you of harmony? When the fragrant breath of the heavens is in harmony; the scented breath of the earth is carefree; the seasons act in concord: being of their proper comings, stayings and goings. Thusly, are all things, including you and me nourished therein fully. And of disharmony? People wander listlessly about; carried on by aimless influences: they know not what they seek; carried on by wild

impulses: they know not where they have come from, where they are at or where it is they are going. What causes them to be in a state of so? They themselves: by disturbing the regular natural way of the land, the waters, the sky and above all of themselves. They cause themselves to day nightly to be in collision with the natural nature of things, both within and without themselves. They prevent the accomplishment of the wondrous ways of the all about, the all beneath and the all above them. Then what shall we say is a good way to be? Neglect not our bodies for the body is a need unto itself. Cast not out from us our power of hearing and sight; keep in fullness of thoughts what we have in common with everyone and all things. And, when see there Sun desires to see us dance, why we get up and dance! And we did rise to our feet and dance.”

§Vistar.71§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “A king of a landry was having a conversation with a sage he happened to meet while out hunting. And the king spoke to him thusly, saying: I have noticed here in my landry that the ordinary everyday nightly people as I shall call them, all rejoice in others agreeing with themselves and dislike they do, others being different from themselves. This rejoicing and this disliking I would say arises from their being bent on making themselves distinguished above all others. This is nothing new under the Sun, Your Majesty but is it alone the ordinary everyday nightly people who do this, Your Majesty? Why; why do you ask? Well, it seems to me that many here in the landry, Your Majesty, who with having even the slightest of authority and the power that goes with it, are all rejoicing in others agreeing with themselves and dislike they do others being different from themselves. This rejoicing and this disliking I would too say as, Your Majesty, has so well said, Arises from their being bent on making themselves distinguished above all others. More I think do they rejoice in I agreeing with them and dislike they do I being different from them. This is because they are bent on making themselves distinguished in my eyes. How about, Your Majesty, is there no one’s approval you seek? I suppose not. Should there be? Yet I would say that from time to time I do seek even in my thoughts, the approval of the deceased former leaders of the landry.

I would like to think that they would agree with my rulings; my method of ruling. What if they were, Your Majesty, to dislike your method of ruling? Well then, now, now, now, what more needs to be said? So be it, for I have my way and they had theirs. That may be so, Your Majesty but surely you are meant to be the embodiment of the best of the old, are you not? What I have discovered in my fifty years so far of ruling this landry, is that the best of the old is merely meant to be transmitted as the ideal and that true leadership is not of the category of the best but more of that of the worst. I would even go as far as saying, the best results are oft achieved by way of unidealistic methods. And before the sage had the chance to respond, he found himself no longer to be of this world. There were a number of sages like him, both men and women, in days of old, who were deprived of their lives by such bad leaders. And it is said that within days he too was no longer of this world, having been violently removed from it, by one of his closest ministers.”

§Vistar.72§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “And a sage was talking away to himself. Your words are all a waste of breath if they are not written down, for in no time at all, will they be forgotten, for people don’t listen to hold on to words to remember them but rather them to forget. With them being forgotten, your thoughts will no longer be known. Wrote I my thoughts all I did and they filled several volumes but then of a day, the battle cries were heard and my dwelling was levelled; all my manuscripts totally destroyed. All originals were they, no copies of them having ever been made. Now neither my words nor my thoughts remain; going I am insane. What am I to do? Leave from this hollow and go stroll the length and breadth of the island. What would be the good in doing that? First, leave from this hollow and go stroll the length and breadth of the island and you will be given to know, now what you do not know. For nine years did he stroll and nothing at all was he given to know concerning his story just told. Then of a June dawn, he was about to give himself up to the world of the invisible, when he heard a bird singing in a tree a little ways over from him. And with greatly liking this singing, he went and sat there beneath the tree, to listen all the more contentedly. But no sooner had he sat down, than the

bird stopped her singing and flew away; her job seemingly done. And he felt all the more sad and he was about to tear and tear over him his eyes away, when he heard the sound of a breeze coming through and carry on along with it, the fragrances of flowers, bushes and trees and upon it there were words; those words he recognized right away to have been his own: his own words, both spoken and written way back in seasons of his yesterdays. And he did take to listening to his words, all anew; loving them now ever the more than he knew. Without ceasing had that word-bearing breeze flown there to him and about him for a fortnight and a day; passing on and on upon its messaging way, ever to be heard by those with listening ears, in the morrows of myriad years.”

§Vistar.73§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There was once a man, of the Roscommon landry, who had the strangest way ever of looking at things; what is meant by this is that, he had the strangest way ever of considering things. From his childhood had he trained himself to first look at everything upside-down. Anything that he could turn upside-down, he would do so momentarily, before restanding it right side up. When he would look say, at a tree he would first turn his head down to invert his gaze, in that he would be looking at it from an upside-down point of view. And he would do that with everything, even if he met a fellow human being or a fox crossing in front of him. Things that he couldn’t actually flip upside-down, like say, a bird flying, then he would let his imagination do the flipping for him. The same would be true of fields, groves, wellsprings, streams, rivers, lakes, woods and mountains: he would have his imagination flip them and then back again. He would also have it do the same with the seashore. He would even have it flip clouds and rain and snow. The sky itself he would, be it with having the Sun, moon, planets or stars in it. Seemingly there was nothing that he couldn’t look at from upside-down. When he listened to anything, he would try to listen to it as if from its beginning. He would try and scent from the sources of a scent rather than the scent that was reaching him. He would taste the first going forth of a taste. He would feel the first going forth of a feeling; he would think the first going forth of a thought and he

would sense the first going forth of a sensation. When he came to looking back into the past, he would first momentarily put himself in the past and from there would he look forward before looking back at it from the present. When it came to considering anything in the future, he would first momentarily place himself in the future and from there look back to the present, before returning to look at it from the present. He would do the same with all of his thoughts and ideas: he would first have his imagination flip them. Endless were they in such and the like the things that he would momentarily invert to more fully consider them. When asked, Why he would first flip anything, either physically or by means of his imagination, he would always say that everything can only be truly sized up, by first momentarily inverting it. And it was said that he would encourage people to give it a go to see for themselves. He found an interesting thing though that children often were much better at doing it than adults and even he thought that it was something that adults carelessly discarded as they were growing up. And when asked how he discovered the usefulness of inversion, he answered by saying that he once noticed a dog doing it: turn his head sideways as if to look at something differently or listen to something differently. And he had tried it himself; he being only five at the time but instead of just going partially the way around like the dog, he stood in his hands and looked at the dog. And he fell over with laughter, for when he did so the dog was looking at him sideways, both in wonderment and confusion and with a certain amount of excitement and playfulness mixed in.”

§Vistar.74§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Once, a king of the Armagh landry, put this question to a sage, saying: How should the true king be; what in days of old were considered to be the defining characteristics and attributes of such a king? And the sage, she with answering him said: But, already, you are the very makings of a true king, Your Majesty, why then do you need to be putting forth such a question? There are times when I feel that I am yet very far from being so. Nature interweaves and sustains all things; Itself Itself does it, Your Majesty. There is nowhere where Nature isn’t; nowhere where Nature isn’t being Itself. The great kings and

queens of old, removed as much as possible from their thoughts; their intentions, silences, words and actions, all they considered to be contrary to Nature. Thinking and without them themselves interfering with their own thoughts, they considered the most natural way to be; this they would call true thinking since it was the best way they knew how to let Nature think Its way through them. So, for me to have true thinking, it requires me not to interfere or block Nature thinking through me, is that what you mean? Yes, Your Majesty. What then of words and actions? Speaking and acting without you interfering with your own words and acts, Your Majesty, would be the most natural way to be; this you may call true speaking and acting since it is the best way to let Nature speak or act Its way through you. So, for me to have true speaking and true acting, it requires me not to interfere or block Nature speaking or acting through me, is that what you mean? Yes, Your Majesty. To be loving all people and benefiting all things, is to be benevolent. To be able to see wherein things that are very different from one another a harmony, is to be great-minded. To be free from a version of ambition which desires one to be distinguished above others, is to be generous. Continue with doing these as you are so admirably doing, Your Majesty and ever true you will be both as a person and as a king. And the king was well-pleased with her words.”

§Vistar.75§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Of a summer’s day, so way over the way in seasons that no one can be sure when it was other than that it was, the entire island came under the influence of certain overcasting of clouds, combined with a heaviness of heat that caused everyone not to be able to do a thing; even to have any desire to do anything. It was if their limbs would not move; their eyelids not stay up, save with the greatest of exertion. Their minds felt so sluggish; their bodies ever so lethargic. And a king of the Cork landry who with finding himself having to travel on that very day, somehow misplaced a wondrous insight of his, somewhere along the way. He asked Spontaneity to search for it but Spontaneity could not find it. He asked Go for it to search for it but Go for it could not find it. He asked Yield to search for it but Yield

could not find it either. At a complete loss now as to know what to do, he told his story to a sage he happened to meet. And the sage having heard who he had asked to go search for it, told the king that it was a mistake to have asked each one of them to go search for it on their own. Then, what should I have done? Asked the three of them to search for it together, Your Majesty. And the king went and sought out Spontaneity, Go for it and Yield. He found them playing in a field and courteously asked them, if they wouldn't mind again trying to search for his misplaced insight, only this time to go search for it together. In no time at all they found it. And with again happening to meet the same sage, the king told how he had asked the three of them to go search for it together and how that they had found it with the greatest of ease and in no time at all. How was that possible? Those three, Your Majesty, are ever interdependent upon one another."

§Vistar.76§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "An elderly queen of a landry travelled into valleys and groves and along by hill slopes and lakeshores, to seek out the opinion of a much beloved sage, saying: Seeing that I don't have any immediate heir, I am thinking of making Cross over Spirituality my heir. I would like very much to hear your opinion of him. Such a measure, Your Majesty, would be hazardous and full of peril both to you and to the landry! The character of Cross over Spirituality is this: he is persuasive, acute, shrewd and claiming all-knowing; and as you must surely well know, ever-ready with a sharp retort and hasty is he; his natural endowments surpass those of others but by his human qualities he seeks to obtain ultimate power; he exercises his discrimination in suppressing his errors but he does not know what is the source from which his errors arise. Make him your heir, Your Majesty! He would employ human reason alone, so that no regard whatsoever would be paid to Nature; already he has long had his back turned to Nature. He would have no time for intuitive knowledge and he would have his plans take effect with the speed of lightning regardless of anything. Moreover, he would be a slaver; having everyone be the slave of whatever he initiated. Moreover, he wouldn't be embarrassed by anything; no sense of shame or even

remorse. Moreover, he would be constantly looking all round for the response of attendants and ministers to his measures: to his decrees. Moreover, he would be responding to the opinion of the multitude as his guide to what was right. Moreover, he would be changing as things changed and would not begin to have any principle of constancy save inconstancy. Moreover and most importantly of all, Your Majesty, he secretly considers all women to be his inferior; even his own mother does he look upon as his inferior, though he would have everyone believe he looks up to her and sees all women to be his equal. Far be far from the truth is it. How then can such a person be fit to be your heir, Your Majesty? Such kingship as he would conduct would lead to disorder on a grand scale and within too a very short length of time. It would be calamity in one in the position of a minister and ruin if he were in the position of the sovereign. And with greatly respecting the sage's opinion, she decided not to designate Cross over Spirituality her heir."

§Vistar.77§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "Two young men; one of eighteen the other nineteen; the younger a shepherd the older a prince, happened to be having a conversation. The prince spoke, saying: To be of great wealth; have many wives, sons and daughters is how I want to be. Not me, Your Highness. Why so? Great wealth only brings with it headaches over how to protect it. Having little is to be preferred. Having many wives would be quite exhausting. What would I be doing with having many sons and daughters; how could I adequately care for each one of them? All of these excesses of which you speak, Your Highness, are not at all inviting to me. Better to have just one woman to trust in and to love completely and that that woman would always remain my lover, though she be my wife; that I would always remain her lover, though I be her husband. And have children enough in number that we could best provide for each one of them equally. If I had untold riches, I would have no problem adequately having all my children taken well care of for me. I could have as many wives as I wish and I would have it regulated so that it wouldn't be exhausting on me. How would that, Your Highness, be anything different from say,

the ram there in the field with all those ewes or a rooster with a whole run of hens? I suppose, there is little difference when I come to think of it. Would not the ram or the rooster consider you to be most pitiful? What do rams or roosters know about trust and love, Your Highness? The swans and ducks there over the way, are nearer in understanding, to the value of being with one alone, throughout the fullness of their time. Ah, I prefer the bull and rooster's way of life; no attachments just pleasure whenever and keep moving on. And along came a third young man and he was of some twenty and two and with learning of their conversation, he spoke saying: Who needs both your ways, I would prefer to be of rams and rams; roosters and roosters; from these would I take myself a man: have that man be my wife or I be his wife. And the shepherd knew this not right to be: not natural to be and was about to say something, when just then, along came another man; he being of some twenty and five and with learning of their conversation, spoke saying: I would have no man be my wife, I would merely have any man at all with me, who would be willing to be, for the moment that would be in it. You might say, I would be a ram in a field of rams or in a run of roosters a rooster. And the shepherd, with hearing this; with hearing all these troubling things for him, left from out of the presence of these three and departed the landry. Journeyed he did into the hills; there to be contentedly dreaming away, of the lover he would one day hope to meet; together they would as lovers ever be, he and she and they would have a family of some one to two to three to five or more maybe; happy in living away naturally."

§Vistar.78§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A story goes of an able minister of a landry, who resigned his post; left the palace and went into the countryside, where he settled down to cultivate a patch of land. A year one, two and three passed by and still he was to be found enjoying living in the countryside: cultivating the land and harvesting the grains and crops. A stranger happened by of a spring day as he was solitarily ploughing away and as is always the custom of the countryside, hospitality required, the former minister now farmer, to invite the stranger to sit down on the headland to have a

chat and to offer him some food if he had some. And the stranger would reciprocate the generosity by sharing stories from other parts of the island. He treated him to what he had on him which was only some bread and water. And the stranger was pleased and they were given to chatting way. And as the conversation went round, the question arose as to why he had resigned from his ministerial post. The king listened to none but to his own voice. He would arbitrarily make decisions. He liked at times to threaten people either directly, indirectly or even subtly. He was very impatient and would want things to be done for him yesterday. You always knew where you stood with him; you were from his point of view always on his wrong side. He was beginning to employ rewards and punishments. Under him no one was inclined to do good or right but rather what was the safest thing to do. I was like that for a time too under him. Although he was not a tyrant he was showing clear signs, at least in my mind, of somewhat leaning in that direction. And I came to the realization that it would be better for my peace of mind and physical safety, if I were to come out here into the countryside to cultivate even this small piece of land. I believed by doing so, I would be much more content and happy. Greatly I am. Why didn't you stay on like the other ministers and try instead to work away little by little on him, to make him open his mind and be more willing to accept alternative views; even contrasting views? For the best part of twenty-five years I tried but all to little or no avail. So, do you intend to live out the remainder of your life here in the countryside; cultivating your land by day and reading your books by eve? That's the intention and hope anyway. A few days later, the king came to visit him and kindly asked if wouldn't mind returning and work in the palace: if he wouldn't mind resuming his ministerial position. I will on one condition, Your Majesty. And what is that? That, Your Majesty, will remain here with me until the end of the harvest season; will help me with the cultivation of the land and the harvesting of crops and grains. Fair enough. I can do that. Both returned to the palace in the autumn having successfully completed the harvest. The king was a changed man for no longer did he solely listen to his own voice but sincerely sought the opinions of all his ministers. He refrained from making arbitrary decisions. He ceased threatening anyone either directly, indirectly or even subtly. He had

become very patient and could well understand now that some things take time and that he would just have to wait for them. His ministers knew anew where they now stood with him; they were from his point of view always on his right side. No further use had he to employ rewards and punishments. Every spring from then on, he and his ministers would go live in the countryside and help with the cultivating of the land and again in the autumn they would return to help out with the harvest.”

§Vistar.79§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Sitting in the shade of a summer grove, a queen of the Mayo landry was having an interesting conversation with a sage. And the queen spoke, saying: How do you think all things came to be? How does, Your Majesty, think they came to be? I have an idea that there was a beginning of all things, way back in way back no one at all has any idea of when and that time, I will call the Beginning of all Things. How would you describe this beginning of all things time, Your Majesty? There was nothing at all then; there was nothing at all that could be named. It was in this state of nothing at all that there mysteriously arose the first existences; how they arose I know not. These first existences were without any bodily shape. From these things could then be produced; receiving as it were, what I call their proper character; their quality. And it is from them, we and everything are produced; and from us and everything will the future generations and things be produced. As you claim, Your Majesty, there to have been a beginning of all things; will there be sometime way forward in the unknown when there will be an end to all things, including all the generations of descendants? Yes that would be right. Then, will that be it, Your Majesty; will that be all there has been to existence: a beginning extending itself to an ending? I can’t say for sure but who knows, maybe, the process will start all over again and every time with ending will do so. Now that you have heard how I think all things came to be, may I hear what you have to say on it? I don’t believe in beginnings and endings; endings and beginnings of anything, Your Majesty. I might say I have no idea whatsoever how things are other than that I do know from observing, contemplating and considering the stillnesses, movements and transformations of

things, including ourselves, no beginnings or endings therein do I see. Is not the sunrise of a new day a beginning; sunset an ending; this ending the beginning of the night and the ending of the night the beginning of the day? Only if you want them to be, Your Majesty. How do you mean? Saying thus so makes it thus so, Your Majesty. If we were to say the Sun in its zenith is a beginning and midnight an ending, then it is so. What of the coming into appearance of the new moon and of its fading into disappearance; are these not beginnings and endings? Only if you wish them to be for you to be, Your Majesty. And the same would hold true when it comes to how all things came to be; are in being and will be. Saying so can make them so but from my observations, contemplations and considerations these are not at all so. And with delight they spoke of many such and the like.”

§Vistar.80§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Many were the disasters of one kind or another which from time immemorial inflicted themselves upon the landries; inflicted themselves upon the entire island: from natural disasters such as flooding, severe cold and even drought giving rise at times to famines of various intensities. Conflicts, battles and wars within the island frequently occurred and there were those too which were brought on by invasions. All these disasters and more besides, pale in comparison, to that which happened not so long along ago. The people had no exact name to describe it; they called it this that and the other, yet there was no one who really knew what to call it. The most common name they had for it was: The Word Lostish. Up to the outbreak of it, people living long in years, had near perfect ability to say what they wanted to say: the words would come to them, according to their instant need for them; in other words quite naturally. There were of course, those who in their advanced years, who were a bit dote but that was due more to they not ever bothering, to use their minds a great deal throughout their life. Just as suddenly as a chill breeze comes out of nowhere, the people began to suddenly notice of a day in late autumn that many of their most advanced in years, could not speak so easily and readily as they had say just a day or two earlier. This

phenomenon simultaneously happened all over the island. And no sooner than had people begun to notice this; and to try to cope with it, didn't the very same thing breakout in middle-aged people. And no sooner than had people begun to notice this; and to try to cope with it, didn't the very same thing breakout among young adults, the youth and even young children. It had become so all-inclusive that there was no one spared. All for that winter season long, did people just sit about in each other's company, without being able to say hardly a single word and it wasn't that their tongues and their lips couldn't speak or pronounce the words, it was just the case of no words were coming to them to speak; the word routes from their mind were somehow all blocked up. They wouldn't be even able to speak their own name. They would look at say a tree but the word tree wouldn't, even as far as they knew, present itself to their mind; the mind itself had seemingly been locked up from the inside. Children tried to play but they couldn't, for nearly all of their games required words. And then, just as suddenly and as mysteriously as it had broken out, it vanished of a spring morn and never returned again. The children, the youth, the adults, the middle-aged and the elderly, were are all again able to speak in harmony with thoughts: the words came again to them naturally; in an instant did they come. It was as if their mind had unlocked itself and the word routes to the tongue and lips freed up. Babies were born and when it was time for them to be able to speak they could speak away healthily. May such a disaster never again be found not alone throughout the island but the entire planet and even it beyond."

§Vistar.81§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "There once lived among the groves, a woman who for some reason or another, used to see things and hear things and scent things in the every day night world that most might never see in their whole life. She was ever so alert and always seemed to be looking in the right direction, just at the right moment, when something out of the ordinary would happen. And here are some of the things she happened to see. One summer's evening late, she tells how, she was enjoying watching swallows feed high in the southwest sky which had in it a crescent moon. As she was watching, didn't she see one swallow, alight

seemingly on the lower arch of the moon and stayed there for several minutes, before resuming her feeding. Another time, she saw a red clover mite come on to her hand and with strolling about her fingers and with all of a sudden going to the center of her palm, it transformed itself into a ladybird and remained there in that form for some time, before transforming either back again, into the red clover mite or into a totally new red clover mite. While observing a fox intensely following some scent; with his nose down to the ground and with coming up on an old stone wall directly in front of him, she saw; yes, she saw him walk right through it, while still scenting away as if it wasn't even there; continued on scenting he did away across a field. She observed a thrush find a seemingly ordinary everyday snail with its shell. And as thrushes usually do with such a find, she tried smashing the shell off a stone. But this snail and its shell seemed to have been of a different kind, for every time she would bang it off a stone, the stone would crumble. She even took it up a few times to a great height and dropped it from there on to a rock way below but still it wouldn't break; it only left small craters in the rock. With the thrush having left; given it up as a lost cause, she said, She went over to have a closer look. Soon the snail appeared at the front of her house and with the greatest of ease pulled it along after her. With watching some ants in a row move things along on their back, she noticed one ant, who put down his load and left from the line to go do something. A little ways over, there was an old tree trunk lying by the way. Compared to the size of the ant the trunk was absolutely humongous; compared to the trunk the ant was ever so tiny. Yet, in a moment, didn't the ant put the front of its head up against the trunk and moved it; not alone moved it but pushed, not rolled it but pushed it for about a hundred yards across a clearing and into a river. The other ants with discovering a shorter route had been opened up for their transportation, moved on along in a new line on over where the old trunk had laid. One time, while looking at a smooth rock at the entrance to a cave, she saw several faces appear in it. She was baffled by them, for while they appeared to be human, they were not like any human she had ever seen. And they were talking to each other, for she could hear them, albeit she understood not the language they spoke. And then they faded and were no longer to be

seen. These are just a few samplings of the out of the ordinary things that this woman of the groves happened to experience.”

§Vistar.82§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Of a day: of a morning back in over the way, a crown princess of the Kerry landry was having a very interesting conversation with a sage. Now, this sage was well known for saying quite outlandish things but it was for this very reason that she greatly liked to be chatting with him. And the sage spoke, saying: Before I was a babe in my mother’s womb, Your Highness, I was a toddler on her lap. How so? Not alone that but before I was a toddler on my mother’s lap, Your Highness, I was a child playing about in the fields with my brothers and sisters. Unbelievable. How so? Oh, not alone that, Your Highness but before I was a child playing about in the fields with my brothers and sisters, I was a youth helping my father sow seeds and harvest grains. What are you saying; how so? It doesn’t stop there, Your Highness, for before I was a youth helping my father sow seeds and harvest grains, I was a young man with my lover in the groves and in marriage vows we were told. Where can this line of thinking go? Go, Your Highness? Much further does it go, for before I was a young man with my lover in the groves, I was a middle-aged man with children of my own. And to save you asking, Your Highness, before that I was a grandfather with looking forward to the next whosoever whatsoever me. What do you mean? Before I was an old man; a grandfather, Your Highness, I was an acorn; a sapling; a young tree; a hundred year-old tree; a five-hundred year-old tree. Whoever heard of a toddler being there before the babe in the womb; the child before the toddler; the youth before the child; the adult before the youth; the middle-aged before the adult and the old before the middle-aged? It may never have been heard of save here and by, Your Highness. I have heard it but I can’t seem to make any sense of it. What if I were to say, Your Highness that before today already there had been tomorrow? I would say that I have little or no idea what it is you are saying; my ears are burning though with wanting to know. Before this week, Your Highness, already there had been next week. Before this month already there had been next month. Before this year already there had been next year. Without

first there having been next year, next month, next week and tomorrow there would have been no today; will be no next week, no next month or no next year. Before comes before and that before is before us rather than behind us. I will need to take some time to think about your words, for I must admit I am having difficulty readjusting my set way of thinking to such a way of looking at reality. It is as simple, Your Highness, as saying this afternoon came before this in which we are now in; this which we call morning. I will visit you again when I have thought your words through as much through as I can do on my own. Take your time, Your Highness; be at ease; less thinking that spontaneity may have its roleplay. The answers are already ready before you; requiring nothing more than your arrival at them.”

§Vistar.83§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There was once a rhetorician, who excelled throughout the length and breadth of the island, in his use of the most difficult of words and their arrangement in a sentence. He was without a doubt brilliant, save that, there was no one at all who could understand hardly a word of what he was saying. And it wasn’t that his words weren’t clear, for they were very clear; it wasn’t that he was using a wrong or unusual syntax or the like, rather it was purely a case of, he not being able to convey meaning; he wasn’t able to communicate. If he were to describe, say a robin flying over an ivy covered wall of a June morn, his words would run into the tens of hundreds and still no one; be they highly learned or not, could grasp that he was or wasn’t, talking about a robin flying over an ivy covered wall of a June morn. Now, one day, a highly skilled gossip; a spreader of whatever news or weather condition would come his way, happened to meet him. And with having shared with him a piece of gossip, could in no way understand his reply. It sounded like an unknown language he was speaking. And he spoke to the rhetorician saying: There is an easier way of saying that, by means of which I would be able to understand you within a few moments. With the expenditure of very few words and those few words too be short in length and in nice order, the result accomplished would be great, in that I would be able to fully understand what it is you are saying. Would you not

like to try it? How does accomplish it therefore operational in producing mediating? The gossipier taking a chance; taking a guess that his words meant: How does it work, replied by saying: Say like this for instance: The Sun likes hiding beyond the horizon in the evenings; only comes it out from there in the mornings. Honest to profundity is that an exactitude of saying? Please, don't bother me with simplicity; at home with sophistication I am. There now, hear you; see it does work for you. Very nicely do you use it too. And by the way, who doesn't appreciate sophistication in expression; who doesn't like to strive for an eloquence in their words? The greatest of sophistication is to be found in simplicity and can by means of simplicity, be well delivered. Understood with gratitude; will be taking it fully on board from now on. In no time at all, kings and queens; princes and princesses; bakers and carpenters, laundrymen and laundrywomen, shepherds and shepherdesses and many the more besides of various responsibilities throughout the island, would flock to listen to his words whenever he was nearby, for he spoke to them with an eloquence and sophistication that each in accordance to their own knowledge of things, could well understand and make good on."

§Vistar.84§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A certain king's confidant was once strolling her way north westwards from the midlands, when she happened to meet a sage. And with being happy to meet they decided to sit down and share some food and enjoy a chat. The sage he asked her, saying: Where are you headed for? The sea; I am going to see the sea. Why so because? I have this need in me now for quite some time, to be in its extraordinary company, for when with sitting by a river or stream, I find myself reflecting on its nature. What say you its nature to be? Though all the waters of the land; all the rain-filled rivers and streams continually flow into it, it never fills up. I very much like that idea. Sometimes, I feel a bit like that too, when my king continually pours his words into me and asks for my advice. Although his words never overflow my mind; never overwhelm me, I like to be away from hearing them too for even a little while. It is better for my health. That is why I am heading for the sea. When there and I

being with fully refreshed, I will return with joy to my landry; return with gratitude and joy to serve my king. Your king; how does he rule? I should like to hear from you about his way of ruling. He distributes all offices, according to the fitness of the nature of the office; all appointments are made according to the ability of the men and women; whatever is done is after a complete survey of all circumstances; actions and words proceed from the inner impulse and the whole landry is comfortably being transformed. Very good. And what about his ruling of himself? He doesn't overthink anything; doesn't allow any anxiety to build up in his mind; leaves nothing pain his heart. How does he manage to achieve that? He doesn't keep stored in his mind what is right and what is wrong, what is good and what is bad. He shares his benefits among all within the landry; he dispenses gifts to all. He is happy with the happy and grieves with the broken hearted. The landry it seems is blessed in having such a fine king; the king himself is blessed in having such an extraordinary confidant. Oh, now, nothing compared is it to the extraordinariness of the sea."

§Vistar.85§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A king and a sage were sitting by a summer's lake chatting away about many things. And the sage spoke, saying: I am one, Your Majesty, who attaches great importance to seeing the future that is as it is already happening; which is simultaneously coming as it were over towards me and I over towards it approaching. I primarily employ present happenings rather than past happenings to help me to understand all the more clearly what will be coming to me; what I can intentionally choose to select as to letting myself aimlessly be of the future. I put such a way of thinking; such an orientation on all of my senses as the ever-furthest coming into appearance of all things either directly or indirectly related to me. With using my senses; my mind; my ideas in such a way, I feel them to be like unto the breezes of the air: unrestricted in movement anywhere. No one; no one at all can know the future. You are right, Your Majesty, if the future you are referring to is merely that of the past and present as has been understood down through the millennia. Isn't that the only way to understand the future; to understand time? Such an understanding

comes from minds that thought alone in terms of day and night, Your Majesty and the reappearing of seasons; of being born, living and dying. Such a way of thinking, though very understandable is very rudimentary. But, so, are you questioning our ancestors be they of the valleys, fields and hills and the waving about seashore; questioning the insights of our ancient ones of wisdom and knowledge; questioning our brilliant ones of the palaces? Are you greater than all of these? No, not at all, Your Majesty. I am just being me; me who thinks that the way we have been looking at things for thousands and upon thousands of years is, if I may say so, way outdated. All right then, given that, I will for the moment put aside the traditional way: if I may say it being the only true way: the correct way through the accumulation of knowledge and wisdom of looking at things; may I ask, how can I see the future that is as it is already happening? If I toss this small stone, Your Majesty, into the still lake waters there, what say you will happen? It will create a splash and produce ripples. See it did. So it did, Your Majesty but what if I were to say that before I tossed it, I could see the future that is as it is already happening: that I could see the ripples first; then the splash and then the stone flying through the air and it departing my hand? Were you not merely imagining it basing it on some past experience of having oft tossed a stone into lake waters? Anything, Your Majesty, can be imagined but that which is really happening is not an imagining. So; so are you saying you could really see the ripples first; then the splash, then the stone flying through the air and then it departing your hand? Yes, I am, Your Majesty. But, what if a swan happened to fly along and hit the stone you tossed causing it not to reach the waters but instead to fall there on the shore? That, Your Majesty, is just one of the myriad possible things that could be seen in the future that is as it is already happening when I tossing the stone. If you learn; if you culture yourself to look differently, Your Majesty, you would also be able to see so many things in the future that are happening as you are sitting here. And here is the marvelous thing, with seeing the future that is as it is already happening, you can select which happening you would like to be a part of. Are you saying that if you wanted the stone to be hit by a passing swan you would select to toss it and it would be struck by a swan; even though no actual

swan was present at the moment of tossing it? Marvelous! Yes that would be correct, Your Majesty. Even so, I think I will stay with the traditional thinking on past, present and future; the millennia think on time. You don't know what you are missing out on, Your Majesty. True, I suppose but for now at least, I am content to stay with the long time know."

§Vistar.86§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "And the wisdom of the great sages in the island of old, is well carried along in foretold and so as here goes: Once, the Three Times of the olden way of thinking, were strolling along together and they were enjoying talking about many things, when Future gave word saying: I greatly depend on both of you for my existence; without you two constantly laying down the way, I could not be. And Present gave word saying: Without you, Past constantly laying down the way, I could not be. And without you, Future always willing to be, I would have no where to go. And Past gave word, saying: Without you two constantly being there waiting for me, I would have no purpose whatsoever to be. And with being well pleased with each other's answers, they enjoyed strolling away in a reflective, comfortable silence; the kind of comfortable silence brought about by their long-term friendship. In the foothills, they happened upon a human, who appeared to be reflectively gazing into the high distance; gazing into the high sky of blue. And she with noticing them coming along, waved for them to come on over into her company, to enjoy some food and a chat. And they courteously accepted and with sharing provisions of their own with her, they embarked on a great conversation. But when she started to talk to them about she having access to a cache of ever-living hidden knowledge, a stillness came to their listening, for what she spoke of was not like unto anything they had hitherto, ever been familiar with. And they asked her, saying: Can anyone; could even we three access this cache, for we delight in knowing everything there is to be known? Now, not desiring to hurt their feelings, she took great pains to tell them that, access to the cache was not possible for them, seeing that they weren't actual lifeforms but mere imaginings; the imaginings of humans like herself. And they were troubled by her word, for they

thought and knew themselves to be as real as anything; as real as say a tree or a stream or a bird or a flower, even as real as any a human being. They were quite surprised; quite taken aback to learn that they weren't. Although we are but imaginings, can't you share anything at all with us from it pertaining to ourselves or the like? According to the cache, time doesn't exist; time is but a made-up thing; an imagining of sorts. How can that be, for though imaginings we ourselves may be, we each do know our self to be and one another to be. So how then can that be that there is no such thing as time? I being Past, I represent time that has passed. Yes and I being Present, I represent time that is in passing. And me, I being Future, I represent time in coming. All this is only according to yourselves; ultimately, all this is only according to us humans. Nowhere is it to be found in the cache of ever-living hidden knowledge. Then, if there is no such thing as time, how then is it possible to describe what happened, is happening or will be happening? Take time out and you will see there is no need to be describing something as, having happened or is happening or will happen. And took time out they did and found her word to be ever so true."

§Vistar.87§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A storyteller of strange happenings, tells of how of a midday, a tunnel appeared in the sky; like unto a tunnel it was, if we can imagine it running through water. It was in likeness in colour to golden mist, yet of an emerald fawn was it. Its diameter was some ten to fifteen miles, though it most likely was a lot bigger, for it is not easy to measure distances in the air; in the sky with accuracy, when you have only your eye to judge it with. Over the Valley of Yore did it appear and it was lying at about twenty degrees to the land. For some time it remained at about cloud level before it slowly descended until its lip was touching the ground. The inhabitants of a nearby village, with coming out to look at this, never before seen phenomenon, said that, when they with having the courage to go up near it and that with looking up along into it, they could see nothing but endless miles and miles of itself; no end in sight could they see, they said. All they could see was that it seemed to come to a point but that

was only because that was the maximum they could see up through it. With gathering their collective courage, they decided to step into the tunnel, to see what might happen. And no sooner had they done so, than they heard, they said, Melodious voices calling them to come on up through the tunnel. Now, not having any fear or concern that these voices meant them any harm, they began to walk up along the tunnel. In what seemed like little or no time at all, they found themselves to be walking out the other end of the tunnel. They found themselves to be in a place that was like their home village but the more so it wasn't; a place like the land of Éire, yet all the more so it wasn't. There were people there, yet they weren't people as they themselves were people. They spoke a language they could understand, yet it was not a language they had ever learnt or were in any way familiar with. With looking around them, they found the tunnel to be no more and they with feeling they should be concerned about that; even worried about that, they said, They weren't in the slightest. In the sky, there: a soft peach coloured sky, were three suns and five moons. And then they noticed stars in abundance appearing, with the suns and the moons having disappeared and all again seemingly doing so many times over. And they were very contented in that place, they said and in what seemed like only a few minutes, the tunnel reappeared and they with entering into it, found themselves with strolling to be and soon emerging to be out of the tunnel in the outskirts of their own village, back here on the island of Éire. But with returning to where they thought their homes to be, there was now a lake. They were completely baffled. With walking on a little, they came to meet some people, who looked familiar to them, yet they knew them not. And they were wearing different styles of clothing to them. And with pausing awhile; with being still awhile, they knew themselves to be of seven hundred years before. It had seemed only like a few moments ago since they had first seen the tunnel in the air; had walked up through it; had stayed a little while on the other side before returning. Yet in that much time, seven hundred years had gone by here on the island. Stories of seemingly momentary disappearances, such as this, have been spoken of many times here on the island down through the centuries. Sometimes a person might ride away on a horse out into the sea or be carried by a flock

of birds way up into the sky or here by means of a tunnel. People experienced being away someplace else for some time, be it a few hours, days, months, years even hundreds of years before returning; the memory of which remained with them throughout their life, though many wouldn't believe their stories; calling such happenings all made up. Nothing further could be from the truth, for such happens continue to take place right up to this very dawn."

§Vistar.88§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A king once asked a sage who his teacher was and the sage replied saying: The elk there over on the ridge. How so; how can you say an elk is your teacher? The heron there by the stream is my teacher. How so; how can you say a heron is your teacher? The fox there strolling into the grove. How so; how can you say a fox is your teacher? The butterfly there flitting about. How so; how can you say a butterfly is your teacher? My shadow there too. How so; how can you say your shadow is your teacher? There is no one or no thing, Your Majesty that isn't my teacher. Your Majesty, is a teacher of mine. How so; how can you say I am a teacher of yours? What do I teach you; what can I teach you? I only know how to rule. Stillness of thought, Your Majesty, gives way to movement as the day to the night the night to the day; movement of thought gives way to stillness as the night to the day the day to the night. This I understand little to none. We are as young as the highest future, Your Majesty; as old as the deepest antiquity are we. And with considering this vastness we are ageless and ever less age do we. I feel and know myself but to be the age I am; no younger or older. This I would say I know for full certainty. Among our thoughts, Your Majesty, there are those that overspread the heavens and skies of our mind; those that its land and waters sustain. There is no heavens nor are there any skies I know of, save that there that is above us; no land and waters, save that here beneath and about us. Know I not of any inner such world and the like. Be, Your Majesty, in the joy of your inner world; even worlds there therein many there be. How; how in all honesty a teacher of yours, can you call me, given that I know just a little more than nothing at all? You are a great teacher of mine, Your Majesty. I know not how I am but I will take your word on trust, for new days

bring new understandings into the thoughts of yesterdays; new nights too are they in generosity great when sleep has no intention whatsoever of making an appearance. It is for such reasons that, Your Majesty, is truly a great teacher of mine. If you say so.”

§Vistar.89§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “There have been at times on the island very unnatural; very restrictive; very manipulative ways of thinking prevalent. One such comes from way back in days of old, when it was thought that: the male ruler precedes and the ministers being all male follow; the grandfather precedes and his sons follow, who in turn as fathers themselves precede and their sons follow; the elder brothers precede and the younger brothers follow; the seniors precede and the juniors follow; the male precedes and the female follows; the husband precedes and the wife follows. And so too, an alternative version of this was at times fully at work, in that the female ruler precedes and the ministers being all female follow; the grandmother precedes and her daughters follow, who in turn as mothers themselves precede and their daughters follow; the elder sisters precede and the younger sisters follow; the seniors precede and the juniors follow; the female precedes and the male follows; the wife precedes and the husband follows. And when it came to the directional regions of the island; the north preceded over the south; the east over the west. The palace preceded over the village; the village over the sage’s hermitage. Delighted they did, it was said, In having such an ordering of their various relationships, for everyone knew exactly where they stood and what their responsibilities were and what would happen to them, if they were to ignore or violate them in any way. They were of the belief that originating belonged to those in the higher position; details of work to those who are in the lower. The compendious decision belongs to the senior; the minutiae of its deliverance to the juniors. This precedence of the more honourable and sequence of the meaner is seen they believed in the relative action of the sky and the land and hence they took them as their primary pattern. The more honourable position of the sky and the lower one of the land are equivalent, they believed, to a designation of their seeming intelligent qualities. The precedence of spring and summer and the

sequence of autumn and winter mark the order of the four seasons. In the transformations and growth of all things, every blossom and feature they believed has its proper form; and in this their gradual maturing and decay; the constant flow of transformation and change. Thus, since the sky and the land which being the most intelligent are distinguished as more honourable and less and by precedence and sequence, how much more, then, they thought, must they look for this in the ways of the human world. These were times when the voices of the true sages were not being listened to.”

§Vistar.90§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Anciently anciently over, a queen of the Waterford landry once asked her long-time chief cook: Other than when cooking, what way do you use your wonderful mind? There is no time, Your Majesty, when cooking is not on my mind. How about, Your Majesty, what way do you ordinarily use your mind? Unlike yourself, I have plenty of time: in fact, I always make sure to have plenty of time not to be thinking about ruling, for ruling to me, is nothing more than a form of captivity. Cooking requires a lot of ruling, Your Majesty. How so? Self-ruling; self-discipline of the mind, Your Majesty. I can take nothing for granted when it comes to going into the gardens, the groves and the forests; nothing when it comes to the selection of only the finest and freshest of produce. When ruling, Your Majesty, how do you specifically use your mind? Well, I simply show no arrogance towards the helpless; I do not neglect the poor; I tear salt tears for those of them who pass away; I laugh with their children and I show compassion towards their elderly. Admirable, Your Majesty, as far as that kind of ruling goes; but it is not really great, is it? What then do you consider to be greatness in ruling? Not ruling is greatness in ruling, Your Majesty. When I cook anything there is only so much I can do in preparing the items; the cooking itself is what makes all the difference. This requires an even greater level of self-discipline, for I must not let my mind get in the way of knowing; get in the way of feeling this is just enough intensity and amount of heat: this is enough cooking. To go any further based on thinking would be to destroy the desired taste and flavour. Then, it seems I have only been persistently troubling myself! In what way,

Your Majesty? I have either been over cooking or undercooking ruling. Why do you think that is so, Your Majesty? I have no patience with it: no patience whatsoever with ruling. I would just as well hand it over to anyone who might be interested in it; who would be willing to take it on. Might you be interested in taking over the rulership of the landry? Your Majesty, thank you but I am very happy cooking since I have only two major responsibilities and these I can take care of fully: produce and heat. I wouldn't know how to deal with ministers and the numerous social issues that daily appear without warning. Let me be as I am here in your kitchen, Your Majesty, if you please. You may continue to do so, of course. Still, I do feel the landry is missing out on a great opportunity to be truly ruled. Is there anything in particular, Your Majesty, you would like me to prepare for your evening meal? Everything you prepare is delicious. You are welcome, Your Majesty. And the queen by way of her pivotal conversation with her chief cook, learnt to look at ruling in a new light and her mind use accordingly. And though she being advanced in years at that time, she is well remembered as one of the great rulers of the Waterford landry."

§Vistar.91§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "A renowned interpreter of reality, when with reaching his seventy-sixth year, decided to deposit his writings, in the Great Esoteric Library of the Island; this was when it had its habitation, in the heartland of the Tipperary landry. With traveling for many a day and night, he eventually reached the Library entrance, only to discover, the librarian wasn't at first in the least bit interested in accepting his manuscripts. At this, he proceeded to verbally share abstracts of his writings for the librarian's listening, with a view to changing his mind. After a little while, the librarian interrupted him and said: Ah, you are way too vague; let me hear the substance of them and let that be in the greatest of brevity. The substance of my life's work: my writings may be said to have been totally occupied with the unified concept of: Time that was the past; Time that is the present and Time that will be the future. Let me ask you, whether you consider, Time that was the past; Time that is the present and Time that will be the future, to constitute reality in its totality? Yes; yes, I do; I do,

indeed, for if we don't look at reality, in terms of 'Time that was the past; 'Time that is the present and 'Time that will be the future, we won't at all be able to understand it. Thus are they both individually and taken as a whole, truly essential to our fundamental comprehension and description of reality. 'Time allows us to know where everything, including ourselves was, is and will be. Let me ask you then, what do you mean by: 'Time that was the past; 'Time that is the present and 'Time that will be the future? Besides them being self-evident, they are saying: 'Time is at the heart of the matter. Without 'Time, matter cannot be understood. I see. Are you sure about that? As sure as I can possibly be, for you see tradition supports me fully in this. It is the only way there is for us, to take on reality; without it, there is no bigger picture to be found. Otherwise, everything is bigger than us: bigger than what we can ever hope to comprehend. And that is unacceptable. Our minds cry out against it; earnestly gravitate they do towards knowing everything. Extravagant you are with such notions. So be it if I am but, do you have a viable alternative to comprehend reality? I would have you know that your time imposition on to reality is a breakaway interpretation: it is an alternative; a fabrication: an unnecessary. Hear this if you can. Matter matters everything. This is reality: matter mattering itself. It is without beginning or ending; no chaos, no disorder, no falling apart, no scattering, no exploding or imploding or any whatsoever out of controlness is there to be found in it. Mattering harmony is the way of matter. What, I will ask, causes matter to matter? Matter; matter causes matter to matter. Matter matters itself according to itself matterformly. Matterformly? Is that even a word? Then does matter mattering have any time reference to it? For instance, does matter mattering have a past; does it have a present or a future to it? Only if you want it to have. This is where your alternative; your 'Time that was the past; 'Time that is the present and 'Time that will be the future is brought in but it itself has no past, no present or future to it. Ridiculous! If matter mattered what everyone like me would call yesterday, mattered what we would call today and mattered what we would call tomorrow, doesn't that then mean that matter has time references to it? The only thing that says, is that you have said, Matter has this kind of division. In and of itself, matter has no such

referencing; no need for such time referencing. Then how can we speak of what we know to be the past, the present and the future? Give up talking in such terms; abandon thinking in such a fashion. Now it is you who are being vague and extravagant. Matter mattering itself, may be said, To have two primary movements: the forwarding movement in which things are first given into their being and the returning movement in which things are brought into their being. That which is mattered in reverse as it were, is the forwarding movement; that which is mattered in front as it were, is the returning movement. We are now of the returning movement. You have lost me. Fine; let's try this. Before the apple seed came to be was the apple sapling, before the sapling the apple tree, before the buds the blossoms, before the blossoms the apples, before an apple was it being chewed in my mouth. This is the forwarding movement of say an apple seed and an apple. The returning movement would be: after the apple seed comes to be was the apple sapling, after the sapling the apple tree, after the buds the blossoms, after the blossoms the apples and after say an apple was the apple being chewed in my mouth. That is the returning movement of an apple seed and an apple. I don't understand at all. Then walk in reverse; walk backwards for a little distance. Have done that. Now what? What you have just done may be said to be an enactment of the forwarding movement. Now walk the same track ahead to where you first started to walk in reverse. Have done that. Now what? What you have just done may be said to be an enactment of the returning movement. To have been able to return, you first had to be in place, otherwise, you wouldn't have been able to return. Before you could be a you of you, a you of you had first to have been put in place. What about the Sun, moon, planets and stars; what about the way out there way beyond and beyond, is it too matter all the way and is it itself mattering? Why; yes, of course. I am surprised that you should ask. There is no place where matter isn't mattering. And what might appear to us to be disordered or falling apart or scattering or running wild is not at all at all so. Merely it is matter mattering itself in styles of its own ever-transforming fashions. All this deep thinking is way too much for me to take on right now; I will need some time to be thinking it over and over. Take all of what you call time in the world you need

but keep in mind: matter matters and that is all that matters. Oh and you might also like to take with you into your thinking it over and over: that matter is not confined to physicality. I have enough; I have enough thinking for one day, even for one lifetime. May I have my writings be deposited in the library or not? Most certainly you may, for all knowledge is valuable and needs to be made available for the generations. Then why; why did you question me so at length? To afford you the opportunity to include an admirable addendum to your work. And did so you did too. Thank you. You are welcome.”

§Vistar.92§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “A sage and a queen of the Fermanagh landry were having a conversation. And the queen asked: How were the sages of old, when in came to the observation of things? They practiced the art of repetitive observation, Your Majesty. How so do you mean? Well, they would observe things, Your Majesty, seemingly to be the same, over and over again. During the summer days, for instance, when a fly, would say come flying by their way, they would observe all its movements as it flew around and alighted momentarily here and there. Should another fly come by some time later, they would repeat the observation. And the same they would do every day throughout the summer when flies would appear before their eyes. What was the point of repetitively observing the same actions? To become, Your Majesty, a hundred times more efficient at observing. In depth and detailed observation, is a level of observation that has to be worked at; has to be achieved. Anyone can casually observe anything, such as the pathways in the air of a fly but few can observe such actions scene by scene. Yester morn, when I with sitting on my balcony, a fly came and before my eyes remained hovering. Expecting it at any moment I was to fly on by or way off but it instead remained there, hovering about a hand palm out before my eyes. It had the appearance like unto any an ordinary housefly but it was slightly smaller and wasn’t behaving like any other housefly I had ever seen, for it continually hovered. Sometimes, it would drop in altitude; sometimes elevate. So swift was this changing of location in the air that I was scarcely able to catch its swiftness. It never flew like

other flies do; it hovered all the while, moving along ever so slowly. A number of times, it came directly before my face: at my eye level and would remain there, hovering away as if it was looking at me with the greatest of detail: taking in every contour of my face and eyes. When I slowly stood up, it rose with me synchronously and with still staying at a hand palm before my face. This was amazing to me. When I would walk around as if I following it, it would move ever so slowly before me. Sometimes it would be directly above me and I could clearly see its underside and strange at such moments it would appear in glimpses to me to be circular in shape. But how could that be, I thought to myself; it couldn't be, yet was it was surely. Sometimes it was hovering low enough that I could look down on it and clearly see its back and strange too at such moments it would appear in glimpses to me to be triangular in shape. But how could that be, I thought to myself; it couldn't be, yet was it was surely. Its wings appeared to be almost motionless in the swiftness of their movement. I tried to listen to the sounds of them but no sound was I able to hear. For several minutes did it remain with me and I greatly enjoyed watching it and observing it. Then, a strange thing; a disturbingly surprising thing happened in that out of nowhere, an ordinary regular housefly came and seemingly attacked it, in its hovering there before my eyes. I was taken aback. It knocked it to the floor. I knelt down to see if it was all right. For a few minutes it remained motionless there on the floor, with its wings tucked in by its sides. Then in a moment, I observed it ever so faintly glow before slowly opening out its wings and instead of flying off, it directly rose to the level of my eyes and hovered out there before me. It remained hovering there for some time before eventually hovering away into the sky and I was no longer able to see it. What do you make of this exceptional fly? A repetitive wonderment, Your Majesty. And why do you think the ordinary housefly seemingly attacked it? Who knows, Your Majesty, perhaps it considered it an invader of its airspace. The sky is broad and high enough surely for both the ordinary and the extraordinary fly or bird to fly in it, is it not? It is, indeed, Your Majesty, for the air is of a big space."

§Vistar.93§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: "Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what

insights do you bring to this new dawn?" "Of a morning, a queen of the Kerry landry was enjoying reflectively reading a manuscript, in her master wheelwright's workshop. She used to oft like to come and sit in his workshop and read, for she loved the fragrance of the wood being carved and the harmonious sounds which it produced. She would marvel at his gracious skill and she would also greatly enjoy conversing with him, for he would say things from time to time which she found to be quite profound. The master wheelwright, with laying aside his hammer and chisel for a moment, put this question to the queen, saying: I venture to ask, Your Majesty, whose words you are reading? The words of sages. Are those sages living, Your Majesty? Oh no; no, they are long gone. Then, what you are reading, Your Majesty, are but the few words from the long or short of their lives which either they themselves or those who had heard their words either directly or indirectly, had committed to parchment for posterity. There is some truth to what you say. Please elaborate. From the point of view of my own work, Your Majesty, if I proceed over gently that will be pleasant enough but the workmanship won't be strong; if I proceed over aggressively that will be toilsome and the joints won't nicely fit. If the movements of my hands, are neither too gentle nor too aggressive, the idea in my mind, is to the best of my ability in reality realized. But I feel I cannot tell how to do this, by word of mouth, for there is a certain knack to it which cannot be explained in words. This knack I can't even teach to my own son, nor can he learn it from me. Now, I am in my eighty-second year and I am still enjoying making wheels. My son is learning from me how to make master wheels but his knack for doing it comes wholly from himself and not from me. And no doubt, he will too in time be teaching his son; my dear grandson, how to make master wheels but he will have to evolve and develop his own knack, like his father did and I have done. So, if I come to consider the sages of old, to be like unto master idea makers, then I will have to conclude, something is missing from their words; something is not transmitted to us. While I would agree with you to a point, I would have to say though that parchments, manuscripts, tapestries, even rock, wood and turf carvings, present an invaluable exhibition of the thoughts and insights of the sages of old. And there is an old saying which goes

and which I like very much: The wise for posterity commit their deepest insights to any number of sacred vessels. What say, Your Majesty, were but a few of them? They committed them to the air; to the winds and breezes for they faithfully throughout the seasons store them, for instances, beneath tree branches and ferns, in groves and along by the banks of rivers, streams and about hillside springs; in hollows, caves and cliff fissures. They committed them to the ears of true listeners, who would likewise keep them safe and intact and who would pass them on again to true listeners. To parchments, manuscripts; to rocks and to wood would they commit them? Not to transmit what they have been given to know, they would have looked upon themselves as being somewhat wanting in understanding of what it truly means to be given insights. Today I have learnt from, Your Majesty, the need for me to be a more comprehensive; a more inclusive wheelwright. I have as such decided to try to get my son to grasp my knack for making wheels. If he can catch even a little of it; he being bright and well able enough, can develop it and evolve it for himself, into something new and even more splendidous. I am indeed most grateful to you for this setting free of myself, Your Majesty. And I am most grateful to you, for making me realize I have been contented with just passively and pleasingly, reading the insights of the sages of old. From now on, I will strive to make significant inroads into understanding them and incorporating them more fully into my life and my rulership. If I may say so, Your Majesty, you will do wonderfully well. And so too will you.”

§Vistar.94§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “A young sage of a day was wondering away; this to himself was he saying: How ceaselessly the sky of day and the heavens of night revolve; how constantly do they flow with hills valleys and streams abiding in seeming stillness. How admirably the Sun, moon, planets and stars respect each other’s pathways and each other’s comings and goings; their appearing forth into visibility and their disappearance back into invisibility. Is there something or is there someone that causes these harmonious, ever-ongoing movements to be? Is there something or someone who presides over and directs all these amazing

happenings? What or who intermingles them so seamlessly? What or who is it that delights in causing these to be and sustains and maintains them throughout the endless seasons? How come clouds come to be? How come the wind is so powerful as to be able to float them along so seemingly effortlessly? How come they know when to spill themselves over and to rain so abundantly upon the hills, forests and fields? What or who produces such elemental enjoyment and benefit in abundance? Winds spontaneously rise in the southwest; rise in the east; down in from the northeast and in from the west do they blow; up from the southeast and down from the northwest and on occasion up from the south and down from the north. What or who produces them; causes them to be: causes them sometimes to be as gentle breezes; sometimes troubled gales and on occasion fierce storms? Where did I come from to be; how came I to be? Is it the same thing; the same one who gives rise to all of these continually that has caused me to be; that sustains and maintains me throughout the dawns and the eves? Naturally, I think it so would have to be: we are all of the one same same sameness they and me; me and they and I would also naturally have to say: of the one same same difference so we be. The waters, ferns, grasses, trees, elks, birds, Sun, moon, planets, stars and me are clearly of the one; of the it that is of a generosity to have us all be. Good it is to be truly; me here wondering away carefreely.”

§Vistar.95§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “Of a day: it being mid-morning, a merchant with happening to come by my way, had the following to me say: The best means of travelling by land, I find, other than by walking is either on horseback or by carriage; the best way by water would be by boat but I am at a pure lost as to know what means I might use, should I ever wish to travel on the air like the birds butterflies, honeybees and flies. I have heard that in these parts there dwells one who can journey on the air: can fly in the sky. I wonder if you have heard of such a person for, I would love to meet him or her that I may enquire of them, how to journey in the air; fly in the sky that I may with reaching an altitude to my liking, might enjoy flying and gliding along and viewing the up ahead of the down below. You have come to the right place. I am that one.

Really? How very fortunate! Can you show me then how to take flight? Sure. Lay your hand here on my arm and we can take off; we can go visit those clouds there. I think I have met the wrong person; you couldn't be the one, for nobody can fly without an apparatus of some kind, being attached to them. In my attempts; my many attempts at flight, I have woven wings out of various materials, such as reeds and branches; I have tied them to my arms and then with jumping off of a low hill, I tried flying but every time I would only be airborne for a few moments, before crashing to the ground. Just place your hand here on my arm and we can be on that cloud there within moments. No; no thanks. I'll be on my way. Before you go, see to my feet a moment. What do you notice? You; you are seemingly levitating about six inches above the ground. Swipe your hand under them. A pretense definitely. How about now? Seemingly about a foot? Again, swipe your hand under them. Most assuredly it is an illusion of some sort. And now? Seemingly about two yards. Walk under me. This is without a doubt a deception of some kind. With lowering myself to be again standing on the ground, I spoke to him, saying: There is no pretense to it; neither is it an illusion or a deception of any sort or kind. So, can we now go visit that cloud there? No; no way, for flight is not possible without wings. Possible it is and most natural is it and swifter and more accomplished too than any a bird, butterfly, honeybee or fly when it comes to maneuverability. Sometimes the movement is straight up, sometimes way down, sometimes way off to the left, sometimes way off to the right; sometimes in reverse; sometimes in spirals, coils, curls, twirls, loops and whorls. In ripples and waves so fast can it move that it goes right into invisibility. Not even light would be able keep up with it. Do you know; do you know what; I meet many kinds in my travels but you are by far the most unusual I have ever met. I will be on my way now. With willingly letting him depart from out of my presence, for his unwillingness to move out from his narrowness of thinking was clearly having no end in sight, I in the twinkling of an eye took myself to arising into the sky, to go stroll in clouds over the way, for the rest of the day and well on into the waxing crescent moon belit night. And the merchant as he had walked along, thought he had spotted out of the corner of his eye, something wingless; something beyond his experience, rapidly

ascending into the sky. Full certain he was no bird of any kind was it. And he knew it to be soundless.”

§Vistar.96§ The North Tree Star Visitor spoke unto me, saying: “Humaculate of Éire: What stories, what anecdotes; what insights do you bring to this new dawn?” “A king of the Tyrone landry, upon reaching his forty-ninth year of life and with realizing that although he had heard of the forward-return movement of reality, knew nothing whatsoever about it and so decided to travel south in search of a sage who might bring him into an understanding of it. Now, after nine days of zigzagging his way southwards, he came upon a sage who said to him: I have heard that, Your Majesty, is one the wisest rulers in all the land. I may have some wisdom for sure but I would hardly wish to be considered the wisest ruler in all the land, for I know next to nothing concerning the forward-return movement of reality. Should you know of it, I would like to learn of it from you, if I may. How thus far have you sought to understand it, Your Majesty? In my late teens to early twenties, I sought it in words and phrases; in language did I seek it but after five to seven years to more I still had not got it. And how then did you approach it? I sought it in measures and numbers and yet after a decade or more, I still had not got it. And from how then did you seek it, Your Majesty? I sought it in the land and waters about me and in the blue and cloudy skies of day and the moonlit to starry heavens of night and with years having moved onwards, I still had not found it. If the forwarding movement; if the returning movement: if the forward-return movement of reality could be easily presented to people, Your Majesty, there would be no one who wouldn’t have knowledge of it according to their level of learning of all things. How then shall we apply these movements to say, an understanding of the two seasons: the season of light and the season of dark? Where are you now, Your Majesty, in these seasons? According to my calculations, we are some fifty-three days out from the Solstice of Most Light and we are proceeding through the season of dark, till in some one-hundred and thirty days we will reach the Solstice of Most Dark. Would you take this to be the pattern of the ever coming and going of these seasons, Your Majesty? Yes; yes, of course. Why wouldn’t I, for ever since my childhood these seasons have been preceding and succeeding one

another from dark to light; light to dark. And so too has this same the story been told from my ancestors going way back into the ever old. And no doubt it will be passing me out and down on to my own descendants. So now, we you would say, are in the ever-increasing season of dark and you would say that the season of light came before it. Would that be right, Your Majesty? Yes that would be right. How could it be any other way? And would you also say, Your Majesty that after this season of dark will come the season of light? Yes, I would say that to be right too. How could it be any other way? Then how about the other way round, Your Majesty? The other way round; what do you mean? What if I were to say to you, Your Majesty that the season of light up ahead: coming after this now season; this season of dark, came before it? You say, came before it? Impossible, for only after comes after before. For instance, tomorrow comes after today. We can't say; no we can't be saying tomorrow came before today. Ah but we can, Your Majesty. Tomorrow came before today. And not alone is that true in word; even in numbers but also is it so in actuality. Are you implying; are you saying then that tomorrow is already in existence? Yes, I am, Your Majesty. And would you then also perhaps be implying; also be saying that all of the tomorrows ever to come are already in existence? Yes. I would by saying that and implying that, Your Majesty. The only reason we have today is because it was already in existence. And the only way we will have tomorrow is that it too is already in existence. I had hoped to gain an in depth understanding of the forward-return movement of reality from you but all you have presented me with is some kind of paradox; an enigma. In a plain and simple way, Your Majesty, have I just described for you a more rounded way of viewing reality than that of the incomplete way, namely the traditional way; the classic way: your way of only seeing things from the point of view of the past, the present and the future. Somehow, I am not perceiving it. Everything, Your Majesty, is first presented in the forwarding movement; even a surplus of everything is there of everything presented. In the returning movement there is a tremendous freedom of choice available. When we are returning we can choose any route we wish to take and that route we can change to other routes as many times as we wish. I look upon the past; I look upon the present and I look upon

the future as the faithful firm foundations on which I may build my wealth. This is the proper thing for me. I cannot give it up. I have through these sought distinction. I cannot give up the thought of fame. With the help of these have I been able to cleave to absolute power. I cannot give it away to others. I hold an unyielding grasp on these and as such I am ever afraid; no more like ever terrified am I, of losing them. If I were to let go of them, I would I believe be greatly grieved. And I have heard it said that to be trying to look at reality other than by way of the past, the present and the future is to be exercising the height of foolishness. This I have learnt here today in your presence with listening to your words. I will as such from this day forth, look upon the forward-return movement of reality as being invalid. I would however like to put one more question to you, if I may. Certainly, Your Majesty. If; if I were to accept; just say, if, I were to accept the forward-return movement of reality, would I be able to have it as the foundation, on which I may increase my present wealth? Could I seek and attain greater distinction by it? Would it allow me to indefinitely maintain absolute power? In other words: could I without fear continue to hold a firm grasp on my wealth, my distinction and my power? If I were to accept it would I be happy; would I be even exceedingly happy? Your way, Your Majesty; your way of looking at everything by means of the past, the present and the future is but to be culturing yourself exceedingly narrowly and restrictively. Where is the happiness in that? Let that way of looking at reality go and you will begin to know, a bountifulness of wealth that is not of things based; a distinction most admirable will you have that is not bestowed upon you; a power that is not over others but will be over self. What greater happiness can there be, Your Majesty, than being free to be happy? I would have you not merely to be happy though but to be contented, for I take contentment to be of a greater value than happiness. Happiness happens only: it comes and goes, whereas contentment once it arrives, tends to abide.”

An Scéal Fada

[Continues in Manuscript 2]

[The Interpreter's note: It is signed: An Scéal Fada 'the Long Story' – a possible *nom de plume* used by An tÁrd-Fealsamh.]

PART V

Accounts of him Provided by Others

[The Interpreter's note: The original manuscript language is beautifully written in fifth-century Gaeilge; a Gaeilge which if it doesn't sound a bit before its time has an ever so slight 'Munster Gaeilge' feel to it in contrast to say to that of having a Connacht or an Ulster.]

[The Compiler's note: As well as having the gift of being able to hear in silences and in breezes fully intact segments of language, I can also recall and repeat verbatim, anything I have ever heard or read. And wanting to know what others think of the Philosopher, I extensively travelled for three years throughout the island, including to a number of its isles; meeting people who have heard him speak in person and who have either known him for some time or a few years or even for much longer. During that marvelous time, I spoke to seven hundred and forty-five people: four hundred and sixty-one men and two hundred and eighty-four women. Each and every one of them had a story, two, three or more to share with me about him. And if I had continued journeying beyond this self-imposed timeframe of three years, I would have easily met a lot more. I present here one hundred and twenty-nine individual accounts from the seven hundred and forty-five which I believe, gives an authentic representative picture of who he is and what he thinks about many different things.]

Accounts

§**Acco.1§** Oh, the admirable bountifulness of this man: An tÁrd-Fealsamh - The Pre-Eminent Philosopher for he neither strolls in the counsel of the ancient Druidic way nor sits in that of Pátraic's way: the way of Christianity. His delight is in the way of Nature; in Its way does he generously reflect upon throughout his going about hours. And his sleeping is of pleasant dreaming full. He is like a fragrant fruit tree naturally growing by the rivers of water or in the valleys throughout the island that brings forth fruitful ideas in his due seasons. Fruitfulness is an essential quality of this gracious man and that fruitfulness has been always seasonable. The Druids and the Christians are not so but are like the stinging chaff which will get in your eyes; intrinsically worthless and ultimately harmful. Their ways are perishable and for this reason does he keep their ideas far distant from him.

§**Acco.2§** Increasing in numbers are those who try to trouble him with their narrow opinions; many are they who rise up against his ideas. The conspiracies that are laid against him by them are numerous. This both amazes and perplexes him. And yet he can clearly see that for all their troubling of him, troubles of their own making come to them in droves and flocks. How so given, then can they have so much time to be concerned with giving difficulty to him? It doesn't make any sense.

§**Acco.3§** The Druids and Christians do say of him that there is no help for his soul. Soul? He doesn't think in terms of a soul. For him there is but the heart and the senses; the inner person and the outer world. And nothing there is that isn't wondrous for him. As for their gods; their God: their One God Above All gods? Such ways of thinking are not for him. Many of them in a likeness of fashion to each other, genuinely feel sorrowful for him and there are those too who genuinely and exultingly boast of the fact that he listens not to their words and long they do to see their words on him proved by his total destruction. They have declared that their gods; their God has forsaken him. It doesn't stagger him in the least that they should have such notions or that they do even express them in words to him. And he has been heard to say: "That some

gods; some God, it must be who will forsake.” To him the Druids and the Christians seem ever to be showered with trials from their heavens and peppered with temptations from their hells. And there is this continuous guilt in them; it can be seen shadowing their countenances and affecting their stepping; an annoying feeling of them having somehow either knowingly or even unknowingly offended their deities; their Deity. Saying sorry is the most common word coming forth from their lips and grumblingly at that is it being spoken. From his point of view, they have the bitter affliction of no joy in the deepest degree; ever fearful they are that their gods; their God will no help give to them. From place to place he occasionally hears them crying out to the sky, “Oh, Our gods; oh, our God, my gods; my God, why have you forsaken us; forsaken me?” Even in the full light of a clear wispy white cloud blue sky day, do they appear to him to be trudging their minds and bodies about in darkness.

§Acco.4§ He is always talking to things about him in Nature since he feels they are always listening to him. He feels comfort among the animals, the trees, the flowers and the grasses; the streams, lakes and rivers, they all make him feel welcome; feel at home. And it is the same with the wavy waters touching the coast about; the mists, the rains and the snows, the clouds, the Sun, the moon and the stars in that he will be communing with them; ever welcoming him they do. He can contentedly sleep in their company and with awaking still find himself to be in their caring company. Nature is the one that sustains him; well knows he this to be and does as such ever delight in talking about It. He sees past joy as a ground for present joy; present joy for future. Time is for him a place of joy filling. Nature he experiences does nothing by halves; always It provides in fullness and that fullness is a brimming over fullness. The Sun shall rise every morning and set every evening bestowing an abundance of life, light and warmth. The moon shall have its phases and the streams and rivers to the sea will flow. Being in constant conversation with Nature he is able to speak all the more confidently to people. He can often be heard to say, “Nature is my dwelling place.” By that he means not alone from a physical standpoint but more importantly for the way in which he uses his mind. He has little or no time for petty opinions. What matters for

him alone is Nature's way. Political opinions he considers to be the king of petty opinions. The more petty opinions he hears and sees translated into actions, the more he desires to be cultured by Nature. Nature is the heavenly large place in which he with joy and comfort dwells his mind. He has no need to erect marker stones on the hills or along the seashore that will remind him of the bounteous culturing ways of Nature for he sees there is no time and no place in which Nature isn't culturing him. He walks and rests in gratitude to Nature.

§Acco.5§ The Druids and the Christians, though great people are he thinks at the same time unbelievably foolish in that in a perverse continuance they love vanity and seek after lying empty fantasies; vain conceits and a plethora of fabrications. They attempt to make of his honour among the bright a jest and of his well newness among everyday people a mockery. They resent that he can love truths other than the truths being put forth by they themselves. That he is a most serene person; a joyous contemplative annoys them a lot as it contradicts everything they stand for. He and with a goodly and courageous spirit, had in his youth not entered; had deliberately chosen to keep himself apart from their ideas that he may culture his own unique treasure according to the ways of Nature. Only by doing so can he guarantee the complete freedom of his thought.

§Acco.6§ He delights in communing with his own heart. It is a way of life for him. With finding so much beauty and awe in the world about him he has lots to share with his heart. He is never in want of a thought and all his thoughts are of goodness. He asks counsel of the clouds, hills and pasturelands; of the springs, streams and rivers; of the animals small and great. And he asks counsel of those handful on the island who are open to Nature. The quietude of the night he lets instruct him and the melodies of the day to teach him. He is the light of his own countenance and that light shines bright contentment and peace unto all who meet him; unto all who enjoy the company and prosperity of his words. His head; his face is not held downwards like the grazing animals of the pasturelands and the hillsides but upward like the trees. He drinks not from muddy pools of thoughts but from the pure fountains of

living water come from someplace beyond where words have no ability to express. The light of Nature's countenance is everything for him. It is his riches, honour and joy; his wholesomeness, strength and ease. Having this he has no need and no room for anything more. But the Druids and the Christians aren't able to understand this about him. They are dark to light.

§Acco.7§ A warmest sunshine kind of gladness is always in his heart which radiates itself in his countenance and perfumes his words. He knows goodness to be with him in abundance; knows himself to be of this abundance. He does not feel himself to be in any way poor given that he doesn't accept either the Druidic or Christian ways. He is of a richness that they can't even imagine. When he speaks they can see him; his integrity they can see. He is of a sublimity of silence and sound; sound and silence that is so very attractive.

§Acco.8§ Nature alone is his keeper; alone with Nature is, he exceedingly well kept. When he sleeps he has the mossy pillow be the future; the green pastureland base the present and a long fallen old tree stump footrest the past. His coverlets are the moon and the starry heavens. He sleeps contentedly; dreams delightedly and awakes refreshed. To him there is nothing better in a new day than life; nothing better in a day than living and nothing better in a new night than inheriting life. Life is the treasure of the day and the fullness of the night. Such is the wondrous manner of his thinking; most fortunate and pleasing to experience it firsthand.

§Acco.9§ He gives full ear to the silent and to the sounding words of Nature being eloquently expressed to him in so many different ways and forms. Nature is his sensation, reflection and contemplation. Its musical words are both the fragrant essence and tailor-made garments of his thoughts: fulfilling all his necessities. There is, he feels and knows, never a time when Nature isn't speaking to him; never a time when he isn't paying full attention to Its words. He cultures in himself the spirit and the habit of thoughtful listening. He seeks to Nature and to Nature alone. He has no use for the preposterous Druidic and Christian notion that somehow all humans are either breaking or already broken vessels and are as such in need of being continually put or patched back

together again. He alone drinks to his heart's content from fountain Nature; wholesomeness drinking wholesomeness.

§Acco.10§ He has no fittest time to be viewing Nature for he is always in Its presence. While the dew of dawn is on the grass it is a good time; the Sun in the zenith; the moon in waxing or the stars coming into view. All and anytime are, he says good times to be viewing. As on sunbeams coming and going does he place his thoughts when viewing a scene.

§Acco.11§ Pleasure in living life is his dwelling place. He stays far away from any ideas that will deprive him of his pleasure in living life. The ideas of the Druids and the Christians greatly displease him. And, however grandiosely, skillfully and proudly they array them before him, he simply has no place; no use for them in his mind. They are worthless things for his thoughts. He does not yield or bow before such successful deceptions. There is no giving away of his mind to them for his mind is a sacred place and unwaveringly does he intend to keep it that way. There is no place where pleasure doesn't exist, he is oft heard to say. There is pleasure in the valleys, in the pasturelands, on the hills and in the sky and pleasure it is that is within and most assuredly within pleasure, he says dwell we do.

§Acco.12§ He doesn't like having the foolish stand in his sight or even be within his hearing. The foolish he considers to be those who, without a thought in the world, have long given over the control and usage of their precious minds to the Druidic tradition or who by now no longer finding it fulfilling enough are en masse abandoning it and casting their lot instead in with the newest thought deception sweeping the island, namely that which is being proclaimed by the Christians. And he thinks, the same can and will most likely happen way in the future should people be still of such a mind-set, in that they will with no longer finding Christianity fulfilling enough will en masse abandon it too and cast their lot instead in with the newest thought deception to sweep the island whatever that might be.

§Acco.13§ He loves strolling in the gardens of Nature; observing Its happenings and listening to Its multitude of sounds. He opens his gaze to the Sun in rising, the Sun in zenith moving,

the Sun in setting and to the moon and stars in coming into appearance. All of them are generously leading him in how to be of the given place. And with willing joy does he receive into his senses; receive into his heart their pleasant guidance. In continual contentment he loves that they will never ask of him to give up being himself since he feels they enjoy filling him with strength and confidence to be even more himself. To be in their refined caring company is to be very much himself. And being very much himself means maintaining complete control and usage of his own mind. This he considers not to be a privilege but a natural right. And in this natural contentment does he rejoice.

§Acco.14§ Goodness is his way; greatness in goodness. This is his strength; a strength found in gale force winds blowing through oak trees or in gentle breezes about three day life flowers growing along by the streams. He is never bothered by how long the night takes to become a new day; a new day to become a new night. The seasons and himself, he sees as ever coming; ever present and ever going. He excels at being in harmony with this ever coming; this ever present and this ever going. Thoughts come in his mind of their own accord; dwelling for his perusal momentarily there in its midair. He will say that there is no time; no temporal or eternal time when Nature is absent from us; no time when we are absent from Nature. This knowing is a constant source of wonderment and joy for him. And he will say that he feels Nature to be of the same wonderment and joy with respect to himself. Nature is at one with him and he with Nature. It irritates him that the Druids and the Christians are always groaning away about something or other; always grumbling. It is a way of life with them. Joy seems never to come to them; even with the dawning of a new day it isn't with them. They see his wonderment and joy in his countenance and gait and hear the voice of his smiling in their ears but they choose not to let them bring about a change in them. They simply can't comprehend smiling to be the eloquence of joyfulness and assured confidence the strength of bones and sinews.

§Acco.15§ His unwavering confidence is in Nature and naturally in Nature only does he put his trust. This is at the heart of his relationship with Nature; Nature's relationship with him. The Druidic or Christian ways of thinking; the Druidic deities and the

Christian One Deity Above All deities hold no attraction whatsoever for this gracious philosopher.

§**Acco.16§** How excellent and wondrous Nature is revealing Itself, he is with a beautiful joy in his eyes oft heard to exclaim. Its self-supporting goodness and nourishing wisdom he sees manifesting Itself in abundance everywhere he looks. And with a familiarity he knows himself to be of this same self-supporting goodness and nourishing wisdom. He sees no place where Nature is not; no place where It isn't preserving Itself. Nature he views as having nothing outside of Itself; there is no outside or beyond of Nature. Everywhere and in every place, be it of the waters, of the land, of the blue sky or the starry heavens he can see Nature is simultaneously manifesting and subtly hiding Itself within Itself. This is Nature admirably conversing with Itself. And with a familiarity he knows himself to be of this same manifestation, subtlety and conversation.

§**Acco.17§** Nowhere, he is convinced is there where Nature isn't showing forth; isn't telling forth Its majesty. From the tiniest little animals that swim in the bottom of pools of water to the darkest heavens beyond the stars, is Nature he sees with eloquence and finesse manifesting Its sublimity. When he considers the landscape, seascape, sky and heavens; when he considers the flowers, grasses butterflies, elks, we humans, the waters, fishes, trees, birds and mountains; when he considers all of Nature he is awed by Its stupendous beauty and intricate simplicity. Nothing like It save Itself he views as being Its most distinguishing characteristic. And he delights greatly in the knowledge that he; that we are all, of that same distinguishing characteristic. He loves to expound that there is nothing insignificant in Nature, however insignificant something might appear to be in a given place. In contrast to the Druids and in particular to the Christians, he holds that Nature has no order of dignity; no scale of being for nothing there is he sees that isn't about being and dignity. Dignity he considers to be the equality quality common to all beings. The immensity of his thoughts knows no limits. Nothing or no one does he leave have dominion over his mind.

§**Acco.18§** With, his whole heart and senses does he delight in

observing Nature; delight in reflecting on Nature and delight in sharing his thoughts on Nature. This for him is the fullness of delight. Delighting in Nature alone being his way. Assuredly, you will feel greatly enriched for having met him.

§Acco.19§ The Druids and Christians look upon him as being unenlightened; in their own words, a heathen. He on the other hand, sees them as being the true unenlightened for having Majestic Nature confined for the purposes of their fabrications. It is as if they had confined an elk; confined a majestic antlered elk to a wooden stockade of some nine strides long, nine strides wide and nine strides high where within they still expect him to be his natural carefree caring self. He has a palpable sense of falsity in their ideas. And for this reason he actively denies the entry of their ideas into his mind. In the light of what he is seeing and hearing up down and about the island, he feels that the emotional, spiritual and intellectual; the creative, innovative and even the physical future of the people of the island is not doubtful. Unhesitating confidence in falsities will reign supreme. This foresight; this knowledge gives him many the restless afternoon.

§Acco.20§ In his view, there is nowhere where Nature doesn't exist and isn't changing. This abiding and everywhere existence of changing Nature is the firm foundation of his trust and joy. He says: "Knowledge is greatest when it is of Nature. And as self never hides from self, so Nature never hides from us; always and everywhere is It familiarly present and instantly accessible." He loves the way Nature seems at times to be standing still; seems at times to be standing still in Its ever changing as if It isn't even moving. And he loves how It gives the feeling of being afar off while being ever so near. Nature he feels delights in presenting Itself in such interesting paradoxes. There is no time when Nature isn't present and no time when It isn't seemingly absent, he will smilingly say. During the night we think the day is absent; during the day the night is absent. When the clouds cover the sky we think the Sun is absent. When the Sun is present we think the stars are absent. When the moon is eclipsed we think it is absent; the same when the Sun is eclipsed. Aspects of Nature only appear to be absent while in truth, they are present all the while. Everywhere he looks he can see that the

essence of Nature is admirably present in the appearance of things as the human countenance reveals what is in the heart. And the essence of Nature he understands to be goodness. And in this goodness does he everywhere rejoice. He can see it in the gentle swaying of trees in early spring; in the shimmering waters of lakes, rivers and on the wavy seashore. He can see it in the smiles of the people; in their gait and hear it in their words and above all see it in their actions. And very much saddened he can be too when he doesn't see it; particularly if he doesn't see it in the words and actions of those advanced in years.

§Acco.21§ A Druidic priest put this question to him, saying: "Can pain be a way to attain happiness for so rumoured I have heard it can me?" And he answered, saying: "There is true happiness that has its origin in Nature and there is a false happiness which is found in the distorted way some individuals inappropriately use their minds and their bodies; saying Nature desires it so and Nature fully sanctions it to be so. Not so; not so for true happiness finds not its source in causing any hurt whatsoever to self or to another or to have another cause any hurt to them. False happiness, which is not happiness at all, seeks pain for self and the giving and causing of pain to others." "But surely whether happiness be true or false it is still happiness, is it not?" "Not so for false happiness is precisely that: false happiness. And to be saying that Nature sanctions, encourages, urges or nudges the hurting of self or another or the causing of them to hurt you is just a blatant mistruth; a downright corrupting of what Nature is. Nature never acts unnaturally." "You don't know the happiness that you are missing." "I have no need for falsity. Be gone!"

§Acco.22§ There is no time when he feels any need to flee from Nature; to hide from Nature for there is nothing that he doesn't do that isn't done in the full presence of Nature. And his doing is always of goodness. There are Druids and Christians who with resorting to all kinds of plausible logic skillfully try to argue him out of his confidence in Nature. But all their attempts come to nothing. Without he uttering even a single word to them; his demeanour alone is asserting his immovable trust in Nature. And while there is no timidity to be found in his character, he prefers to

have as little contact with them as possible. He simply isn't interested in debating his ideas with them, though they would love to have opportunities to debate theirs with him.

§Acco.23§ The Druids and the Christians oft puts this question in kind to him. "What can you do with Nature?" And he always counter questions with "What cannot I do?" And they will have no cogent reply to give him. With unflinching confidence he will say to them that there is no such word as "impossibility" in the language of Nature. Look, he will say, in the way the Sun streams forth light, warmth and life; how the clouds overflow with refreshing rains and how the valleys and the wavy shores abound in goodness. Everywhere is possibility observed and felt to be impressively expressing itself. And of that impressive expression each of us he knows to be. But they aren't letting his voice enter their ears too deeply since they feel threatened by the sound of his voice; thinking him to be a word charmer.

§Acco.24§ He says that when Nature is forsaken and replaced by fabrications such as Druidism and Christianity, then natural sincerity goes; when natural sincerity goes, deception inevitably follows. Without honesty; without natural sincerity there is no longer any trust in Nature; trust in the Truth. Nature is the Truth. Druidism and Christianity, he views as being incompatible with Nature. It baffles him as to why they have forsaken Nature. The eloquence of Nature he takes to be the eloquence guide for his own speaking. Somebody, once said, of him that at times his mind appears to be dwelling in some distant future age; a time long after Druidism and Christianity have faded and are no more. Perhaps future generations will look upon him as being of their own age rather than of this our age for many of his thoughts are quite beyond our comprehension.

§Acco.25§ He never asks of Nature; never asks of himself and never asks of others an ungracious question. Always and everywhere he is charming, courteous and affable; ever true is he to his royal lineage. He is a philosophizer pre-eminently; by nature and in practice is he a philosophizer. There is no place and no time when he isn't philosophizing. It is his way of life. And that way is most joyful. If he needs to he can most assuredly raise in a morn

more objections with the Druids and the Christians as to their ways than they can in a season of days provide him with answers. But he simply isn't interested in getting into debates with them since he considers their ways to be greatly lacking in propriety towards Nature. They have done disrespectfully in that they have substituted not alone a host of deities for Nature but even placing a supreme Deity above all deities and thus by inference above Nature. This is the heart and the head of his issues with them. And the only reason why they do not clearly see this impropriety of theirs is because they have already well accustomed themselves to it.

§Acco.26§ He says that there is nothing which Nature has to preserve Itself from for Nature has no outside; nothing beyond Itself. And as such he says that there is nothing which we have to preserve ourselves from for we have no outside; nothing beyond ourselves for we are of Nature. It astounds him that the Druids and the Christians are always seeking preservation or protection from one thing or another. He is at a loss as to why they have so little or no understanding of Nature. Isn't it obvious he thinks that Nature is Everything. He prefers the company of Nature to the company of either or both the Druidic myriad deities or the Christian lone Deity Above All deities. Nature is his delight and delights he in Nature only.

§Acco.27§ Grateful and content beyond measure with Nature, he has not a single desire with which to consider the ways of the Druids and the Christians. His delight is Nature; within It does he dwell and dwells It does within him. The Druids and the Christians, he sees as being in some kind of a mind constraint; a captivity of their own making. And what dumbfounds him is that they give the distinct impression of being very happy with their captivity. Nature is his path of life; in Its presence is his fullness of joy. He finds Nature to be wondrous and marvelous in Its present; wondrous and marvelous in Its antiquity and wondrous and marvelous in Its future. The land, the valleys, the waters, the hills and the skies of day and night are Its present, Its antiquity and Its future to him. And he is of this present, this antiquity and this future. This through experience, he knows Nature to be.

§Acco.28§ He knows open concealment to be the wondrous

way of Nature. Everywhere he feels everything and himself to be openly hidden in Nature. And he leisurely delights in living concurrently in openness and concealment. His ideas appear as hilltops and as streambeds in the valleys; as ancient oaks and as airy seeds upon a gentle breeze. He says "Nature is not measurable. It has no small place to be measured as being small and no large place as to being large." This is the knowing of Nature which he keeps constantly before him. And thus it is the knowing he has of himself. It is the wellspring of his integrity from which flows forth his unbounded way of looking at everything.

§Acco.29§ He says that the dawn midday and eve; the eve midnight and dawn sublimely declare the wonders of Nature. And day nightly does he rejoice in his own dawns middays and eves; in his eves midnights and dawns. Greatly does he delight in charmingly declaring the wonders of himself as being within the wonders of Nature; a declaration that is of the most constant and abiding kind. The sky of day and the heavens of night; the landscape and the waters are his comprehensive folios from which he anticipatively reads; carefully reflected upon and pleurably either doesn't act or act upon accordingly. The first thing he does with waking is to look up at the dawn sky, then about to the land and the waters. And the last thing he does with going to sleep is to look up at the heavens of night. When he speaks of looking up at the sky or the heavens, he always refers to them as being over: over there rather than being there above for that is where he feels them to be.

§Acco.30§ He likes how the Sun at dawn seems to be excitedly resuming its adventurous journeying from whence and where it had left off at eve; how the stars at eve seem to be twinklingly resuming their adventurous journeying from whence and where they had left off at dawn. This is how he too looks at life; looks at his life, in that it is always and everywhere a carrying on from whence and where he had left off. As such he has no need; no use for the daftness of the Druids the Christians who are always harping on about the need to keep ever before themselves such pressing concerns of theirs alone as: the flight of time, the brevity both of joy and sorrow and the irresistible approach of eternity.

§**Acco.31**§ He likes not to personify Nature or to endow with human qualities the wonders of Nature. The only wonders of Nature with human qualities and the human form, he says are we humans. There is no reason why we should be saying anything other than the human has human qualities and form, no more than saying that a tree has river qualities and form or an ant or an elk. Everything has its own qualities; its own form; even changing forms. Yet, from time to time he allows himself to personify Nature and Its wonders only if he thinks it helpful for those who are having difficulty understanding Nature and the ways of Nature. However, as much as possible, he refrains from doing so. He says that the wonders of Nature primarily address themselves to our senses. And oft for instance, not even do they address themselves in articulate sounds to our ears but as images to our eyes; not even as visible shapes to our eyes but as resonances to our ears or as fragrances to our noses but as tastes to our tongue.

§**Acco.32**§ His words are hilltops and valleys for the Sun; their fragrances going out into the surrounding countryside and their wisdom reaching to the shores of the island. Even to lands and regions way beyond must they be even now arriving. For him the Sun is as a floating island of golden light in the vast blue waters of the sky; in the mighty Atlantic, his soft green hued home. Nature, he oft wisely declares, has everything; It lacks for nothing. Neither has It any redundancies or omissions; It is complete in all Its parts and harmonious as a whole. Those who will try to add to It; who will try to alter It or even try to take from It, has he feels, no understanding of Its essence. Nature lacks for nothing. Each and everything; each and every person is as Nature is, complete and harmonious. The Druids and the Christians, he looks upon as having stupidly deviated from Nature. They are introducers of imaginary uncertainties into life and the creators of systems to resolve such uncertainties. It never dawns on them to give up deviating from Nature. He looks to the Sun through wavy leaves and its light is his enlightenment. He strolls along by gently flowing streams and their sounds and movement make his joy. And he ascends into the hills and mountains and their steadiness becomes his own. He can't understand why anyone will want to deviate from such continuous nourishments, encouragements and strengths.

§Acco.33§ Nature is his pure delight; every flower a fragrant truth ever acceptable in his heart. With dwelling his mind in height, depth and width he is constantly a sovereignty of serenity. Notwithstanding the natural, everyday difficulties encountered in life, all his days are days of refreshing contentment. He says that there is no presence like that which is Nature and no refreshment and joy like that which comes forth from Its wellsprings. For him, the joy of our senses is the honour of our heart; the honour of our heart the pleasure of Nature.

§Acco.34§ He marvels at the gentleness and strength of Nature; a marveling that is of the deepest respect. He seems to have been born to live, think and tell of the wonders of Nature. And the joy of that role is always visible in his countenance. He is not merely a philosopher of this age but the pre-eminent philosopher of this age for there is no one on the island that is using their mind in the way he does. You feel you are in another world when listening to him; a wondrous world where you are never sure if your feet are still touching the ground or not.

§Acco.35§ As, Nature is his heart's desire, It seems to withhold nothing from him; everywhere showering him with bountifulness of insight. It precedes and surrounds him with inspiration; the inspiration of the richest, rarest and most intellectually charming kind. 'Because Nature is splendourous, we are beautiful.' he delights to say. He is for us who know him, an overflowing wellspring of joyfulness; a Sun filling and bathing of our world with his countenance and radiant words. He has an unwavering confidence in Nature; his trust in It overleaping the boundaries of place and time. He trusts in the Nature of thousands upon thousands of years before or after as much as he does in the Nature of this day. And it is for this reason that I never tire of saying: He is no ordinary philosopher of the valleys and the hills; no nor is he an ordinary philosopher of the settlement holdings and harbours. Assuredly, he is different.

§Acco.36§ A Christian priest of late said to him: "In my opinion, it being the opinion of my system of belief: in the opinion of Christianity, our One God Above All gods and what you call nature, albeit you call it with a capital 'N' are one and the same. I

would like to hear your views on this; like you to confirm it.” And he having heartily laughed out loud, answered the priest by saying: “Dream on all the nights long and throughout the days too, if you should so wish to hold such a preposterous point of view. And know you this too: Nature uppercase and nature lowercase are not interchangeable. Nature lowercase may be said to refer to the activities and the inactivities of Nature: the movement and the stillness.” And the priest had no words that will come to his tongue.

§**Acco.37§** Everywhere is he contented with Nature; everywhere with himself is he contented. It comes as no surprise at all to him, to learn that the Druids and Christians are at times given over to grumbling and complaining that they feel their gods or God has forsaken them. Had they, he says in the first place never forsaken Nature they will have no reason for such grumbling and complaining; such uneasiness. They will have realized that Nature never forsakes anything; never does It forsake Itself. Howsoever, they having eyes to see they don’t bother to observe; having ears to hear they don’t take the time to listen. If they were to take the time to listen; bother to observe they can come to know that Nature is everywhere contented with Itself.

§**Acco.38§** He says that in the days of ancient days in the long of long ago, there would have been no one who didn’t naturally put their trust in Nature. And those who were still trusting in It were doing so because their parents; because their ancestors had never left off of trusting. Such trusting was a way of life and those who lived by it fared very well by it. Nature was always and everywhere giving them abundant cause to trust by keeping them safe and sound. That admirable trust in the providence of Nature they had taught by word and example to their children. And he always speaks with gratitude and joy for having been born to such parents; to such ancestors. With a lively living refreshing sense of life does he embody that same trust. He is an elk of the morning; a seashore of the noon, a landscape of the evening and a constellation of the night.

§**Acco.39§** Having Nature as his constant provider; as his trustful guide, he has everything he needs. He wants for nothing. The grass beneath his feet always feels soft and moist; the vistas

always lovely in his eyes and the waters upon his tongue ever refreshing. He lives his life according to Nature; a life brimming over with wholesomeness. There is no place where Nature isn't with him; no place where he isn't with Nature. And he likes to say, in his playful way: "As there is no place where Nature doesn't exist, so there is no place where I don't exist."

§Acco.40§ He says the sunny blue sky of day and the starry dark heavens of night; the rains, snows, mists and wavy seawaters; the shores and cliffs; the mountains and valleys; the elks and the foxes, the birds and the honeybees; the pasturelands and the streams; the butterflies and the ants and you and me are all of the same fullness: the fullness of Nature. When upon all of these we gaze, he says we are gazing upon purities of Nature. And when these upon us gaze they too are gazing upon a purity of Nature for Nature no matter where or what is pure. In the dawn and when with opening your eyes, he says be in full thankfulness of heart that you are in the new day. The new day way is to be of a thankful heart. Joyfully arise and so graciously go present your countenance: present yourself to the new day Sun. Have your day be well begun. To Nature does he entirely bring his day-nightly life for so great and full is his confidence in Nature. Each dawn he arises with a sense of gratitude for the new night that had been and for the new day that is already on its way. He is of a continuous joyful expectation to learn more and more about the pathways of Nature; ready and willing is he to be guided by Nature.

§Acco.41§ With, honour and pleasure, I have much I can give account of him. He is not distracted by other ways; not lead astray by the ways of the Druids or the ways of the Christians. Neither is he distracted nor lead astray by atheistic or agnostic ways or by those who claim to be totally indifferent to any and all forms of religious expression. His way is with Nature and in Nature does he place his complete trust. His admirable tenderness is his strength; that strength is always with him. His way is of goodness; goodness all the way. He leads himself and cultures himself in saying and doing that which is harmonious with Nature. He has the way of Nature within him. All his pathways are of gratitude and joy. I never saw him not to be joyful; never heard him not to be grateful. He

dwells at ease in Nature whether he is in the settlement holdings or in the pasturelands; whether strolling in the valleys and mountains or along the seashore. His integrity with Nature he lets preserve him; always walking in the joyful expectation of Nature. His relationship with Nature is one of immediacy, inheritance and prospect; one of fragrant companionship and purest trust. Daily does he let Nature reveal to him deeper secrets: deeper meanings. His eyes are observing eyes; his ears listening ears and his mind as all his senses are is ever attentive. That which sets him apart from all the thinkers here on the island both in at least the near olden times and in the present is that he is the first one to put forth the unheard of idea that the mind is a sense; yes that it is one of the senses along with the eyes, ears, nose, tongue and skin and the numerous other nameless senses with which we are made up of. This has profound implications for helping anyone understand how he interprets the world about him and how he sees himself within it. He is more than a mere thinker; he is a philosopher: a philosopher of the natural kind. Nature he knows to be his teacher; a willing student of Nature is he. In ages ever coming, the island will no doubt produce many great philosophers of the natural kind, such as he; all of whom assuredly will feel an unending debt and depth of gratitude to him for his dauntless boundless speculations. Yet, if you were to say such things to him in person, he will with his characteristic smile most likely say something of a similitude to: "Gracious to goodness but aren't we all lyrical philosophers of the natural kind anyway here on the island for such a way of philosophizing comes quite naturally to us and quite naturally has it been coming to us ever since that moment when in our suckling days our eyes by the Sun were first softly touched; our hair by a gentle breeze playfully tossed and our tongues by a wafting mist leavened." Howsoever, he also accepts the reality that many there are too here of the island who think, speak, act and write as if these Nature ushers like him, don't even exist. This acceptance at times momentarily veils a distinctive sadness upon his otherwise serene countenance. For the lonely he always has an encouraging word; for the afflicted a shoulder to lean on. And whosoever he meets; whosoever is willing to give ear to his words, he effortlessly and even unbeknownst to them guides them into feeling their troubles

and distresses of heart, senses and body are of an unnatural kind: that they are very much and for the most part of their own making and choosing. According to their level of knowledge of Nature, he wondrously explains to them how to be in the way of Nature; how to live wholesomely. And in that place: in that place of attentive listening to his words, they begin to find themselves in the goodness of health in body, senses and heart. This with joyfulness of heart, I can personally vouch for since I too gratefully am one who is being touched by his prodigious words and fascinating character.

§Acco.42§ He is one who speaks and acts in his integrity; even in his stillness and silence can his integrity be seen and felt. Without wavering does he expectantly trust in Nature. The wondrous beauty and miraculous doings of Nature are always in his eyes and ears; always in his senses. Faithfully does his innocence and honesty walk in Nature. And although, he can on occasion make time to sit and courteously converse with either Druids or Christians or both together, he does not let their pretentious ways have any sway in his heart. To all and to whomsoever he meets does he delight in telling of the wonders of Nature. There is at such times a certain glistening in his eyes and a lovely quivering in his voice that makes you feel as if you are in the presence of someone from way beyond the moon, Sun and stars. Where most of us will take our existence for granted, he loves inhabiting Nature. This seemingly is a thought with which he begins each new day and each new night. We don't merely exist, he says rather do we dwell and that the way of that dwelling is to be characterized by graciousness, gratitude and joy. Anyone can be, he says but how to be is what makes all the difference.

§Acco.43§ He told me that oft while sitting beneath a settlement holding tree happily telling stories with children or riding in a ferryboat chatting away freely with his fellow passengers, he feels as if he isn't really there; that he is in truth dwelling in some secret place within such public spaces. And that at times, he said that while sitting alone in a grove in a valley or on a promontory overlooking the sea, he feels himself to be hidden away in some faraway nearness. Sometimes in the small hours of the morning you

might hear him out on a hillside pleurably as a wolf raising his voice to the moon and the stars or of a mid afternoon hear him on the seashore contentedly as an elk throw open a shout or two or three to the sky, Sun and sea. Surely he in his heart is at such times warmly welcoming and graciously receiving their wondrous replies.

§Acco.44§ While the Druids and the Christians are always inquiring for and requiring the presence of their deities or deity as their vital need, he alone has no such concerns for he is ever dwelling his mind and body in the caring spontaneity of Nature. He feels sorry for them that they have cast off Nature; forsaken Nature in favour of simulated realities. And it amazes him too how they can think that anyone who isn't for them is automatically against them. He knows them to have a foe mentality: entirely convinced that non-believers are somehow out to get them. It is for this reason surely that while they are for the most part quite civil to him, they do in their hearts consider him to be a potential threat to their way of thinking and way of life. Their days and nights are spent in pleading to their deities or deity to protect them from such people as he. He oft thinks them to be somewhat paranoid; thinking that everywhere, some false witnesses are risen up against them who will be speaking all kinds of blasphemy against them. Their ways are far from his or more to the truth of the matter, his ways are nowhere to be found in their thoughts, intentions, silences, words or actions. Their world; their symmetrical world made up as it is of what they like to call 'the land of the living' and 'the land of the dead' are nowhere to be found within his thoughts, howsoever widely his mind he will spread. He never goes out of his way to speak with them; he never seeks them out for a discussion, rather it is they who seek him out. Yet he being true to his courteous nature never turns them away. He is of the exemplar view that it is polite and only right to listen to what people have to say, especially when they have come to speak with you from over the hills and faraway but that with either way, finding their words to be pleasing or no, to have them quite soon to go or to longer stay.

§Acco.45§ As there is no time when he feels he can't be listening to Nature, so no time too is there he feels when Nature isn't listening to him. Thus he doesn't have any need to be raising

his voice in any form of supplication or crying and bewailing with arms outstretched, like the Druids and the Christians do, towards some Holy of Holies for help as if Nature is some kind of a deity or even a supernatural anthropological entity of sorts. When he speaks to anyone it is with the integrity of Nature; no malice or mischief of any kind is embedded in his words. His regard for the surpassing ways of Nature is always uppermost in his mind. His trust in Nature is like an impenetrable rock; a trusting of the highly unyielding kind; the kind that willingly and joyfully lets itself be daily nourished and cultured solely by Nature. He loves to ascribe to Nature gentleness in powerfulness; powerfulness in gentleness. He never tires of complimenting Nature for everywhere in the natural world about him does he see and experience It to be majestically presenting Itself to him and not alone to him but to anyone who is of receiving eyes and receptive ears. Nature he knows to be beautiful, marvelous and abundantly generous. There is nowhere he doesn't experience the wondrous ways of Nature. When he looks to the skies of day he can see them there, everywhere; see them there everywhere in the heavens of night he can. When he listens to the sounds of mighty trees swaying in the wind, he knows them everywhere there to be; knows them everywhere there he to be in the sounds of tiny flowers being gently brushed against the base of a sandstone rock. He is a listener for the multi-tuned voices of Nature; an observer of Its multi-faceted appearances. He always emphasizes that Nature is never in any way to be worshiped. For anyone to be worshipping Nature as if It were some kind of a supreme being, deity or entity, he says only proves that such a person has no idea whatsoever of either what Nature isn't or what Nature is. He says strong winds, thunder, lightning and rain do of a morn, afternoon, eve or night toss everything this way and thither; soak the ground to welling up and split ancient oaks to the very depths of their roots. The raging sea of a night or day surges and crashes walls of standing water in on to the land and the frosts, sleet and snows do freeze and ice everything under as if they are never again meant to be seen. Yet comes the warm suns of the new days and everything is again brought into delightful appearances. He has this amazing ability of being able to place his point of view, above as it were, strong winds, thunder, lightning and rain; above raging seawaters, frosts, sleet,

ices and snows. On stepping stones of immense thought does he traverse star streams, rivers, lakes, seas and oceans.

§Acco.46§ The way of Nature is his faithful way; his faithful way his truth. His confident trust in Nature is never disappointed. He stretches his gazes to observe Nature; his ears he full wide opens to listen to Nature. He is being guided by Nature; ever willingly letting himself be guided by Nature. He oft compares the words of the Druids and the Christians to nets that are trying to catch him out on something. They would like to bring him down as they do a bird from the sky but they can't since he is too swift a flight for them. Yet, secretly some of them have told me that his spirit of freedom is what they admire the most in him. He is of a gladness and joy that is refreshingly spontaneous; combined it is with a charming sense of humour. He seems to be everywhere and always aware of Nature's steadfast interest and gracious concern for him. He strolls his thoughts in spaciousness; in broadness reaching further by far, in height great extending, in width wide opening and in depth down deepening. His day nightly life he spends with contentment and his seasons with rejoicing. The strength of his trust in Nature never fails him. To all who meet him, he becomes a solace and a challenge but especially to those of us who will listen even to his on the ground, on a rock, on a tree or in still waters shadow. Once having heard him speak your acquaintance with your previous way of thinking will never again be the same nor will you feel any need or desire to want to have it back again. Such is the effect his words can have on you and not alone his words but the sound of his voice when uttering them. Sometimes, I feel that he can say an unfamiliar word or phrase and even if there and then I can't grasp what they mean, it doesn't really matter for the sound of his voice is itself a transmitter of meanings other than those associated with words. He says were words as plentiful as ants and raindrops still there will not be enough of them to carry all the meanings of everything that is ever coming forth and are ever original. Whenever, say in late spring, he happens upon a damaged blossoming hawthorn twig or come across a broken off tree branch stretched out helpless on the ground there before him, he does in silence softly sob away to himself and he isn't in the better of such

scenes for the rest of the day. That is just his way; empathy all the way. He experiences and knows Nature to be a place and in and of that place does he see himself and all of us to be: places among the myriads and myriads of places of Nature. He though says to know that Nature has no place beyond Itself; there is no outside of Nature; Nature alone there is. Yet he isn't simply referring to what we see about us: the landscape, the waterscape or even the sky or the heavens. He is for all intents and purposes living and proposing a thinking that is in different ways; a looking in different places for the realities of our existence. He knows his places all to be provided for him by Nature; never is he in want of any place. The Sun shines brightly upon his countenance; the mists softly upon his mane; the land beneath his feet firmly supports him; the waters his rafts and boats effortlessly him floats along and the air wondrously gives lift to his body. When he speaks he always speaks the truth. I have never heard him to tell a lie nor have I ever heard of him having ever told a lie to anyone. There is an honesty within him; a consistent honesty about him that both precedes him and follows after him. He cultures in himself an ability to see through people. Before a deception or a lie reaches a person's tongue: it having departed from their pavilion of intention, he already has detected it en route and so knows how to react to it when it is spoken. With that level of sensitivity is he attuned in your presence. He has this lovely saying: "How great and wondrous is the goodness of Nature." You always feel such expressions are but the tip of a tall stem of high summer grass. There is so much more beneath below and down adown to his richly rooted words.

§Acco.47§ You always feel from him that when he speaks to you he is speaking from out of the silence of not alone himself but of the surrounding and that silence you can sense to be an undulating vastness. His words have a faraway coming near to you quality about them which having been spoken disappear into you as wispy white clouds do into the blue. Nature never gives him any displeasure for if ever and seldom it is that he happens to be caught out in a shower of rain or made to be unsure of foot by flood waters, he well knows that not to be a discomfort placed on him or put in his way by Nature but rather that it is due to he himself not

having paid enough attention to the tell-tale signs in the sky and land of such imminent occurrences. In summer days he is dwelling in summer days; in autumn autumn; in winter winter and in spring spring. Yet he does with them here and there enjoy retrieving for his tongue scenes of seasons long gone by and of drawing forth too, he does into his words of seasons yet to unfold. And in his telling of such unfolding seasons there are predictions of happenings that are going to take a place; going to take a place over going to take place being the operative phrase. His predictions are always 'place' associated; 'when' never figures into them for though such time related words by me, here are frequently being used he doesn't believe in time that is for sure. He says sundials and the like devices exist; languages in spoken and written do too but time doesn't. And although his words oft also includes time related references, he only thinks in terms of places. In places over from today, in what we will say yesterdays or the past, is he hidden to be seen from here; in place here, what we will say today or the present, is he hidden to be seen in plain sight and in places over from today, what we will say tomorrows or the future, is he also hidden to be seen from here. Without attempting to appreciate that he only believes in places; that he doesn't at all believe in the existence of time, can he be comprehended to the levels of thought vertigo that he deserves and is desirable.

§Acco.48§ Good words he says are most becoming and appropriate for those who are uncompromisingly sincere in their following of Nature. He loves to sing joyfully along with the sounds of a streamlet; with the to and fro of waves on the shore and the playfulness of breezes in bushes and trees. And his songs are as his accompaniments are ever new and ever are they only of that place: the place in which he finds himself to be. He never plans his singing; it has no rehearsals yet it is skillfully harmonious. Wherever he sings it is spontaneous. His voice is of a mellifluousness and strength that can cause unbeknownst to yourself, your eyes to well up and brim over with tears of great felicity. I don't think he is even aware that he possesses such powers. He speaks and acts in faithfulness to Nature. By his thoughts are his words formed; his words, his thoughts inspire. His surrounding is full of the goodness that he brings to it and that goodness is already there to welcome

him. By his words are fashioned his stories of old and all their liveliness by the spirit of his intonations and pauses brought into life. He gathers the streams, the rivers and the wavy waters as if in a rain droplet; putting the deeper meanings in storage places. He observes that when Nature moves to do something it is done; when It doesn't, it isn't done for no need in the first place is there to have it done. He brings to the happenings of Nature a fullness in his word; the ways of Nature to be of great effect. His words, needless to say will stand for seasons upon seasons; his thoughts through generations long stretching will become a precious philosophical heritage of the island. I consider myself very fortunate to be known to him for such a person only comes along once in a lifetime; perhaps only once in every few hundred years or more. The generations of the way up over will for sure this be able to confirm.

§Acco.49§ His dwelling place is wherever he decides it to be; here there anywhere he finds the Sun to be coming on in through. He loves the Sun and whether it is visible or not to him, he always feels it to be full of caring for him; ever watchful over him. Even at night time when though the Sun is well out of sight does he feel it to be watching over him. He is never earnestly waiting for the Sun to rise or for it to reappear from behind a cloud for confidently knows he it will and it will be to him as if it were the first time that they have ever been in each other's delightful presence. His joyfulness at seeing the Sun is of a proportion to his contended waiting to see it and feel it.

§Acco.50§ He always greets you with a lovely smile and a good word and that good word will always be with reference to the given loveliness of Nature about. I will say that even in his strolling on his own is he inwardly complimenting away the given loveliness of Nature about him. Being as he is everywhere enchanted by the sublime beauty of Nature as expressed in the physical features about him in the land, waters and sky, such complimenting comes quite naturally to him. He says: "Our existence and wellbeing comes to us from Nature." And he invites you to observe and to listen to Nature; to scent, feel, taste and think the goodness of Nature. By his joyful countenance; his undulating stillness, his intoned words and his circumspect actions will you well know that he is a follower of Nature. Or if you wish, this can be expressed in another way as

to say: by his joyful countenance; his undulating stillness, his intoned words and his circumspect actions will well let you know that he is not a follower of anything other than of Nature. He speaks trust to be at the heart of our relationship with Nature. He says if you fear Nature as you will storms and floods; as you will wolves and snakes, then you don't know Nature. If you fear Nature as you will the sky falling down on top of you or the moon rolling and wheeling about recklessly through a forest or the Sun is suddenly crashing down into the sea and creating mountain high waves, then you don't know Nature. If you were to look upon Nature as your religion and as the Druids and the Christians do fear It as they will their gods or God, then for sure, you don't know Nature: you are not a follower of Nature for there is no fear involved in following Nature. He says: "Fear is not a prerequisite for following Nature nor is it in any way meant thereafter to become for the follower a way of life." Without having any fear of Nature all will abundantly be given to us, he says according to our need; we will lack of nothing. He consistently believes in being uncompromisingly trustful of Nature.

§Acco.51§ Should he happen to be in a place at the threshing of wheat, he will without ever being asked to do so, willingly and happily lend a helping hand. He is great to work alongside for he neither rushes nor does he lag behind and he believes in the value of pauses. He has a mighty sense of humour; the kind of good natured humour that makes you chuckle as much inwardly as laugh outwardly. And he is ever interested in each of the threshing stages. He always says to us to be most grateful to the chaff too for though now it seemingly appears to be good for nothing and nothing good with it to do but to toss it to the wind to be blown to where so ever, it has a sacred a role to play in the protection of the developing grains. He is like that, in that he sees things; yes sees significant little things that we will never notice or even give a second thought to. That is why it is really good having him around. He makes us realize that there is more to using our mind and senses than we will have hitherto thought possible. An interesting thing about him is that when he speaks of the mind: the brain in the head, he speaks about it in such a way that it feels like he is talking about the nose, the eyes, the tongue, the ears or even the skin. I don't think he sees the

brain as being anything different from them. I will even go as far as saying that he looks upon it as simply being just another one of the senses. He has this truly lovely saying: "Let our joyfulness in the harvest be magnified; its prosperity as the high blue sky embodied in the pleasure of our ancestors."

§Acco.52§ He tells of having known of people who had been for many the year growing and culturing themselves in the knowledge and wisdom of Nature and who then all out of a laziness ceased this growing and culturing and instead turned to the new way of thinking that had been for some time now seeping in and coming ashore to the island, namely the Christian way of thinking. This is something he finds very hard to understand for to him journeying into the knowledge and wisdom of Nature is the mightiest of ongoing adventures. Without being of the knowledge and wisdom of Nature how is it possible, he says to live naturally; to sleep contentedly, to dream wonderfully and to wake with gratitude and joyful expectation. The way of growing and culturing oneself in the knowledge and wisdom of Nature he says is to be consistently and diligently observing It in the littlest to the largest; the largest to the littlest and making your own of the findings. He knows abiding in Nature to be precious presence; Its generosity to be precious steadfastness. Nature is his fountain of life and light; everywhere sipping of its streams is his greatest pleasure. Life and light according to him comes forth from darkness; darkness being the source of all life and light. To be claiming that life and in particular light is somehow in opposition to darkness and even going as far as stating that light is meant to overcome darkness is, he says to show a deep lack of understanding of darkness; a fundamental lack of understanding of Nature. Life and light he takes to be substances; elements as it were of Nature, everywhere coming forth from darkness and everywhere returning back into darkness. Even darkness itself, he takes to be a substance; an element as it were of Nature which everywhere comes forth from Nature and returns back into Nature. The Christians cannot at all accept him for having such a view. The Druids, however are a little more open to such a view as they don't believe darkness has to be conquered. It coequally exists along with light in that one follows after the other as does day after night, night after day; the light season after the

dark season, the dark season after the light season but they do not claim as he that light comes forth from darkness and into darkness returns.

§**Acco.53**§ At the heart of his thinking is trust in Nature and his words and actions are all of goodness. As the noonday Sun does he delight in being in the place he finds himself; desiring for nothing more than to be left fully live the marvelous life of a follower of Nature. There is an abundance of contentment and joy about him; a peacefulness and felicity that will reach you ever before, he has come into your presence and remain it will with you long after he has left. It is akin to a rare fragrance. In conversation with him you are the one who is doing most of the talking for he is a great listener. There is something in the way he listens to you which gives you the feeling that you just want to reveal to him all that is on your mind. And then when he speaks to you, you have the impression that he has been replying to you all along, even ever since before you had started talking to him. His stepping upon the ground is very light; so much so that at times you can't be sure if he is actually touching the ground or not. And there is no swiftness in his walking for he wants to be observing anything and everything as he goes along. Taking time to pause is as important to him as taking time to walk. He is extraordinary that is for sure, yet his ordinariness never lets you feel it to be a problem.

§**Acco.54**§ He never stands aloof from anyone; not even from his own shadow does he stand aloof. He never gives any difficulty to anyone; neither is he condescending or in any way humiliating. There is soundness in his body and a freshness and verve in his words. He never appears to be burdened with anything. And it isn't that there aren't plenty of things that can burden him but rather he is of an admirable strength of character that allows him not to give in to being burdened by anything. That is not at all an easy thing to do. He never tries to entrap anyone with his words, though his words at times can make you very much aware of your own foolishness and lack of effort when it comes to culturing yourself to be brilliant. He does not say crafty or mischievous things. He neither listens nor looks not at anything that isn't of goodness. And if for some reason you try to argue with him; in the sense of

having it out with him in words over something, you will only be wasting your time for he never allows himself to engage in such pointlessness. The root of his goodly way of life is to be found in his following of goodness; in his following of Nature. Once I asked him if Nature is transcendent; if there is such a thing as transcendent goodness and he replied that transcendence has no application when it comes to speaking of Nature; has no application when it comes to speaking of goodness for Nature is not outside of all there is. Nature is all there is and that which is is all goodness. Well that was the beginning and the end of that conversation. May it well serve as an open doorway to understanding and appreciating his everywhere openness to goodness; his everywhere openness to Nature. He is more than someone who is intellectually very bright; he is of a wisdom full in measure and brimming over.

§Acco.55§ If he happens to find himself in the presence of Druidic or Christian priests, he will more often than not be inclined to say very little for to be over speaking, he says is only to be inviting them to find some issues with his words; with his ideas. Sufficient it is for him to leave his presence be his spokesperson. He is neither concerned about having a beginning nor having an end for he holds to no such concepts. Notions of how transient his existence might be is never a consideration for him. He lives in and of the days and nights with gratitude and joy; not needing for anything. Time he does not apply to his life. Time is what others talk and with it confuse places. There is no comparison in outlook between those who consider everything from the concept time, I myself had been such a person and one such as he who only lives his life in accordance with places: without having any need whatsoever for the concept time. Time he says is like placing say a nothing at all number before a sequence of numbers starting at one and then proceeding to calculate everything in relation to that number. All sorts of wondrous calculations can no doubt be produced by having such a no number at all number be present from the outset, however, such a no number at all number is precisely that: no number at all. Time he says for the sake of language, can be spoken of as such a no number at all number. Thinking in terms of time only entraps and entangles the mind, he says and constrains existence as if placing it and keeping it like a

bird in a wicker basket. And so for this reason, he doesn't have anything to do with time other than for others' sake; purely he goes along with it for the sake of communication. And that going along with is very tied in with his idea of always being courteous to others. He says that it will be better not speak to someone if one isn't of a courteous heart for only discourteous words will be produced. And just because someone is discourteous to you doesn't mean you should reciprocate such shameful generosity. Courtesy he holds in very high esteem. He enjoys heaping up his riches, namely storing up his words: reflections, insights and wisdom for future generations. Not knowing who in future generations will be seeking out his thoughts greatly fascinates him. In his thoughts transmitted does he know himself to be there too everywhere wherever to be living. And he always says that he knows that whenever he opens his mouth to speak it is not he who speaks but Nature expressing Its reflections through him. Nature and he are never two. He is a breath of Nature and in his speaking there is the living life of Nature. Where he is he is; where he isn't he isn't yet can possibly be. The Druids and even more so the Christians are always emphasizing to him the transitory nature of life; that our existence is temporary and that we will one day pass out of this life and on over into some other permanent existence where we will be free from any and all difficulties; where we will be eternally happy that is of course conditional upon our having lived a goodly life. This is not part of his way of looking at things. Time related concepts such temporary resident or transient stranger have no meaning for him. And because they hold no meaning for him, they have no hold on his happiness. I can say for sure that he is truly the happiest person I have ever met; a delightful embodiment of encouraging strength.

§**Acco.56**§ By walking in the presence of Nature he knows himself to be the able maker of his own days and nights. To walk in the presence of Nature is to realize that as well as there being no dangers there is also plenty of potential danger. In other words, he knows that the strength of Nature has everywhere to be respected. When wanting to wade across a river it is not being respectful to Nature to be attempting to do so when its floodwaters are making their joyful way to the sea. Not putting himself in harms way is his way of showing that he understands and respects Nature. If, for

instance, he happened to slip and hurt himself in an icy way or a damp mossy rock, he will blame no one for it but himself. The same will be true if he when walking along a tree branch happened to almost fall on him. And if he had spoken with all sincerity and openness of heart to someone and they had bestowed on him some hurt filling reply, he will blame no one for it but himself. In truth, he will feel sad that he hadn't been more alert and respectful to Nature.

§**Acco.57§** Not acting impulsively; not rushing but showing an abundance of patience goes a long ways to describing his character. He is good at tilting his eyes to Nature; inclining his ears and leaning his body. As the Sun, he establishes his own comings and goings; as it respects Nature so does he. He lives each new day and night in the light of what he has experienced and learnt in his yester days and nights. He says that one of the best attitudes you can have with respect to Nature is to realize that It is everywhere old new. It is never the same as It was yesterday. Its everywhere new oldness, he says is Its constant. And he knows himself too to be of that same new oldness. If you are of the envious type, you will envy his awesome trust in Nature. The Druids and the Christians claim and proclaim to be putting their absolute trust in their gods or God but they pale in comparison to the trust he puts in Nature. It is no wonder then that he has no depth of interest in either their words or their ways. Sometimes, he can be heard to speak of them as if they are not two but one and the same disposition; the only difference being that they express themselves differently. He doesn't view their ways as being false per se, more like he views them as making no sense to him. Nature is for him everything; the companion of his body; the marvel of his senses and the wonder of his heart. He knows It to have no need of being worshipped; no need of any religious rituals being performed to It: no need of burnt sacrifices, mutilations, fasts, self-inflictions or never ending repetitious invocations. If we are to speak of Nature being in need of anything from us, he says it will simply be that we everywhere completely respect It; everywhere fully trust It. Nature he believes has given him the capacity to respect and trust and that that trust and respect is to be for Nature. This is the delight of his heart and his heart's delight in its doing.

§**Acco.58§** Whenever you meet him you will be assured of receiving some glad tidings. I know of one old woman who has even nicknamed him ‘Gladtidings’. He always has a great story for you about something he saw or heard. It can be of him having watched a butterfly sitting in the Sun, a thrush singing on a winter branch or an elk and a wolf sipping next to each other from a stream of a warm summer’s day. And he loves to talk about the people he meets along the way: loves to be retelling their stories. He is a great storyteller. And he has no problem with adapting and embellishing a story depending on his listeners. If he is telling stories say to children they will be spellbound by his words, gestures and sounds for he has this way of making you feel that you are actually there with him when he sees and hears such marvelous things. I think it is both a gift and something that he has cultured.

§**Acco.59§** He says never be today what you were yesterday for that will cause you to miss out on today. Today is a place to be fully lived in. To remain silent about Nature: not sharing your experiences of It, will, he will say prove that you aren’t really a follower of Nature. Sharing things about Nature; sharing insights come quite naturally to the true followers of Nature. And such a follower is he. A Christian priest once asked him, is it possible for a true Christian to be at the same time a true follower of Nature. He answered by asking, had the priest ever come across a fish swimming in a river and concurrently flying in the air. And the priest having never seen such a scene and knowing quite well it not to be possible, heartily laughed. And he did not tarry his own laughter at such laughter.

§**Acco.60§** He is of a strength and richness to whosoever he meets. Even for those who have never met him but have heard of him, do they feel his words to be a sunshine in their life. And although he is not a religious person, in the sense that he doesn’t adhere to any religion in both belief and practice, people can’t but help speak of his thoughts as if they are religious since they are without a familiar vocabulary with which to describe his thoughts. His way of thinking is very new to them. Many consider his mind to be some kind of an aberration that life has for some unknown reason produced but hasn’t accompanied it with a lexicon with

which to be able to describe it. They are as such at times very much at a loss; their only course of action is to fall back on their familiar vocabulary: their familiar phrases, idioms, metaphors and the like. And that vocabulary, with the influx of the Christian way of thinking, increasingly tends towards being more and more religious. In other words, they speak of him using a mixture of Druidic and Christian words with additions from their own local dialect. And I admit I too at times find myself stuck for words when talking or writing about his thoughts. For this to him do I feel heavy at heart and of my listeners and readers do I ask understanding. The ordinary everyday people, whatever their beliefs are, like to refer to him as 'The Blessed of the Three Spaces' namely that of the land, the waters and the firmament: the sky of day and the heavens of night. The Druidic priests refer to him as 'One of Our Own Gone Lost.' While to the Christian priests, he is 'The Back of Beyonds.' And besides these names, both the Druids and they have many other appellations for him. His gracious, fragrant words have a way of sustaining, refreshing and strengthening you. If for instance, you have been anxious about something that anxiety will already have started taking its leave of you with you just having heard the sound in your ears of him wording his words of greeting. If you ever doubted the power of words, phrases, idioms, metaphors and the like to transform, then doubt no longer for I have seen and I have heard and experienced such power utilized by him. I am of the belief that even his words in written form will in the generations ever coming contain not just a residual power but that they will be as potent then as when he had first spoken them. But I will include this word; this caveat and say that they can and will only be power acting for those who are open to such wonders of Nature. Now, you may think I am exaggerating about him but I assure you I am not. He is truly genuine and of a goodness brimming over; extraordinarily ordinary in his extraordinariness. He is a refreshingly new thought phenomenon in our midst in the bountiful way in which he looks at life; looks at existence. Such a rarity requires a new vocabulary or a stretching of the known vocabulary or a rearranging of syntaxes to describe it but alas I am struggling to be able to do so. And it is very interesting to note that the Christian priests in particular feel there is no need to be too bothered about

him and his ideas for they see him to be but a one-time happening. And besides, they feel that their new way of thought with its unstoppable momentum will before long win over the minds and hearts of the people, regardless of his existence or any intellectual legacy he might leave. They are of the calculative cunning attitude and opinion that it is inevitable that their thought system will completely take over the old Druidic ways of thinking or any other ways of thinking found in unexplored areas above or below ground on and about the island. All that they have to do, they believe is rather than trying to convert him it is perhaps much easier just to let him harmlessly live out his fullness of days and that his ideas will perish along with him. And as if that isn't enough, they are also going to make sure that all memory of his existence and his thoughts will never again see the light of day. Well that is not going to happen if I and others of a kindred spirit and determination can help it. They will enter no record in their writings of him and his thoughts of ever having existed. It will then be as if they had come; had preached and converted the populous of the island without a single person having intellectually challenged their counter-natural doctrines. Their thinking on him is he well aware but he doesn't let it bother him in the slightest for everywhere with integrity does he walk in the presence of Nature.

§Acco.61§ He says if we pick and choose to tell of a person's life that picking and choosing will depend very much upon our own interests. It is quite possible that our picking and choosing will only represent an aspect of ourselves as we see it in that person. In truth, it may not come anywhere near as how to how that person really thought or thinks about things or even will think about things. Perhaps it is just better then to say things as they are about a person rather than to be picking and choosing. In that way we can at least better present them to the future generations, thus affording them the greatest opportunity: the greatest freedom to think and say what they will about a person.

§Acco.62§ He never longs for anything; to thirst or hunger for anything. He seems always to be fully contented with the given; not needing for anything. And I am not referring here to foods that fill the stomach or to nourishments that strengthen the body. The

place in which he finds himself to be, whether it is in the valleys or along by the sea is fully sufficient for all of his intellectual needs, at that given moment. Nature being everywhere alive and full of life, does he know himself to be fully of that living. He doesn't recall for you pleasurable insights he had experienced long ago rather in his retelling of them to you is he as it were reliving them. In this way is he never missing any such pleasures. He never waits for Nature as do the Druids and the Christians expectantly wait for their gods or God to quickly come and rescue them from out of some difficulty. Nature being everywhere; everywhere is he in the company of Nature with minding himself. In the light of day he lives the day; in the dark of night sleeps he and dreams he carefreely away. At times in the course of a discussion with Druids or Christians, they most certainly ask him where is Nature. And he never replies to such a question, only heartily laughs and then with a courtesy to them walks away upon his way.

§Acco.63§ Every now and then he happens to meet a deceitful person. And although such people are few and far between, either he or they do somehow happen to meet each other. Who can explain such things? Upon seeing him, they will immediately make a beeline for him; not so unlike a moth does for a flame. And rather than he having anything to do with them, doesn't he take time to listen to them and engage with them in a conversation of their own liking. As long as the Sun shines on his forehead or the mists massage his countenance or the moon and stars move across his brow, will he let them speak away to him. I can never understand why he does so for I would have had nothing to do with such people. But dwelling as he does his thoughts in the light darkness the dark lightness of Nature, he fears no one. And it is interesting that such people will start out by being very cautious with their words to him; calculative with what they should say to him, howsoever, by the end of the conversation, they will quite unbeknownst to themselves have managed to entirely disown and abandon their disposition for deception and instead will have turned to walk in the wisdom of his words. By the seasons, who can explain such wonders?

§Acco.64§ As he looks upon days as places; looks upon the days of old as so many places of the over there everywhere here

about, he feels himself to be connected to them all. He is a place of places. The time concept he says is an imposition; an intruder on the natural. The stories he hears of places, be they near or far from him are always as if they are within his immediate proximity. The secrets of the ages are, he says found in places. He says we are all places. Whereby we in our minds might be merely recalling past events, he is reliving them as if he were actually there. He understands here there; there here to be everywhere here present. He says for as long as you let yourself be held captive by the time concept, you will never be able to experience the true spatial reality of existence. The ability to set yourself free from the time concept is, he says as easy as stepping across a midsummer's stream.

§Acco.65§ His heart; his words overflow with goodly themes. When speaking to anyone or to anything, he is, he told me, speaking simultaneously to Nature. If he isn't saying something to Nature he remains silent. Yet, he never speaks of Nature as if It were some kind of super metaphysical human being or a god among legions of gods or a One Great God above or outside All gods; no, not anything like that. Nature he knows to be but Nature. Of the many things I notice about him, two in particular stand out. He seems always to be listening; always listening to the words Nature is bringing into form about him, for instance, in the rustling of leaves, the singing of birds or the running of the waters. We might hear them but he will be listening to them. And he is always observing the ways of Nature. We might out of the corner of our eye notice an ant carrying something home; he stops and attentively watches and more oft than not gives a greeting and a well wishing to the ant. When he acts he wants his actions to be of Nature; when speaking his words. His words are all fragrant with the flowers of the groves, valleys and hillslopes; his inner world a place at least as vast as the starry heavens. May his words be recalled in all generations both on and beyond the island; therefore shall they there be grateful not alone that he existed but that he spoke and gave letters to his thoughts for their pleasure, reflection and action. And in their assimilation and transmutation of them, may they be ever faithful to their essences: ever faithful to the contexts and the spirit in which he had originally uttered them.

§Acco.66§ If an ancient oak of the hills were to all of a

sudden lift itself from the finest fibres in its roots up out of the ground and go transplant itself in the shoreline of a lake, he will not be alarmed. To him this is a wondrous happening and grateful he will be to have witnessed it. If with viewing Polaris of a frosty winter's night, he were to notice it to all of a sudden move from its present location and go travel out and about The Plough before returning to its own spot, he will not be frightened. To him this too is a wondrous happening and grateful he will be to have witnessed it. The Druids have long had great attachments to particular physical features of the land, such as mountains, hills, promontories, rivers, lakes and wellsprings and over the myriads of seasons these have become for them sacred places. And seemingly this is something the Christians also like doing. Howsoever, he holds no such attachments for to him the whole island itself is a sacred place. We need to keep in mind that for him everything is a place. The dawn of the morning is a place, so too is the midday; so too the twilight of eve and the midnight. These he views as not being disconnected from each other but rather part of the one same place that makes up the hills, valleys, rivers, forests, sea, clouds, Sun, sky of blue and the starry heavens. There is nothing he says including himself that isn't a place of this sacred place and that this sacred place is without a starting or finishing point. It will ever be in the land, sea and sky beyond as far as the eye can see.

Unfortunately, in the course of his journeying, he every now and then happens upon regional battles, tribal skirmishes or local affrays. He never bothers himself to pause to see who is fighting whom and over what or even to go take sides. Rather, he alters his course to journey wide clear of them. However, it is a very different story if he happens upon say a woman being mistreated by a man or a man being mistreated by a woman or above all a child being mistreated by a parent; by an adult. In such cases and the like, he has no hesitation in intervening in order to protect the weaker and to warn the stronger. Once and with one hand only and I don't know where he got the strength from to do it but didn't I see him toss a burly man who had been abusing a slave girl high up into a nearby tree. If that had happened by a raging sea, perhaps that man will still be trying to bring himself back to shore and sure for sure he won't be attempting anything like that to anyone no more no

more, so he won't.

§Acco.67§ I have heard him say just the other month to a day: "Nature has us to be waterly; has us to be groundly, airly, skyly, heavenly and invisibly for from out of the invisible, the heavens, the sky, the air, the ground and the waters come we to be, naturally."

§Acco.68 {sa Gharrán in the Grove}§ There is always a great joyfulness in his words. He is a joyful person; a joy bestowing king of himself. And it is a role he fully embraces. His body with its hills, flowing places and groves he views as being his túath; his kingdom. He choses his inheritance by himself and for himself; an inheritance that best represents Nature. His thoughts thus are ever carefreely ascending, descending and rolling about both in the internal and external lands and waters of days and nights; in the skies of days and in the heavens of nights. His heart is his kingly throne and his senses: his body all encompassing are its commoners. There exists no intermediaries between his heart and his body; no noble class, yet his is an admirably harmonious kingdom. He knows his self-kingship: his kingliness to be of Nature and in Nature does he express this kingliness and kingship. And in no way does he seek to be king of anyone other than of himself. But in my own humble opinion, I think he would make a great king not alone of any túath up and down the island but if there can be as such as there was supposedly said to have been in the days of yore, a high king reigning over all of the túatha, then most certainly he will suit for he will not it for himself be wanting.

§Acco.69§ Beautiful in elevation is the mounds, hills and mountains of the land, he delights in saying; beautiful in depth its valleys, ravines and pathways. Nature makes Itself known in Its myriads of shapes, sizes, colours and textures. Scenes assembling are already disassembling; scenes disassembling are already assembling. Everywhere harmoniously coming in and moving out of forms is the movement of Nature. Observe and listen, he says to let yourself be amazed by all these wonders. The winds come playing from whichever direction they so will; blow on through and about they do. When though in storm, they blow take yourself into shelter; in breeze in open spaces you may be to your heart's

content. Rejoice in Nature; for the wonder that is Nature, be most grateful. Give yourself to strolling from place to place and round about places go that you may come to experience and know, something of Nature's delight in being Itself. See over to what you call the past; see over to what you call the future and to what you call the present be with seeing to know just how exquisite and noble are the fashionings of Nature. Consider well and be with knowing that Nature has no need for you to be imposing on to It old damp knotted up Druidic or even Christian or any and all alike concepts of what you believe Nature either to be or not to be. Nature is Nature. The generations ever appearing will ever be seeking out our reflections on Nature. And not alone will they simply be seeking them out but they will be wanting to make them their own for the days of the over away there will be swamped in misguidance. Though the mighty cliffs of the west were to be washed away into the sea; the long rivers and wide lakes were to dry up or the groves and the forests to tumble on over into the marches, Nature, paradoxically, he says will still everywhere be. And if all that we can see, be it land, hills or sea and the skies of day and the heavens of night were suddenly to be no more, Nature will still everywhere be. O vast indeed is the mysterious vastness of Nature; no place being where It isn't, for Nature, he says, is place itself.

§Acco.70§ His riches are in what he sees; in what he hears and feels; his wealth in his reflections and insights upon them. Nature is his joy and prosperity. When he speaks, he speaks words of wisdom and his silences are filled with serenity. By and large there is no one who can't understand his words for he accordingly addresses them to a person's ability to comprehend such things. Quite in contrast to the Druidic priests, I have never known him to show off his great depth of knowledge. Condescension simply isn't part of what he is all about. He delights in telling short stories about things he has seen or heard in his strollings throughout the land. To the unreflecting mind such stories can easily be dismissed away as being nothing other than your average, everyday in our life kind of story. However, to the reflecting mind they act as portals of discovery, pathways of speculation and wings of inspiration. These allegorical stories are akin to what happens to us when we of a spring morning suddenly happen upon a riverine of rare flowers. The scene there is

charming and the fragrance about absorbing. His stories he knows to have come to him from Nature and as such he calls them not his own possession nor does he name them apart from Nature. O may his stories live on forever; never beyond reach of the extended hand may they be.

§**Acco.71**§ From the rising of the Sun to its setting does he stroll his thoughts in Nature; from sunset to sunrise does he dream his thoughts in Nature. Of all that he considers in the about and above to be most beautiful, the Sun he considers to be the most beautiful of all for from out of the Sun shines forth the nearest light of the away far far away. The moon he considers to be next in beauty for it, he thinks perhaps to be reflected sunlight. He says the Sun never shines darkness. The Sun is the declarer of lightness in abundance. Upon each and every animal grazing on the slopes; each and every bird in flight here and there about and upon each and every one of us does it most generously shine. It is acquainted with us all be we out in its full view or dwelling as seeds in the soil or swimming in the depths of lakes or the sea. The Sun asks nothing of us in return for its shining upon us; yet gratitude, he says is everywhere the appropriate response. The Sun like any and all other wonders of Nature, he says is not to be worshipped or glorified; Nature Itself is neither to be worshipped nor glorified. He recites, sings, speaks and tells of the marvelous ways of the Sun, mountains, groves and valleys; of the springs, streams, rivers and lakes; of the snakes, foxes, wolves and elks; of the infants, children, youth and aged and of all things. He loves being guided; being instructed by Nature by way of the myriads of expressions of Itself. When you walk in the light of the Sun, he says you are associating with the Sun; when you are slumbering in contentment in the night of day you are still associating with the Sun for although it is out of sight it is not out of your presence. Give your mouth as an aperture to the light of the Sun and your tongue will set forth that light. You will, he says sit and speak goodness with your beloved, with your family, with your neighbours and even with the stranger will you sit and speak goodness. The one who brings about goodness to their surroundings, he says will to it be a blessedness as the Sun is to the air; is to land and the waters.

§**Acco.72**§ He can never understand why the Christians are

seemingly repeatedly asking for mercy from their God of All gods All angels and All peoples for their sins; always pleading with Him to blot out their transgressions committed against Him. Their sins they ever keep before them. Some of them have even told him, to let their God wash him thoroughly from his iniquity and guilt and to cleanse him and make him wholly pure: make his heart either by word or ceremony whiter than snow; purify him from all of his sins past and present. However eloquently they put such ideas to him, he for the most part has nothing to say to them. He will merely politely excuse himself from their words and out of their presence. And even if they pursue him to reconsider, he will again, excuse himself politely from out of their words and presence and instead return to the valleys and groves. Imagine, he said to me that those people: those Christians, they believe that they are born with sinfulness; that their mothers going back for generations and generations to what they call the First Mother: Eve, were each and every one of them sinful and that so by so to such, they now too are sinful. All they have to do, he says is to look to Nature and they will know that they were never born sinful and neither were any of their mothers going way back to back going back. They will have grown in this kind of self-confidence, wisdom and joy. But alas, they haven't taken to looking at Nature, rather the more to the more have they taken to looking away from It. If he will reply to them at all, he will say thank you but I already have a clear heart and a pure mind and so have my parents and their parents and parents for the generations ever reaching back. They will try to convert him from his following of Nature to following their God of All gods All angels and All peoples. Sure, they might as well be trying to sow dandelion seeds in snowflakes. He is not into their God or for that matter, into anyone's God or gods or goddesses; not interested is he in being a broken spirit; in being for the most part a body on its knees being broken down by mournful sorrowing for sins: being humbly and thoroughly a penitent for them.

§Acco.73§ I a married woman once asked him, saying: "What is a married woman by Nature naturally meant to be to her husband?" He answered by saying: "A joyful giver and receiver of love; a willing giver and upholder of life and a generous giver and receiver of gratitude." "And what of a married man; what is a

married man by Nature naturally meant to be to his wife?” “A joyful giver and receiver of love; a willing giver and upholder of life and a generous giver and receiver of gratitude.” “Then is there no difference at all between me and my husband; my husband and me from the point of view of Nature?” “Nature knows you to be solely a married woman and expects you to be to your husband accordingly: a joyful giver and receiver of love; a willing giver and upholder of life and a generous giver and receiver of gratitude. Nature knows your husband to be solely your husband and expects him to be to you accordingly: a joyful giver and receiver of love; a willing giver and upholder of life and a generous giver and receiver of gratitude.”

§Acco.74§ He is a lovekind of Nature, in that he loves goodness for he knows Nature to be goodness and so very kind is he for he knows Nature to be generous beyond measure. His words are sequentially simultaneous; simultaneously sequential. All speaking in a given conversation he takes to be a contribution to the construction of goodness in that place; silence to the letting of things settle in place before moving on to the next stage of the construction. He isn't in the habit of breaking anything, save for the breaking up of a few sticks to make a fire. In likeness, he will not break up a phrase when its been spoken to him; in its fullness will he receive it and if he finds it to be of goodness he will compliment its speaker. He is uncompromisingly true to Nature; confidently relying on It for all of his needs. In truth, I know him never to want for anything, though he owns nothing. He has no house he calls his own; no stretch of land he has marked out as being his: no settlement holding. No claims to ownership have I ever known him to make. Possessiveness simply isn't in his nature. Sometimes, I think he alone sips dew, partakes of sunlight and inhales breezes to sustain himself. He is like a landscape of Nature; like a waterscape and skyscape in the way he lets himself yield and respond to Nature. He will confide in Nature as do the hills with the sky; the trees with the air, the rivers with the pasturelands and the sea with the Sun, moon and stars. In the presence of Nature does he dwell and his dwelling is of serenity and joy. Truly, he is one of a kind and I feel very privileged to be counted among his confidants.

§Acco.75§ In most cases, it never really bothers him whether

the Druids or the Christians claim there are numerous gods or that there is but one lone God above All gods or even that there is some indefinable being beyond even a lone God. And it never really bothers him whether there are people besides those who don't believe in any such gods or a lone God or even in an indefinable being above and beyond all and who aren't followers of Nature. Nor is he really bothered if there are people who aren't even sure if there are any such gods, a lone God or an indefinable being or even if Nature Itself really is. He himself believes in Nature and that for him is his only concern. With gazing down from the mountains and hills or with running his eyes along the valleys and by the groves and streams is he fully aware that there are all these kinds of people to be found on the island. He will however make no move; make no forced effort to try to convince or persuade any of them that his way: his following of Nature is the way to be. He believes they are all entitled to their own beliefs, however much he himself has no use whatsoever for such beliefs. And as long as they are living at a level of goodness that does not bring harm to others, he is it can be said, acceptable of them. But he also knows there to be among them those who don't alone hurt others but also hurt themselves; who all but in name call on their system of belief while in their silences, words and actions tend they to be far removed from such beliefs. He has this playful saying: "When you get around to it, restore yourself to Nature." That is the extent of his encouragement to someone to follow Nature. If people don't naturally restore themselves to Nature, then he will not push them. It is their decision; their life. But in truth, anyone who ever meets him finds themselves feeling the need to consider restoring themselves to Nature. And there are those of us who did. Yet, we are few in number for the hold of tradition as contained in the Druidic way of looking at life is way too powerful a flooding for many and the Christian way is like a seemingly new thing appearing on the landscape. Anything new; even seemingly new or shiny has its own attraction. It is of course too early yet as to know how influential in the long run this new way of thought is going to be: how captivating it will be or not be for the native beliefs or lack of beliefs. But one thing is certain, happy, oh happy the day that I ever met him.

§Acco.76§ Whenever you speak to him, you know in your bosom, he is attentively listening to you for he delights in giving the fullness of ear to the words of our mouths. While most of us only listen to a this and to a that in a sentence or a phrase and do fill in the remainder through guesswork, he will be entranced by your every word right down to the individual sounds that make up a word. It feels as if he is even listening to the silences we make unbeknownst to ourselves, between the sounds within words and between the words themselves. There is a strength and a power to his listening that lets you feel you are a precious bearer of some precious insights into life. And the interesting thing about it is that you yourself when speaking might not have even been considering your words to be anything at all special. Howsoever, for him your words and their sounds and silences will have with great gratitude been received as wondrous pathways of invitation, leading him into numerous worlds of thought for when after he has left from out of your presence and is in somewhere strolling.

§Acco.77§ He is not distracted in his way by the ways of the Druids or the Christians. His thoughts seem to have beams and rays; like unto the moon, the Sun, and the stars are they in the heavens; seem to have wings; like unto birds are they in the sky; seem to have fins; like unto fishes are they in the waters; seem to have hooves; like unto elks are they at the edges of forests or on the mountain slopes. And they seem to have legs; like unto humans are they contentedly strolling along in the valleys, groves and on the seashore. When it heavily rains or thickly snows or there is sleet blowing in the wind, he will stand in out of them. But when there is a lovely soft mist upon a gentle breeze, he will delight being out and about in it. Elks, wolves, foxes, hares, swans, herons, otters and snakes are just some of his many companions; among many of his companions are eagles, crows, seagulls, pigeons, doves, magpies, thrushes, blackbirds, robins, pied wagtails, butterflies, bumblebees, honeybees, frogs, snails, grasshoppers and ants. And his companions are trees, bushes, ferns, wheat, grasses and mosses and the sea, rivers, streams, lakes and springs. Once when strolling along with him on a riverbank, I noticed out of the corner of my eye, some seven to nine trout swimming along with us. And

whenever we would pause to consider some thought or take in a view, they would hover in their swimming until we again moved. He was the one strolling nearest to the waters. A shepherd related to me, how once he had seen him strolling in the midst of a herd of elks; not out in front of them nor coming along on behind them but rather in their midst. And he said that with watching them, he couldn't tell if it was he who was strolling with the elks or the elks strolling with him. The words of his mouth are charming melodies; his silences wafting fragrances. What consistently is in his words and silences is what consistently is in his heart.

§Acco.78§ Although there are Druidic and Christian priests and believers who don't care very much for his ideas, no one ever from among them has had someone go and lay in wait for him with the intention of doing him some bodily harm. There is something gracious and innocent about him that makes it somewhat awkward for anyone to even consider doing him any physical harm. This however never stops them from having a go at his mind. They will try to twist and turn his words but all their efforts are of no avail for with a few quick phrasal movements, he can have them heartily laughing at the narrowness of their own views.

§Acco.79§ He is everywhere gaining in his knowledge of the ways of Nature. He knows of the breezes and storms, mists and rains, cold and heat, shallows and floods and of the skies of dawn, morn, midday, afternoon, eve and twilight. And he knows them never to be the same twice over. All these ways he knows not alone for him to be but for everyone and everything since Nature gives generously to all for the benefit of all. Such bounteous benefits he can see descends from the above ascends from the below and comes in from the surround. There is no place, he says that Nature isn't giving of Itself. When he greets you, he will greet you with words on Nature and with parting from out of your presence, he will also with words on Nature bid you farewell. Nature, he says never lays traps for our steps; never blocks our journeying. Nature's delight is in being Nature. I once asked him, what is it for Nature to be delighting in being Itself. And he answered by saying: "Look, there about you and you can see, hear and feel what that is." And I

did and I began to get an idea of what he meant. His heart is unwavering; ever soundly fixed it is on Nature. He rests whenever he feels the need to give his body some rest; sleeps it whenever it needs to have to some sleep. He has no set time for doing anything. He can be strolling as much in the moonlight as he will be in the sunlight.

§Acco.80§ In his presence you will invariably see something unusual; something unusual that is to the rest of us but which will be quite normal to him. For instance, you might see the branch of a tree lean down all of its own accord and touch him on the head and shoulders and remain there for as long as he will be standing or sitting in its closeness. You might, when he sits chatting to you on a warm day, see a snake come and coil up into a ball at the soles of his feet and sleep away there quite contentedly until he has finished his storytelling and is with putting on his footwear. And he will be sorry to her; telling her he needs to be strolling on. And thankful to her he will be too for the lovely cooling effect. Once while sitting next to him on a slope, I noticed down the ways from us a rock about a pace in diameter, spontaneously begin to slowly roll itself up the slope and didn't stop until it had reached his right hand side. It waited there for him to rub it as will an elk await for him to rub its head. And when it had fully enjoyed his touch, it slowly rolled itself back down again the slope and rested itself in its original spot. His touch is strength in gentleness; gentleness in strength. And there is more too to his touch than mere strength and gentleness, there is in it the feeling of you being at one with him. That feeling, I can avouch is like no other feeling. Once all of a moment in a summer's day, I saw a bead of spray from a waterfall alight across his open palms. Then, before my eyes it transformed into a bead of snowflakes and then into a strand of ice and then on into a column of mist wafting its way into the air. To me or I guess to anyone, this will be quite amazing and even beyond our comprehension but to him such happenings are of the natural every day nights of his way. He will oft speak of the snail; how wondrous it is that she always carries her house about with her: resting and taking up temporary abode wherever and whenever she so wishes. He likes that idea very much. He says: "A snail's house may seem insignificant in the

wideness of great surroundings but to the snail it is home within home.” He loves talking to embers; telling them that it is time to awake and be with the new day. He says: “Heart is where the hearth is; heart to hearth.” You will feel nothing but happiness in his company; nothing but serenity and joy in his presence. In his speaking there are silences into which you will willingly and helplessly let yourself to wander and to wonder.

§Acco.81§ One of the things he enjoys doing when taking a break from deep thinking, is to impart momentary names of his own making to the place and its components in which he finds himself. It might be to a hill, a slope, a grove, a stretch of river, a curvature of land or even to a pool of rainwater. These names will only have relevance for him for the duration of his stay in that place. For him, naming is a kind of playfulness of the mind which even included the not imparting of any names at all to a place. With naming, he says there is always the inevitable situation of having left out so much, whereas by not naming all will be included. To impart for instance, a sweeping name unto a scene all covered with sparkling dew will be to miss out on all the other elements which make it up and that are also well deserving of being given the sweeping name; such as the different heights of individual stems of grass; the angle at which a brier or two might be leaning; the variety of spider web patterns; the spaces between each dew bubble and even the light reflecting on each individual bubble. As such and more often than not, he just enjoys gazing and reflecting upon a scene and taking it in in the piecemeal of its own entirety. The names he imparts to a place and to its components are he explains, like unto the flight of a flock of birds in the skies of dawns and eves, in that they are place things that are ever changing with arriving into existence, being in existence and departing out of existence. And in the same light does he view the names ‘birds’, ‘skies’, ‘dawns’ and ‘eves’ for naming like speaking or writing is for him mere sports of the mind: immediate, convenient and engaging ways to provide some relaxation.

§Acco.82§ A newly ordained Christian priest; a native of the island, proclaimed unto him of a day, saying: “My God has spoken in His holiness to me; has spoken in His promises to me.” He

replied, saying: "Nature is everywhere speaking in Its naturalness to me; in Its naturalness does It guide me." And the priest to this could make no reply. Now it wasn't that he didn't want to reply, because he most certainly did but it was just that he hadn't as of yet learnt conquering words with which to be able to swiftly deal with such a statement. To him the valleys, rivers, forests, mountains, clouds, rain and the sea, albeit all beautiful were nothing more than the mere everyday physical aspects of reality; everyday physical manifestations of his God's handiwork, created for his God's own purposes and pleasures. And he added, saying: "The creation of humankind is by far the greatest of all His creations." And he put this question to the priest, saying: "Then for or to what purpose did the God of which you speak create you; create humankind?" And the priest answered, saying: "To worship Him for He is worthy of all worship; it being the uppermost pleasure of God that we humans worship Him." At meeting these words in his hearing and well knowing from similar encounters with Christian priests, laity and the like that he wasn't going to make any sense to him, politely excused himself from out of his presence and went upon his way. And the young priest shouted after him, saying: "Through my God, I shall do most valiantly for He it is that shall tread down those who ignore Him." To his hearing, he did not allow such words to enter but instead and without turning about continued on upon his way to delight in scenting the fragrances of the ever unfolding about.

§Acco.83§ There is no mountain too high for him to climb; no valley too long for him to walk. Trice thus far has he circumnavigated the island by strolling along its shoreline and ferrying across its river estuaries. He does by way of the inlands walk from the southern most shore to reach the most northern; from the most northern to the most western; from the most western to the most eastern and back again to the most southern. Many are the patterns of his strolling ways. I imagine that if by say a crab they were to be outlined on a sandy beach, they will then when viewed from a nearby cliff appear to be as fascinating in outline as the constellations in the heavens.

§Acco.84§ He says: "The power of wonderment belongs to us." He will sit and patiently wait in silence to watch the Sun, the

moon or the stars rise or for a cloud to pass beyond a grove, whereas the rest of us might be a little impatient to wait for such wonders to occur; always wanting to be on the move; always wanting to be somewhere else. But not him. With the greatest of ease and joyful anticipation will he stay in the place to experience such phenomena. He has a saying that goes: "It's a new day to enjoy the pleasures of happiness." Happenings are the source of his happiness. He will delight in yielding his strolling to observe something as simple and seemingly insignificant as a feather floating upon the breeze or the journeying of a beetle along the ground. He can mention in conversation little things, for instance, how butterflies fold their wings above them vertically when resting while most moths fold them flat and close against their body. And interestingly, he will talk too about things he can never actually observe but knows them to be, for instance, nocturnal little animals such as worms who without eyes, ears, legs and backbone live and burrow their way in the soil. He imagines their many tunnels act like air vents for the soil and will even allow rainwater to seep down and throughout them. Every living thing enriches his thoughts be they of the diurnal or nocturnal worlds. And now when I come to think of it, I can't think of anything that he doesn't consider to have a life to it for his understanding of what constitutes life is way beyond anything I can ever imagine. I have heard him more than once say that he can feel the land beneath his feet, the waters about a ferryboat; the blue sky of day and the starry heavens of night to be alive.

§Acco.85§ He can never completely understand why anyone will want to enter a pastureland of thought whereby continuously they will be earnestly seeking a god; even a God above All gods and whereby constantly their inner self will be thirsting for this God and whereby ever their flesh will be longing and fainting for this God as if they are living on an island of sand devoid of all vegetation. Their choice, simply makes no sense at all to him; their choice to enter into a thought field whereby they will always be wishing to be hiding themselves in the shadow of their God; whereby persistently they will be clinging ever so closely to their God: spending their nights meditating and remembering their God. Why are they being

so blind and deaf to Nature; why are they not sensing Nature? He cannot comprehend why they want to let themselves be bound by such an oppressive way of thinking; why they want to be acknowledging and welcoming such supremacy and authority over their thoughts and ultimately over their silences, words and actions. He says that although the Druidic way of thinking isn't on several levels greatly dissimilar to the Christian way and isn't without a multitude of problems of its own, it will nearly be healthier for anyone to remain with their Druidic beliefs than to become a Christian. Of course, better by far it will be, he will say, to be followers of Nature.

§Acco.86§ He says: "No one knows the thoughts and intentions of another until they are given an appearance in words and actions." An idea he likes to go with is that somehow our world of thoughts and intentions is not housed anywhere per se within our physical body and yet neither can it be said to exist outside it. It is with us but where it is with us he cannot say; cannot say for he says he just doesn't thus far yet know. Interestingly, while he loves to know why things are the way they are he is also quite contented with not knowing until he comes to knowing. And that coming to know can be anytime from a day to a season to several seasons. There is a pleasure in the waiting to come to know, he says and then there is the pleasure with the coming to know.

§Acco.87§ When strolling and chatting in his company, he might all of a sudden, burst forth into singing a wordless song at happening upon an exceptionally picturesque scene. The beauty of scenery everywhere is his joy and he loves to express that joy. Sometimes it will be in song, sometimes in dance but most often it will be in waving over to the scene. I always feel greatly blessed to be spending even a little time in his presence; in the presence of his words and silences. There is nothing but goodness dwelling in him; nothing but confidence and joy journeying upon his words. And if it doesn't sound strange, I forget who I am in his presence for somehow he lets me to feel I am the surrounding; I am the surrounding in person. There are times when I feel like shouting for joy for that is how I feel with listening to his words and silences. They are like a pomade in my hair; a fragrant misty rain upon my

countenance of a warm summer's day. And yet his words are very simple; his silences lasting but for a few moments. I don't know what it is about him but he has this wondrous effect on nearly everyone who speaks with him. The only ones who don't experience such an effect are those who approach him with an antagonistic or skeptical attitude.

§Acco.88§ Whenever he sees a tree bending back in the face of a strong wind, he says look how yielding it is; look how ready it is being made to draw back as far as possible in order that in the rebound it will be able to cast its seeds and fragrances further by far into the over beyond. We too must be willing to yield back our minds to Nature that It may be able to fling our thoughts and reflective fragrances way by far into the future.

§Acco.89§ Having Nature as his sole guidance he fears for nothing; neither is he anxious about anything. He is surefooted when walking on the ridges and cliffs and at ease when strolling in the valleys and pasturelands and along by the meandering streams. And although Druids and Christians do on occasion attempt to encamp him with their ideas, his heart remains undisturbed; his confidence in Nature brimming over. He knows himself to be everywhere dwelling in the presence of Nature; everywhere can he behold and gaze upon the astounding beauty; the admirable patience and the mighty strength in subtlety that is Nature. He neither needs for anything nor for anything does he want.

§Acco.90§ I once heard him say: "The Sun shines not because it is there but because it isn't there." And I had no idea what he meant by such a word. It is like that at times with him. Although you can be quite familiar with the meanings of individual words in something he had said, you might not always be able to grasp the particular meaning he is trying to convey to you by way of their combinations. And even when you will ask him to elaborate on such occasions, you could well be none the wiser. Now, it won't be because he hadn't taken great pains to explain something to you but rather that you just hadn't the courage to float your mind at his dizzy altitudes. Yet, I have seen him on several occasions converse away with animals or plants and not one of them seemed to have

had any difficulty understanding him. Not one of them ran away from him or drew back. In fact, they will come up closer to him and even lean more forward to be near him. I often get the feeling that the birds of the air, the ants of the pathways, the flowers of the slopes and the trees of the groves are much more capable of understanding him than we his fellow humans are. He says new ways of thinking necessitate using language differently as to help out our thoughts. A thought, however should not be forced into words: it should not be forced into language for language is limited and as such it has a very high tendency to severely compromise our thoughts. Language must never come before a thought rather it must follow it. He often gives me the impression of having many thoughts in his head which are without any words to describe them. And not alone that but he doesn't seem to be very interested either in attempting to place them within the confines of language. They are just fine the way they are seems to be his thinking. Someone said that he had told them that in any given Sun of day or star of night, ninety-nine percent of his thoughts will not be placed in language. Thoughts are planted in the soils of his mind; they are cultured there to grow, blossom, bloom and to produce riches in abundance which he will then enjoy harvesting. And he will have done so without ever having placed them into words. I listen as such to each and every word that comes forth from his lips.

§Acco.91§ He loves being in the presence of sunrise and in the presence of its setting he will oft shed soft tears. It is not that he doubts it will rise again but that already he is missing having it in his eyes. He has a relationship with the Sun that is very personal; very beautiful and most admirable. It is a relationship of loving trust. I have never known him to be with a sad or a melancholy countenance before the Sun. For the rest of us the Sun is merely the great source of light and heat but to him it is something far more profound. It is as if the Sun is the sustainer of his life. He knows it to be always taking the very best of care of him. At times I have seen him look to the Sun and without him uttering a word, I can feel and know that he is communicating with it. A poet has said of him: "He is as if the Sun were made flesh and dwelling amongst us as a solace and a joy." He loves watching early morning hazes drift

away over streams, rivers and lakes and at such times he will be humming away to himself. Like a heron is he solitary, yet unlike the heron, he greatly loves and appreciates the company of others. He will only take flight if he sees Druidic or Christian priests approaching in the distance. Now it is not that he will not have liked to talk with them but rather he feels they are only interested in making him into their own likeness in thought. And that for him is not on. Although at times between the sunshine we are inclined to get a lot of rain, I have never heard him nor ever heard tell of him having complained about it. One time, some children of no more than five to seven summers asked him what is rain. He smiled and answered: "Rain is sunshine in droplets." And the children were well pleased with such an answer and the lovely tone in which he presented it to them. His vision, you can say has more hues in it than the rest of us, in that he is open to seeing a lot more colours. We might out of the corner of our eye notice a flock of pigeons sunning themselves on a roof but he will stop to enjoy the pleasure of observing the Sun play with all the different colours in their plumage. In truth I never realized just how many colours they have. In the winter, he will of a night; a full moonlit frosty night, sit out waiting to observe a pond of water freeze over. He will be fascinated by the different patterns that the ice will make. As much as possible he wants to observe it in the making. He told me it isn't a gradual thing but more of a spontaneous occurrence that if for a moment you were to take your eyes off of it, to say look up at the moon, it will have already completed itself by the time you had returned your eyes to it.

§Acco.92§ There is nothing that threatens his life for he walks in harmony with Nature. And what is it to walk in harmony with Nature but to be everywhere respectful of the power of Nature. He never walks in places where no foothold is to be found. And he never puts himself in a situation where flood waters will overwhelm him. He can never understand why the Christians feel the need to be making themselves ever weary with crying to their God; making they their own throats parch and their eyes fail with waiting hopefully for their God to answer them. He will say that the number of Christians and also Druids that have issues with him without a cause are more than the fruit found in the hawthorns.

They will often treat him as if he is a stranger: an outsider; not a native of the island though very much he is so. And they will sarcastically and even provokingly say to him, you look human all right: you look like us and you speak the same language as we do but somehow you don't seem to be one of us. Are you really a human as we are really humans or are you only something that has taken on the shape of a human? Where did you come from? Did you perhaps tumble forth from out of the foamy waves of the seashore or worm your way up out of the ground beneath manure heaps or even perhaps float your way down from out of an overcast sky of day or a starry dark heavens of night? Where do you truly hail from? Do you even have a human mother's womb that you can call your first abode? And in his serenity he will answer them only by saying: "I am who I am." And with receiving such an answer and finding themselves to be with no ability whatsoever to make a meaningful reply to it would they be on their way. Very rarely do I hear a Christian, bless him but quite often have I heard them curse him. They will say such awful things as, let his table, however plentiful or scant be be a snare to him and his type of serenity a trap to him. They will desire for his beautiful eyes to be darkened so that he can no longer see and for his entire body to tremble continually from terror, dismay and weakness. There is nothing it seems that they won't say. They will wish his habitations; his haunts be of a sudden desolation. And they will be asking their One God Above All gods to accumulate things against him in His Book Of All books. They will request of their God to blot him out of His The Book Of The Living and out of His The Book Of Life and not let him be enrolled among the uncompromisingly righteous: those as themselves upright and in right standing with their God. And not surprisingly, all this cursing and bad mouthing and the like they will be imploring their One And Only God to fiercely carry it through for them in him. But he makes no reply to their curses and bad mouthing, only he smiles to the sky and takes himself from out of their presence. Not a single curse ever of theirs or of their God has ever befallen him nor ever will they for he walks in the presence of Nature.

§Acco.93§ He never asks Nature to make haste to help him; always he will be patient with It for he knows the ways of Nature:

the marvelous caring in Its own time ways. He does not look at the pouring rain, high winds or hot beating down sunshine as wishing to hurt him in any way. If he happens to get drowned wet, it is he alone who has had himself be out in the rain. In the same way with the high winds and hot sunshine. Him alone he feels is responsible for not understanding Nature's ways better. He will rejoice and be glad with Nature; always and everywhere magnifying Its magnificent caring ways.

§Acco.94§ He will always and everywhere confidently put his trust in Nature; Nature is his dwelling place. From childhood he has placed all his trust in Nature; it is the constant source of his confidence. Even from his mother's womb surely must he have been carrying this admirable trust. His praise, joy and honour are continually of Nature. He feels and knows himself to be a wonder and a surprise to many, especially do the Druids and the Christians find him to be so but for their own reasons. And they will cast him away from them. He claims they are always terrified that their gods or their One God Above All gods will cast them off, particularly when in the time of their old age; that they will be forsaken when their strength is spent and their powers fail. They at times look upon him as their enemy and as such they will always be found to be talking against him. They will even go as far as saying to him that their gods or their One God Above All gods has forsaken him. He only smiles and leaves them be in their own presence. Yet he will never wish for them to be put to shame for they excel at doing that to themselves; of the very best are they at being their own adversaries. Well capable are they quite unbeknownst to themselves of covering themselves with their own reproaches, scorns and dishonours; ever confounding themselves in their very own convoluted logics. His words always and everywhere are telling of the beauty, the wonders and the goodness of Nature. Within his ability his way is in every way of the presence and strength of Nature. He is always ready and willing to be taught by Nature. He will whenever and wherever faithfully declare the wondrous ways of Nature; not alone to we of his generation but also to the generations ever coming. If the thoughts of the Druids and the Christians extend say to the nearby treetops, his will already be

dancing on the hilltops; if theirs extend to the hilltops, his will already be strolling upon the clouds; if theirs extend to the clouds, his will already be floating among the stars and if perchance which will never be for them to possibly float their thoughts among the stars, his will already be gliding carefreely way out beyond the stars; way out beyond the visible stars. They having had difficulty even reaching their thoughts to the nearby treetops; to the hilltops; to the clouds and even perhaps to the stars will never have the courage to venture their thoughts way out beyond the stars. You see, them has he found to be of an extreme aversion to journeying their minds anywhere into the unsure. They consider their gods to have no equals; their One God Above All gods they look upon as having none the likes. And though on occasion he might talk to them about Nature they will have no ears to open to his words. Oft he says he feels their minds to be lodged somewhere in the depths of the ground or flood waters and from there beholding the sunny bring light of day as if it were a moon in the fog.

§Acco.95§ He loves to be observing the ways of Nature; being brought by Nature into having some knowledge of Its ways. Yet he having knowledge of any particular thing in Nature, such as the swirling about flights of swallows in a high blue sky is not something he clings to, in that he will only see it being applicable to the present scene of the swallows flying about above him. He will say it is but knowledge of a particular event. Even if we are to see the same scene of swallows in the sky several times over an entire summer or years of summers, he will still maintain and be of the opinion to say that the knowledge for each sighting is not the same. Knowledge is always new for him. He will say that accumulating set-knowledge and applying it in turn regularly to similar situations is an enormously limiting way to be comprehending reality and understanding the nature of knowledge. He is a person of great integrity; no pretense in him ever is there to be found. Steadfast like unto the mountains is he in his integrity. For as long as the darkness of the heavens will be so long lasting will be his integrity. His words are for the most part like summer rain showers: refreshing your parched heart, yet at times too are they like strong autumn winds bringing down your now lifeless leaves: your now out of date ideas;

preparing you he will be for those of your forthcoming winter, spring to summer. In his presence you will feel your thoughts have a life all of their own; they will flourish forth without halting. He will make you feel you can talk to the Sun, the moon and the stars. He will be uncompromisingly sincere in his words. He says: "Let your mind have no dominion over anyone; over any and all lifeforms from the tiniest to the largest let it have no dominion. Over the land, the waters and the sky have it have no dominion. Over itself alone need the mind to have dominion." The Druids and the Christians love to have others bow to them. If anyone bows to him he will ask them to un-bow to him. He is able to think thoughts where you will think there is nothing can be thought; like unto an abundance of grain in the soil upon the upper most regions of the hills and mountains: in what you thought to be the least fruitful of places. And his thoughts when full grown will majestically wave like ancient oaks. For as long as words can be preserved upon the tongue, in the ear or in quality parchment and manuscript shall his words endure. Who knows there is to be known beyond manuscript, parchment, ear and tongue an even profounder way of preserving and transferring all good words such as his to the future generations. Truly may it be so in the saying of it so. To future generations will his words be appreciated as if innovations they are: a blessing for their own day will they be.

§**Acco.96§** There is no one he won't extend a good word to or give a wave or a smile. He doesn't let it bother him too much if these aren't always reciprocated. He never envies the prideful blunt, the prideful foolish nor the prideful arrogant, though they appear to be materially very prosperous and socially quite influential. As much as possible he has nothing at all to do with them. He will ask himself is there knowledge in them; there must be he thinks but what kind of knowledge is it he wonders somewhat. They, when and wherever if they can, like to make him feel that in vain is his way; his way being of Nature's way. But he will just ignore them. His admirable innocency; his strengthful simplicity; his absolute absence of guile or cunning; the purity of his seeming naiveté greatly irritates them. He will not change his ways for them; ever will he be strolling in the sanctuary of clear-mindedness: continually

of the ways of Nature will he be. And he will always and everywhere have Nature guide him with Its counsel. Categorically can it be said that he has no delight or desire besides Nature; Nature for him is literally everything.

§Acco.97§ From time to time, he says: “Be betimes recalling the arrival of insights which you have acquired of old which you have oft delighted in thinking about; remember them as your precious heritage; re-be your mind again in the place and time of day or night and season in which they first came to you for to be recalling them and re-being them is to be reliving the moment of their first arrival; experiencing you will again the joy and the wonderment of those moments and forward will they be taking you.” To him the many senses which make us up including the mind, eyes, ears, nose, tongue and skin are sacred fragile sanctuaries of the heart which if left unguarded can so very easily be devastated and desecrated by self; leaving them to become places of perpetual ruin and desolation. There is nothing or no one from outside the body that can do more destruction to its interior sanctuaries than can self, he will say. Self at times can get things wrong when interpreting the external world, if we are not alert enough. It is Nature’s way, he will say, to have day and night the way they are: light to shadow to dark to shadow to light. Should It wish so in the twinkling of an early spring morning’s dew, It can have naught else be but day; naught else be but night or a variety of combinations thereof. It is Nature that has the sky in the above or the over be; the ground spread out about in the below; have waters flow and the trees grow; Nature It is that has us be of this wondrous show. It is Nature’s way, he will say, to have autumn, winter, spring and summer the way they are: shadow to dark to shadow to light to shadow. Should It wish so in the twinkling of a late winter afternoon’s snowflake, It can have naught else there to be but summer; naught else there to be but autumn or winter or spring or a variety of combinations thereof. It is Nature that has the Sun, moon, planets and stars in the above or the over be; the ground spread out about in the below; have waters flow and the grasses grow; Nature It is that has us be of this wondrous show.

§Acco.98§ He is known and renowned throughout the island

and save for the Druidic and Christian authorities, he is most highly spoken of for his way of life; his way of looking at life and for his way of speaking. He is as much at home by the sea and lake shores as he is along by the banks of rivers and streams; as he is in the groves and in the fields, valleys and on the hills. And although in hamlets does he like to abide from time to time, he loves by far to be in wide open spaces. For hours he will sit on promontories by the sea; will he in valleys lay on his back gazing and waiting for the first stars in the mid high up to appear. Whether you are strolling in his presence or sitting next to him or about him, you will very quickly become aware that you are in the presence and the voice of someone who is most wondrous in his simplicity. Though in saying it thusly, it doesn't do full justice to describing the extraordinariness of his ordinariness. He has a charming sense of humour; the kind of humour that is as pleasant and as refreshing as when happening upon a mountain stream in a very warm summer's day. Most times when he speaks to you, it will be as if you right away well understood what he means but oft it can be up to two to three days later or even a month or a season before it will really dawn on you what he is really getting at. There are layers to his speaking; the first layer being but a familiarity: a familiar fragrance as it were to get your attention. And it will be like seeing the Sun come over the horizon at discovering the subtly, the beauty and the profoundness of what he means.

§Acco.99§ By way of long transmitted stories from storyteller to storyteller, he will consider the days of old; the years upon years of way bygone times, yet he will not have his mind stay there nor will he have his mind stay in the present or go dwell in the future. Sometimes you will wonder whether he actually believes in the existence of time or not. Oft you will have the very clear impression he doesn't. He lives in the moment yet he doesn't seem to be of the moment. He will by the association of things sensed, call to remembrance something he has heard in a story that had happened, maybe many years, even hundreds of years before and he will talk of it as if it had happened only yesterday or this morning or only a little while ago. This is his gift of storytelling. As in most cases when he will story tell of such things, he will suggest that the listeners take

plenty of time to reflect on them while they going about their day nightly doing of things. It is for the most part in the doing of the everyday nightly things that insights come, he will say. What is paramount, he will emphasize, is as we go about our lives to have the mind be continually thinking way over in the background on what has been spoken. Even reclining, sitting or standing still he will include, among the doing of things. He has this paradoxical saying: "You can be still when you are doing something; moving when you are still."

§Acco.100§ One day a Christian priest put this question to him, saying: "Who is a great God like our God; is Nature a great God like our God?" And he answered him by saying: "Direct such a question to the majestic one thousand year-old oak there and see what answer you will be given." And he did that very same; he put this question to the ancient of days and nights oak, saying: "Who is a great God like our God; is Nature a great God like our God?" But the oak answered him not. Then he again asked him, saying: "Who is a great God like our God; is Nature a great God like our God?" And he answered him by saying: "Direct such a question to the midmorning Sun there or to the waning moon over the way there in the west and see what answer you will be given." And he did that very same; he put this question to the Sun of days and the moon of nights, saying: "Who is a great God like our God; is Nature a great God like our God?" But they answered him not. Then he again asks him, saying: "Who is a great God like our God; is Nature a great God like our God?" And he answered him by saying: "Direct such a question to the trout there half napping beneath the lovely swaying river flowers and see what answer you will be given." And he did that very same; he put this question to the trout, saying: "Who is a great God like our God; is Nature a great God like our God?" But the trout answered him not. "Look," said the priest, "I have asked you and I have asked those whom you suggested I ask but no answers have been forthcoming. Therefore, I will ask you again: Who is a great God like our God; is Nature a great God like our God?" And finding that he answered him not, the priest stormed off in a huff from out of his presence; from out of the presence of the majesty oak and the napping trout and went and entered a dense forest.

§Acco.101§ A woman of great loveliness and brightness once said to him: “How happy I am to have your fragrant words in my senses; in my heart. To know that I will be sharing them simultaneously with my little one and with the babe here present in my womb makes me feel truly honoured and joyful. It is my dream that your words; your sublime thoughts can be passed on over and over to my descendants for generations ever reaching. In our family, my beloved and I will be the place carriers and transmitters of your ideas.” And with hearing such words from her, his eyes brimmed over wells of gratitude and joy.

§Acco.102§ He always speaks according to the ability of his listeners to be able to understand what it is he is talking about. And given that most people just like to hear his views on ordinary everyday nightly things and spoken in a language and imagery that they can immediately appreciate, he speaks accordingly. So too will he to the handful of people who need to hear his views on hidden things and has an ability to take them in, such as mysteries behind the subtly obvious. The level of sophistication in the telling of things is dictated by a person’s ability to comprehend what it is he is saying. And while you will have the very real impression that there is no one he can’t speak to which there isn’t, there is also the sense that he has limits to his knowledge. But he will always be the first one to admit that. An example will be: he does not have an in depth knowledge of say, Druidism or Christianity. And although he tries to understand where they are coming from with their ideas and where they intend to take them, he finds their bedrock ideas, thoughts, notions, concepts, conceptions and doctrines to be way too crumbly and as such anything else they might say upon them, to be way too tedious and time consuming for him to be bothered with. He delights in generously transmitting on down the greatest insights of old; always reminding people how precious such insights are for our present and future and how we need to be adding our own thoughts on them and recounting them to our children. This, he says is doing right by the minds of the ancestors; the minds of the myriad generations of old. He says that if you let forget and be forgotten a spoken treasure bestowed upon you by your parents or grandparents: by your ancestors, it will be forgotten forever. And how truly dreadful a thing, he says that would be to happen. There

is a very good reason why he frequently needs to say that since there are many who will only superficially listen to the wisdom of their parents and grandparents. And not alone, not to the wisdom of their own kin but also to the wisdom of the elderly dwelling in their environs.

§Acco.103§ He establishes a way for himself of everywhere, freshly looking at everything. He will see a bird flying in the sky; a thought of his he will have as a bird flying in the sky; see a fox cantering along the edges of a grove; see a river meandering along; see a tree gently swaying in the breeze at the foot of a hill; see a cloud slowly floating on high or a glistening dewdrop being upon a blade of grass and many the more besides will he have his thoughts in similitude of movement and stillness be. Sometimes if you are asking him what he is now doing, he will answer: “I am verbing movement.” or “I am verbing stillness.” “How is it possible to consider stillness to be acting: to be doing; to be verbing?” “There is nothing that isn’t verbing. For stillness to be still it needs to verb.”

§Acco.104§ It often baffles him why Druids and Christians need to be perpetually at loggerheads with Nature or provoking anyone like himself who tries to live according to Nature. Why need them to be so stubbornly opposed to Nature; so rebellious against Nature? He thinks it is most likely that they have not set their hearts aright with Nature nor have prepared their hearts to know Nature and that their hearts are not steadfast and faithful enough to Nature. Still, he finds it to be quite baffling why they will reject Nature and replace it with their many gods and their One God Above All gods. Why do they refuse to walk according to the ways of Nature; why do they deny themselves putting their trust in Nature? Their way makes no sense to him whatsoever. Why can’t they clearly see the wondrous ways of Nature working everywhere; there being nowhere that It isn’t marvelously being Itself; isn’t being bountifully beneficial? And they mock him by saying: “Remember that you like we are but flesh, blood and bone; like winds that go and do not return.” And if on occasion he will dignify them with an answer to such and the like, he might say something along the lines of: “Know you not that last year’s mare gives birth to this year’s foal?”

§Acco.105§ He will not under any circumstances allow the Druids or the Christians or for that matter, anyone at all, to invade his personal intellectual inheritance. And although not according to bloodline, he proudly knows himself to be of a long lineage of sages: both men and women who believed in keeping themselves aloof from any and all attempts to have their minds ensnared. As were they so is he of unbounded expanses of thought. To them does he feel a true affinity and a strong sense of loyalty and as such a steadfast responsibility to preserve and to evolve and to show forth and set forth anew their wondrous insights as well as to bequeath ones of his own to future generations.

§Acco.106§ Oft you will have the feeling when he is either talking to you or just being silent to you that his face is softly shining on you; like unto the Sun found in deepest winter days will it be. His words are like seeds that with finding you to be of a goodly soil, will germinate and deep root themselves and grow into something wondrous. While that wonderment can appear in our thoughts almost immediately, it more often than not will take up to a few days or longer to come to fruition. He is always reminding us that just because a thought rises to the surface of our mind, it doesn't always follow and shouldn't always follow that we should right away place those thoughts in words and almost simultaneously blurt them out. We need, he says to carefully and efficiently weigh up what it is we want to say before saying it and deciding whether it actually needs to be said; whether it needs to be said right now or might it be better to wait for some time. If we don't protect our minds and our mouths, he says we run the very real risk of doing irreversible damage with them or creating the ideal opening for someone to attack and destroy everything we hold dear in our minds: everything we hold dear in our thoughts. If we let anyone forcibly take from the gardens, groves, streams, valleys forests and hills of our minds: trample its greens and flowers; let anyone strip our orchards bare of their fruit what will we have left for the wellbeing of our minds. It is we ourselves, he says who are responsible for the protection, maintenance and the culturing of our own mind.

§Acco.107§ He loves to sing, especially when he is on his

own. His voice will almost charm the birds down out of the sky and the trees. The lyrics for the songs will be taken from the setting in which he finds himself. If he is say of an eve sitting in a grove and gazing at a waxing moon, it will be of the grove and the moon as he is experiencing them. Yet he will also be singing of the grove and the moon's past and even future. Not alone will each song be a new song, it will also have a new melody. No two songs ever having the same melody. His songs will never be sad or melancholic. He is an exception in this, in that, nearly everyone else on the island loves to sing sad songs; sad songs will give them a certain kind of happiness. They like that kind of happiness. He will sing but uplifting songs. Sometimes when he speaks his words will take on the fashion and the melody of a song. Other times his songs will find themselves effortlessly drifting into a conversation. As you will with listening to him talk, you will with listening to him sing, feel any all burdens being lifted from off your chest and flown away upon the wind. If you come to him with some worry, he will attentively listen to you and as he is doing so, he might spontaneously break into a song. And that will be all that he will say to you on your worry. And with attentively listening to his song your heart will become light. At times he might quite surprise you by getting up and dancing about the place. And you will join with him in the dance; in its movements will you somehow, unbeknownst to yourself let go of your worry. When talking won't work with some people, he will sing to them; if the singing doesn't work, he will dance for them and if the dancing doesn't work he will just remove himself from out of their presence. He has plenty of food for thought; an abundance of it does he have and gladly will he feed the hungry with it: will he feed the Druids and the Christians, if they will but open their mouths: open their ears; their minds: their hearts to him. With the finest of insights; with the rarest honey from secret hives will he generously feed them and they will be well satisfied. But they being as stubborn as you like don't hearken to his voice; they do have none of him.

§Acco.108§ Should you be trying to look for him you won't find him but somehow, he as if it were, will appear out of nowhere, just when you are thinking to yourself: it would be great if I can meet him now for a chat. Often it will be like that and in the midst

of everywhere he will be, yet he won't be anywhere to be seen. He loves the idea that Nature excels in hiding itself within itself. As such, how much more then, he says shouldn't we also be enjoying participating fully in such interesting playfulness. There are times when he will step in and out of visibility right in front of you as one will momentarily stand behind a tree and then reappear. When asked how he can do this as if he is performing some kind of illusion, he will with a smile merely say: "There's no trick or illusion to it. The wind does it all the time; do as the wind."

§Acco.109§ If he happens upon some injustice: some trespassing on human dignity, he will not keep silent on it; he will not hold his peace on it or be still; no, he will speak out and if he has to too, he will also physically defend someone whose dignity is being trespassed; especially he is an admirable champion of the dignity of children, adolescents, women and the elderly. He is fearless; afraid of no one: this you will know by the gentle strength of his gaze. Should the situation call for him to defend one against five to nine, he will not for a moment hesitate to take them all on; defeat them, he will though no one will come away with any broken limbs nor will he have gone as far as fatally wounding anyone. Suffice it is to say they will have no willingness to come fight him another day; no intention either will they have of ever again trespassing on someone's dignity. And he will demand of them to somehow indirectly to make good for those they had trespassed. And they will for certain for though they have felt his physical blows they will fear the power of his words all the more. It is said that he can call up at will the ancient arts of rock tossing and stream swishing. Instructive it will be to say a few words on his defending style; yes, to defend rather than to assail; a style which is truly unique to him. It is like a wondrous dance; something he has patiently learnt, cultured and adapted for himself from his careful observations of the movements of things about him. It is a harmonious display of motion in finesse, in that while everyone else on the island will use roars, screams, shouts, spits, fists, elbows, knees, heads and teeth or even pull hair to fight, he alone uses but his hands, feet and silence. In an instant he will leap into the air and float about and above his opponent or opponents as if in slow

motion yet it is way faster than normal motion; like a bird of a kind will he be with his arms stretched outwards and upwards and his legs pointed downwards. And sometimes he will be about them on the ground moving like a swift wind with him frequently landing a blow anywhere on them with either his feet or his open hands or in harmonious combinations of both. Such moves; such blows will come so rapidly and so accurately that he will have already moved away before the person will have come to realize that they have even been hit. And depending on the number of opponents such encounters will last no more than a few minutes. If it is just one opponent, it will be over within a few seconds. No one ever will have been able to land a single hit, bite or blow on him. This amazing way of his can also go well to describing how he uses his mind: his words, in that he will have already sown a thought seed in your mind before you ever know about it. Hours, days, weeks or even longer might go by before you will begin to realize it and already by then it will have germinated and can even be appearing above the mind's soil; a soil dependent of course upon its level of fecundity.

§Acco.110§ I was sitting under a canopy of flowers: a large shrub having an abundance of colourful petals; deliciously fragrant was the place. I was immersed in composing a poem when he happened to come on by. And I don't know why but with greeting him I felt a strong urge to invite him to come sit next to me. I had never met him before or even seen him. There was something about him, though that was quite irresistible and which as a woman I sensed and knew to be of the essence, yet what it was I knew not. He was somewhat shy to come sit next to me; yet he did. He scented delectable; way more fragrant than the flowers. Immensely did we enjoy chatting. His words were as honey: melodies to my ears; a joy to my bosom. And in likeness had he generously given me to feel mine too were to him. I feel if we had uttered not a single word to each other for the duration; him just sitting there next to me; me beside him, it would in its own right have been a most wonderful conversation.

§Acco.111§ From place to place, you will oft hear him say in one form or another: "Oh, how amicable and lovely all year round

is the land, the sea and sky scapes of the island!” You will never ever hear him say anything unkindly about these; neither never ever will you hear him speak badly of the weather. And although it be deep winter you will never find him yearning; never find him pining or even feeling homesick for the loveliness of a summer’s day. He lives with gratitude and joy the weather of the morn, the afternoon and eve of the given day. In the presence of the living Nature does he dwell, live and place all his trust.

§Acco.112§ Sometimes you will know by him that he is inclining his ear to listen to something in the wind. If you try to do the same you will only hear the wind but he seems to be listening to some particular sounds or voices within the wind: sounds being carried along on the wind; things most of us won’t be able to separate or distinguish from the sound of the wind itself. If you ask him what is it he is so attentively listening to he will most likely answer you by saying: “Only the wind.” But you will know quite well that he is listening to more than just the wind. Other times you might catch him suddenly turn his head in the direction of a nearby rock or a tree as if they are saying something to him. There will be times, in his presence too, when you will very much become aware of yourself as potentially being quite stupid: to be greatly lacking both in sensitivity and intelligence. But he will always be very patient with you; never will he humiliate you, rather he will make you feel good that you don’t know so that you will very much want to be in the know.

§Acco.113§ There is one thing very obvious about him; other than that he absolutely tries to live his life according to Nature and that is his tremendous love for his fellow human beings. When he is not away on his own in the hills or valleys or along the seashore, he loves the company of people; loves listening to them and sharing his stories and insights with them. Howsoever, this doesn’t necessarily mean that he likes their ideas, especially their beliefs if they be Druidic, Christian or otherwise. And it is interesting that the vast majority of Druidic priests and priestesses avoid him if at all possible since they fear the deftness of his words and the vastness of his thought. Having said that there are a handful of them, he greatly enjoys chatting with and them with him. He finds it

extremely hard though to warm to the Christians, especially to the blink of an eye converts who without having taken enough time; without having sought out good advice on the need to seriously consider what this new religion to the island entails: what it preaches, practices, demands and expects to do have instead jumped right in and as a result have completely lost their natural selves. He politely avoids them as much as possible as he finds them to have no willingness whatsoever to listen to what he has to say; looking upon his ideas as being antiquated and way off from the true way; the true faith. Often does he express his heartfelt concern for the future generations on the island given what this new religion is going to do to their hearts; to their senses and to their bodies for he sees it as something that will push people further and further away from Nature; even possibly going as far as making Nature its servitor or even discarding It entirely. And with the profound way; the amazing way that he thinks things through long into the distant view, he will be of the conviction that a time will come in the way away future, when this now so-called new religion will itself end up being replaced or augmented by an even more narrow-minded set of beliefs than it has ever held and deeming itself to be the true way; the true faith. In that day, Christianity, he will say will be to that so-called new religion as Druidism is now to Christianity.

§Acco.114§ He is always and everywhere learning from Nature. “Willing I am; augment Your ways in me throughout this day.” This is a dawn intention and word of his. With reaching eve his intention and word in similitude is: “Willing I am; augment Your ways in me throughout this night.” In this way, he keeps himself in Nature’s truths; directing and harmoniously unifying his body, senses and heart with Nature. He knows Nature to have founded his heart; to have established his myriad senses: to have brought him into his present bodily form and that it is Nature alone that is sustaining him. He is fond of saying: “My fountains all are in Nature.”

§Acco.115§ You will know you have really entered into his presence, when you will have the feeling your feet are not really touching the ground or that when sitting you are levitating. If a you

of you were beside yourself, both of you will be attentively listening to him. If a you of you were removed from yourself, you will in his presence find each other. If a you of your dreams had not with the dawning of the day returned there; it will in his presence. If you have left a self of yourself in the past, you will be reunited in his hearing. If your mind is losing selves of itself, he will say give it a work out by asking a whole lot of questions of the trees and their leaves and fruit; of the stones and the fungi on them; of the grasses, ferns and the clouds. He will say the mind loves to have a question workout; be it to take half an hour to an hour a day and the same an eve; how so will the soil of the mind become regenerated; rejuvenated; even it will be as if it were remaking parts of itself, where for long there has been but inactivity. If you are in need of someone to give you a listening ear, he will not ignore you or cast you off. If in your old age, you find yourself to be greatly missing the self in the days of your youth and the days themselves, he will set you at ease. If in the days of your youth, you find yourself to be dwelling too much on being of an old age, he will bring you to joy with a looking forward to it. If a grey heavily clouded sky is all that is catching your eye and making you feel ever so miserable; even melancholy, he will vision you to see that above the clouds it is a lovely bright sunny day. And he will say that whether it is pouring rain, sleeting or blanketing down snow or there is fog, mist and haze in the all about, it will still all day be lovely bright and sunny on high. Remember the Sun too shines in the dark, he says as do the faraway stars in the heavens of night.

§Acco.116§ He thinks as a wonder of Nature; speaks as a wonder of Nature and all things does he do as a wonder of Nature. The ways of Nature he finds to be the words of Nature and the words of Nature to be the ways of Nature. He knows himself to be of Its words and Its ways.

§Acco.117§ He very much likes the idea of sending precious, profound ideas on up to the generations ahead. He says that we have an inherited obligation from those insightful ones who went before us to do as so many of them have so faithfully done as to transfer as accurately as possible the wondrous thoughts which have been worded down to us. And so too are we obligated, he says to

share our own reflections on them. He looks upon ideas as seeds; wondrous seeds to be sown in receptive fertile minds. There is no one on the island today who can be compared to him; can be likened to the way he uses his mind. He believes in always being faithful to himself and faithful to those round about him who are of a full willingness and ability to reciprocate his faith in them; faithfulness being an essential part of him wherever he finds himself. He feels the sky, land, waters and sea to be his not to harm; the Sun, moon, planets and stars to be his not to blur. Simplicity, spontaneity and sincerity he considers to be the very foundation of relationships. Most fortunate you are, he will say if you are with joyfulness brimming over at the sheer wonder of everything. This joyfulness can be clearly seen in his countenance and experienced in his words and actions and even in his silences. Sometimes when you will be listening to him, you can feel walls within you crumble and fall; walls that you yourself have erected within your mind. They won't hold a chance against his words; oft one apropos word alone will be suffice to instantly bring them down. The Druids but the Christians in particular are always eager to remind him just how short life is; what a mere fleeting life, his and everyone's is: what emptiness; what falsity, futility and frailty is one's existence. And they will mockingly question him, saying: "Can you live and not ever see death?" He will only laugh at them as if he believes they have no idea in the world: in any world of the worlds, what they are talking about.

§Acco.118§ He wholeheartedly knows Nature to be his only dwelling place; more akin to say: he knows Nature to be his home. This is his only home; his dwelling which he says never has a before Itself nor ever will It have an after of Itself. Even from place to place Nature is, he says; there being no place where Nature wasn't, isn't or won't be. If you were to make claim with him that everything most definitely has a beginning which is headed for an ending, he will jokingly reply: "That must surely be the Druid coming out in you." or "How come you are becoming so Christianized these days?" And out of that there will arise an abundance of laughter. Although he will, purely out of necessity for the benefit of the hearer, use quite a lot of time related terminology, he says that it is a misappropriation; an abstraction to be tagging

time to Nature and then to be going on to say something so ridiculous as: ten thousand years from Nature's perspective is but as a morning or an afternoon. Nature, he says does not lend Itself to time for no need at all does It have for It.

§Acco.119§ At times it feels as if there is no definitive starting or finishing points to his words: no beginnings or endings to them for they seem to have existed before he had even given them a voice: in that, they have already been spoken by him, though inaudible to his listeners and that long after he having voiced them they remain as if they are still being spoken by him though inaudible to his listeners. Who knows but maybe in seasons hence they will be again heard by someone for there have been some who have claimed to have in the air heard words of his which he had voiced solely when he was but a youth; the same never having actually met him or heard such words hitherto voiced by anyone.

§Acco.120§ There are both spoken and written records that someone like unto him would be born into this our own time. Such records date back for up on a thousand or more years. And not alone do people in the know; people who are on the look out for such happenings speak of his coming but also rulers up and down the island make mention that one such as he would be appearing when Druidism has all but run its full course; a time when a new religion would be beginning to come ashore and take root. That time is now and that new religion seems to be Christianity; a religion which is now spreading throughout the island. This religion is said to have its origins in a faraway land off to the southeast. All the records speak of him as being a philosopher of the natural kind: a true believer in Nature who will encourage those with willing to listen ears and ready to receive hearts to a return to placing all their trust in Nature as did their ancestors in pre-Druidic times. Even the skies of these days and the heavens of these nights; the land, valleys and hills; the rivers, lakes and streams as well as the shores seem to have taken on a whole new good feel to them since his strolling about and announcing his wonderful word that Nature is at home with Itself. It is said that he first appeared in the southern hills: in his native place and that from there did he begin his strolling about the island: listening and speaking to whomsoever he will meet. He

knows himself to be the one who is spoken of in the ancient writings and stories: the one who has been expected but he will not make anything of it other than that he knows Nature wants him to be: needs to him to be here right now and that is good enough for him, he says for him to know. If pressed on who has sent him, he will always say: “Me, myself; myself me alone naturally.” He isn’t a religious teacher or preacher; neither is he a priest of any kind; he is a philosopher of the natural kind. He will say: “Be on your guard against the new religion which is not alone merely coming ashore but is greatly being welcomed ashore unquestioned by many who are no longer finding any solace or moral direction for their lives in Druidism. Exchanging Druidism for the new religion is not an exchange: it is but the same sameness presented to you anew.” Whenever asked to say what philosophizing for Nature is, he will answer along the lines of: “Philosophizing for Nature is more than a joyful way of life; including and more than a beautiful lifestyle is it, it is an attitude of respect and an outlook of ever being completely trustful and grateful to Nature.”

§Acco.121§ It happens many the time that if he with beginning to talk, to say a small group of people and the sky is quite overcast at the time; the clouds will of their own accord recede to make an opening for the Sun to shine down through: a lovely bright warm shining it will be too. Even in the heart of the winter will such a delightful phenomenon take place from time to time whenever he speaks. And if you were to ask him has he somehow caused it, he will answer, saying: “Nature wills as Nature wills wherever and so it is.” And people will answer: “Then greatly beloved by Nature you are; goodly pleasure It takes in you.” And he will smile and say: “We are all beloved by Nature.”

§Acco.122§ There are times when he is nowhere to be found: that can be just for a few days or a few weeks; even it can be for a few months. But never is it any more than that for he says that however much he loves and appreciates being on his own in strolling throughout the land, he equally loves and treasures the company of people. And well does he understand and appreciate too that there will be those of us, who will be longing to be in his company: delighting to be listening to his beautiful truths for his is a

great one of kind philosophizing mind and of a storytelling style that is most sublimely refined. And besides and including, he has a marvelous sense of humour: a humour that is as pure and refreshing as a sea breeze. And you will need to be very much alert when listening to him since he loves subtlety and nuance; often couching his primary thoughts in them alone.

§Acco.123§ Frequently and in various ways Nature speaks to him; speaks to him not in the way we humans ordinarily speak to one another but through say Its scents, sounds and silences. You can be sitting, standing or strolling in his presence and you will come to sense that he is tuned into something in the near or far. There will at such moments appear to be a softly glowing radiance in his countenance. Something of Nature is imprinting Itself within him but you are not privy to know what that is; only you will notice he looks wondrously contented. And then after a little while he will be chatting away again as if there has been no intermission in our conversation or his thoughts. His words then, will have a strength to them which for all intents and purposes can hold up the sky or push back the waves of the sea.

§Acco.124§ He neither looks upon Nature as being his Father nor his Mother. His island born father is his father; his island born mother his mother. Nature is beyond such ways of thinking for him. From Nature he has been given to come forth; by Nature is he being sustained and to Nature will he be given to return. His words are like dawns and eves; middays and midnights are they in their harmonious appearance in a conversation. And he is at all times spontaneous; like unto the flight of a bird from seemingly out of nowhere is he in his words, movements and stillnesses. He is upright but not uptight for there is a pleasantness about him that will cause you to be of another world; a world where right is known to be right as the Sun rising above the wavy waters of the shore is as sure as anything known to be the Sun rising above the wavy waters of the shore.

§Acco.125§ If you ask him how the foundation of the island came to be; how the workings of the skies of day and night came to be, he will say he knows not. All he will say is: “Nature does what Nature does and of what Nature does is the island and the skies of

day and night.” And if you then ask him what of ourselves; how came we to be, he will give answer by saying: “Nature does what Nature does and of what Nature does are we.” And he might continue and even say: “Everything is forever changing, the hills become lowland and flat, even valleys do they become. Valleys become flat and lowland, even hills do they become. The shores become land; the cliffs rocks, pebbles and fine sandy sand. The dawn goes itself into morning, midday, afternoon, eve and night; the night into the dawning of a new day. And we are of all these changes; of seeds that grow are we that constantly change day nightly.”

§Acco.126§ He is essentially a hermit; yet a hermit like unto a rare bird is he who enjoys combining a migratory lifestyle with that of a sedentary. Yet this combination isn’t in equal proportions. For instance, if a place takes his fancy he will linger there for a while and that awhile can be anything from two to three days up to several days. Weather is never a factor for he loves a place in the weather he finds it. He never has had a permanent residence other than for the first few years of his life. And whenever anyone asks him where his fixed abode is, he will with a great smile always answer that the wondrously ever-transforming island is his permanent abode and the skies of day and night its splendid roof.

§Acco.127§ He is of a wisely way of questioning Nature; a way quite different from that of we his contemporaries, in that for him there is no question he can ever formulate that he can’t put to Nature and for which he won’t receive from Nature a fulfilling answer. His questions appear as if they aren’t really questions at all. Listening though is of far more importance than questioning for him. His ears are the abundances of good tidings and upon his tongue does he munificently give them wings.

§Acco.128§ There is a soothing quality to his voice; a healing presence in his words for he has this lovely lyrical way of saying things; a way of playing with words and phrases that lets you feel you are being transported into some hitherto unknown world of wondrous thought. Oft when having spoken with him you will feel like singing out loud some wordless songs and dancing carefreely in a valley long or on hillslopes high. Any fading remembrances of you

ever having had some burdens will by then be well gone. In his words, there is life. He seems to embody Nature's truth, integrity and faithfulness for whenever you meet him it is like visiting a stretch of new season countryside or strolling along a golden strand. You are filled with lightheartedness and gratitude.

§**Acco.129**§ He likes to say: "It is a good and delightful thing always and everywhere to have an attitude of gratitude to the Sun, moon, planets and stars; to the trees, grasses, flowers, rivers and streams; to the animals of the land, the air and the waters; a good and delightful thing to give thanks to and for one another; always and everywhere to give thanks to Nature."

The accounts gatherer:

Scáthánnéis Ní Grianálainn

PART

VI

Appendix

The Saint Columbanus text

THE MANTELPIECE MANUSCRIPT

[The Interpreter's note: Source:

Abiding in Bobbio - Monk Colombano Europaggio, pages: 276-329.

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Monk Colombano Europaggio soliloquizing:

HIGH blue sky with wispies
wispig away.

Thoughts are many in coming
with remembrances of never
having been yet very much so
to a way to a way becoming.

Dance to the spring of eternal
happiness for I am of
the ancient isle descended, and
of this equally ancient land here
am I a proud son.

Glory be to be giving freely now
my vexations all to the wind.

Blessed be the divine in
the divinity of my prayer
filling heart.

How to so to new blessings is
this day finding you in such
joyfulness and ease?

There are happenings in
the garden, in the orchard,
in the fields, and in the crevices
of the cloister walls that bring
from me tears of joy to ecstasy.

Hail to the beauty that is of
this lovely place.

Gate to the garden to the chapel
to the kitchen to the dormitory
are some of my favourite places.

And where to where is the first?

It is the cloister to the library
leading off into the scriptorium.

Is there any an earthily man who

wouldn't find peace of mind to
rising serenity in such a place?
No to matter to everlasting what
is the hour of being blessed with
memories in abundance of
the sincerities who have dwelt in
this scared* monastery down through
the hundreds to hundreds of years.
Is there anything left to you wishing?
My only wish to wish would be
that in a time of someplace I may
let my eyes behold a text
of An Fealsamh: say a collection
of sayings by him dating from
that of his own day.
Would that I could read
his words in their original.
Merciful to joyfulness but that
will be within possibility.
How to so?
Though long have been the long
lasting hours you have spent in
the library, have you ever
opened up the mantelpiece?
Why to so to what, but
mantelpieces don't open up.
Go there at the dawning of
the new now, and slid to slot thrice
by two and it will open up to you.
There within discover you will
a single binding long in centuries:
a two in one Gaeilge to Latin
manuscript containing words
profound originated, spoken, and
quilled by your beloved An Fealsamh.
How to goodness could such
a text be in my nearness all
this long to lengthy while, and

I being unaware of its existence?
 But for this time were you not
 ready for it; now to heavens and
 earths you are to finding wide
 open mindedness.
 Be in joy; be in joy.
 And to surprise and wonder
 be at discovering who its
 eminent interpreter be.
 O of this fragrant cloister
 with its lucid bell sounding
 and welcoming alpine to river
 surrounding; of this lovely
 town and commune with its
 cordial citizenry and happy
 visitors, will I, by the Grace
 of the Most High, delight
 in remaining for the ever
 and the ever more!

(*Soliloquy 112*)

I (the author of *Abiding in Bobbio*) am hearing him (Monk
 Colombano Europaggio) read something; simultaneously interpret in
 English a Latin text. There is a lovely continuous flow of delightfulness
 and lyricism in his voice. And this is his contemporary interpretation of
 the text.

“Here within in my own hand is a humble interpretation from
 Gaeilge into Latin of a collection of prophetic aphorisms formulated,
 spoken, and written by An Fealsamh – a fourth** century anno Domini
 pagan Irish philosopher and seer of the natural kind whose mind; whose
 all-inclusive way of thinking have I long privately admired, though not
 always in agreement am I with his views. In addition to his magnum opus
 he wrote a number of other short works like this one. But this is the only
 one that came into my hand. From Ireland did I secretly bring it with me
 all those years ago. Maybe it is a bit too late for me now, seeing that my
 days on Earth are almost over, but I would surely love to browse through
 his magnum opus. Natheless, I am most thankful that I have even one of
 his works to hand.

*(AMcF spelling error corrected to: sacred) ** (AMcF corrected to: fifth)

Both which I confirmed with the author of *Abiding in Bobbio*.

1 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know knowledge just doesn't happen; it is dependent upon our efforts.

2 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that life is recounted both with knowledge and ignorance; recounted by the learned and the illiterate.

3 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know we were born to be knowledgeable; born to teach ourselves to know, and to let ourselves be taught how to know.

4 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that being satisfied with ignorance; with our own ignorance cannot be an acceptable option.

5 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you provide yourself with knowledge of what it means to be a truly noble human being.

6 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be happy progenitors of goodness; active seekers of knowledge of goodness.

7 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you in living enjoy the fruits of learning. The enjoyment of learning is for the living.

8 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there is no time either in the past or in the future that is better and more lasting than this given moment.

9 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek knowledge of goodness; in goodness will you be.

10 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that if being born learned were common to everyone, then who wouldn't be learned? Learning has to be acquired.

11 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you culture yourself with the knowledge found in the book: Nature.

12 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek the path of acquiring the kind of knowledge that is being day-nightly presented to you by Nature.

13 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you guide your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions along a path leading to goodness.

14 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let the fields, rivers, trees, deserts, and high blue sky cheer for you: the seeker of their knowledge.

15 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that better than worrying; better than complaining or praying all day long over something, is to go and gain some knowledge on how best to deal with it.

16 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know it is better to learn something about something than not.

17 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek knowledge even if you haven't a book in your dwelling. Seek knowledge.

18 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let the seeking of knowledge be a responsibility that you place upon yourself.

19 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know knowledge of Nature to be a treasure house; a key to It being observation.

20 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be remaining not contented with your own ignorance; you will overturn it.

21 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you being knowledgeable of how to bring about a greater peace in the world, will share it with the world.

22 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know your ignorant self likes to put down your knowledgeable self, for to remain ignorant is a whole lot easier.

23 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you put yourself in the presence of knowledgeable people.

24 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will

you reflectively observe Nature. You won't be going around as if you can't see It.

25 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek from Nature knowledge on how to benefit goodness.

26 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be both a seeker of knowledge and one sought for knowledge.

27 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that not seeking knowledge is not an option.

28 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you understand the knowledge you seek.

29 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that to learn one thing about yourself will be better than learning a hundred things about world affairs.

30 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you culture yourself to be a learned person.

31 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you differentiate what is right from what is not right; what is superlative from what is trashy.

32 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you live in goodness; be well versed in goodness.

33 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be a nobler person than you were in days of your recent before.

34 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that for a healthy person to be letting themselves be deficient in intellect is a disgrace.

35 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you again encourage a friend to believe in themselves. This time it will make all the difference.

36 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you teach by your words, and guide by your example.

37 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you remember that the past only exists in your memory; the present is memory making of the future.

38 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you make known what needs to be made known; what needs for the time being to be concealed you will conceal.

39 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you share a piece of knowledge you received from your grandparents on how to respect everyone and everything.

40 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you call on Nature, and be Nature in goodness; goodness in thought, intention, silence, word, and action.

41 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be like Nature; a generous book of wisdom: open-paged for the seekers of wisdom.

42 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you in word and action give guidance on goodness to someone.

43 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you go observe; go learn something from Nature, and in your sharing of such knowledge will you be most generous.

44 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you truly live according to your acquired knowledge of goodness.

45 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know days to be terrestrial places. Wholeheartedly you will enter them.

46 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your knowledge of goodness reach beyond yourself.

47 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be the greatest provider of knowledge: freely giving, and not asking anything in return.

48 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the knowledge you have to be both for you and others. Keep it not all for yourself.

49 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you beware of ignorant, arrogant, egoistic leaders; such as them who claim to know what is morally right.

50 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will

you avoid making any decision without knowledge.

51 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know if you misguide yourself, others will by you be misguided.

52 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you acquire some knowledge on what it means to be a great of an age person. This knowledge generously share.

53 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that speaking words of wisdom and truth makes you an activist of the highest order.

54 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you learn how to be a marvellous presence to your family; to your community, country, and the world.

55 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that doing yesterday's work today is not yesterday's but today's. Live the day; do the day.

56 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you make a greater friendship with Nature.

57 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be goodness, and teach goodness. Even the butterflies of the fields will be pleased with you for doing so.

58 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you when you come across a beautiful tradition, willingly share it with the world.

59 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be open to good advice, and it into action put.

60 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you quickly welcome and receive good words; straightaway the rest reject.

61 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you send yourself as a teacher of goodness out into your world.

62 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your words be like soft Irish summer rain.

63 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will

you let your words be like sage and thyme.

64 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your words be fragrant.

65 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you flock your ideas together as do swallows high in the sky; as butterflies in a garden.

66 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you irrigate the parched world with your refreshing words.

67 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you grow your words of wisdom, and well being in depths of soil or in niches in walls.

68 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there are hearts in the world that have been without rain for decades. Rain goodness their way.

69 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you benefit your family, community, country, and the world with your knowledge of goodness.

70 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that your striving towards goodness to be of a similitude to doing good.

71 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that to be is to be knowledgeable, honourable, and generous.

72 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you generously give of your knowledge. Of your financial wealth will you spend freely for the health of those long in suffering.

73 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your actions be a worthy heritage for tomorrow; for next week, next month, next year, and for the ever coming next centuries.

74 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you observe, listen and learn from Nature. This knowledge will you willingly share in word and way.

75 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you enjoy learning something about another culture; another religion, and atheism in a broad sense.

76 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you translate into action something you recently learnt on how to be a more wonderful person.

77 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be patient. Even the birds of the air and the fishes of the waters will to you be most grateful.

78 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you share with your beloved a wise saying once spoken to you by a grandparent or some elderly neighbour.

79 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that a learned person to be one who delights in observing and listening to Nature.

80 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be a human sun: giving light, warmth, and life to your family, community, country, and the world.

81 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that your goodness; your presence gives light not alone to future ages but also to those past.

82 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your search for knowledge take you so far that by the end of the day you can no longer see the distant hills of the morning.

83 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you enjoy searching for knowledge of goodness; enjoy acquiring it, and enjoy reflectively studying it.

84 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know knowledge to be with you when you are still; when you are journeying, and when you are sleeping.

85 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your heart be refreshed by today's knowledge; yesterday's was for yesterday.

86 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will

you let acquiring knowledge of Nature come quite naturally to you.

87 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you fast your mind from all forms of distractions; enriching it you will with knowledge on how to live in goodness.

88 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that religious knowledge can't compete with that knowledge which is greater: knowledge of Nature.

89 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you try and understand more fully what the words 'serenity', 'wisdom', and 'excellence' mean.

90 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek out and speak forth words of quality and beauty.

91 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek to understand why having knowledge of goodness is better by far than having none at all.

92 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know yourself to be precious; know all living things to be precious.

93 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that everything has its own intrinsic value. Find and appreciate such values.

94 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you appreciate that an intrinsic value of knowledge is noble.

95 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that without a monetary value gold is as any other stone found on a hillside or in a riverbed.

96 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know knowledge to be precious for its own sake. Nobler human beings can walk the Earth, and travel the Universe.

97 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you maintain a healthy body for by doing so all activities of the day can be more easily accomplished.

98 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the 'hereafter' to be always of places; for instance: place morning, place noon, eve, or night.

99 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there to be no place you can be in which Nature isn't close to you; that you aren't close to Nature.

100 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you anticipate you will get great pleasure in the acquisition of knowledge concerning a subject dear to your heart.

101 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that your happiness consists in knowing Nature. The more of It you know the happier you will be.

102 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your knowledge be a good influence in your surroundings. Its ripples will extend wide and far.

103 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that sectarian wars to be a desecration of religion; an indignity to humanity. Be knowledgeable.

104 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that peace in your heart; peace in the world will only come about by peace filling thoughts and activities.

105 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know knowledge of goodness to be as necessary for you as air is for your lungs.

106 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you go discover what is fundamental to your life; what is helpful, what is supplementary.

107 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you will peaceful habitation for neighbours in the world who have fallen out over religious differences.

108 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that experienced and expert individuals in the ways of goodness are necessary in governance.

109 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you decide what of your life you will make internationally public; what you will keep totally private.

110 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be your own administrator over the public and private matters of your own life.

111 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you stay out of the private matters of others. Sufficient it will be for you to take good care of your own.

112 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you administrate well the matter of your own religious and political views. Don't let them get out of hand.

113 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you realise that it is possible even with the little you have that you are living a privileged way of life.

114 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that your thoughts and aspirations though shaped somewhat differently are common to all people.

115 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you willingly and generously diffuse your knowledge of goodness. The world will greatly be in need of it.

116 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you reflect on your natural qualities.

117 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know hereafters to be places of Nature. Observe and listen to Nature for It is the pathway to them.

118 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know time to be a misplaced designation for place. Discover 'today' to be a place of Nature.

119 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you see and know how bright your intellect to be.

120 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that next to your heart your intellect is your greatest attribute. Use it for the well being of the world.

121 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you become aware that you are in the presence of Nature; that of Nature you are. Be a presence of Nature.

122 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you when sharing your knowledge of goodness be willing it to extend way beyond the eyes of your readers; way beyond the ears of your listeners.

123 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that your knowledge of worlds inclusive of and beyond theism, atheism, and agnosticism to be away by far more valuable than rhodium.

124 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that sharing your knowledge of Nature will restore serenity to troubled minds; bring comfort to heavy hearts.

125 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you guide yourself towards Nature. Leave behind all those entanglements of the mind sustained by ignorance.

126 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be your noblest self: be walking in the presence of Nature.

127 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you practice your eyes to observe Nature; your ears to hear It.

128 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that you don't need any intermediary between you and Nature.

129 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek knowledge of Nature. Make it obligatory on yourself to seek such learning.

130 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek to understand Nature, and the attributes of Nature.

131 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know knowledge to be of one kind; namely that of Nature.

132 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature is all that there is. Grow in your knowledge of Nature.

133 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek to discover whether or not Nature requires us humans to have a religion or not to have a religion.

134 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that ever has it been known that Nature generously gives of its knowledge to all who seek it.

135 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek for inner meanings; deeper meanings into the things that you have always claimed to know well.

136 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you place your complete trust in Nature.

137 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there will be circumstances and new events that will make you question what it means to be a human being.

138 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that letting yourself remain in a state of comfortable ignorance is no longer an acceptable way to be.

139 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you restrain yourself from giving into your ignorance of the dreadful things that are taking place in the world.

140 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be of great generosity, calm passion, and courteously presenting a favourable opinion of yourself.

141 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that every thought you have will either be connected or not connected with religion.

142 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that religious teachings don't fall out of the air or on the morning haze come floating in along.

143 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you decide clearly what is good for you to know, and what definitely is not good for you to know.

144 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you explore and discover the primary source for the way you

continue to look at the world.

145 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you read from Nature as if It were a book; a marvellous book containing all that you will need to know for today.

146 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that you are your own eyes to see, your own ears to hear, mind to think, and heart to heart.

147 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the literal meaning of anything is just that, the literal.

148 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you have your mind be in a good place when you need to make a decision about anything.

149 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the activities of the world are not your affair per se, yet they could turn out very much to be.

150 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you become aware of what you have entrusted to theism, atheism or agnosticism.

151 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that to acquire a deeper knowledge of Nature requires that you know the language of Nature.

152 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know not to be content with being illiterate when it comes to the language of Nature. Culture yourself to know it.

153 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you with knowing the language of Nature be a harmony-maker in the family, community, country, and the world.

154 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you reflectively read any passage from any sacred scripture to discover what it speaks of for your day.

155 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you ask why the innocent are being oppressed, persecuted, and deprived of life.

156 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that there is nothing more worldly than ignorance; being knowledgeable comes in a distant second. Turn this about.

157 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be in no doubt about the fast rising levels of religious ignorance, atheistic arrogance, and agnostic indifference in the world.

158 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the morning is the fertile seed ground of the afternoon. Sow in it seeds of goodness.

159 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let goodness grow in your heart and mind; its blossoms, fragrances, and fruit enrich all that you do.

160 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be the foundation of your knowledge; that knowledge to be what keeps you natural.

161 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the government of a state must not be held captive by theistic, atheistic or agnostic sects.

162 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the government of a state belongs to its people; its people to Nature.

163 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be on your guard for strands of knowledge that brand ignorance into the hearts and minds of the innocent.

164 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the day to be a place; a region in which you are journeying. In it journey safely with serenity of heart.

165 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know yourself to be qualified to give goodness. Generously give it with gratitude and joy.

166 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you avoid intruders upon your thoughts, and you intruding upon the thoughts of others.

167 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you not remain silent when you happen upon something archaic that degrades your age of humanity.

168 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you shine bright the light of your heart.

169 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you though you hear or read of some happening, will verify its truthfulness with at least two other sources.

170 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you express in your own way your opinions regarding what is being let happen in lands that in your day will be called Syria, Iraq, and Nigeria.

171 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you not be remaining silent: not be continuing to confine your opinions on things you know to be wrong.

172 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you actively remove some more of those self-imposed limitations you placed between you and inclusive thinking.

173 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the primary activity of Nature will be the revealing of Itself. Culture yourself to interpret It.

174 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that knowledge of revelations of Nature will come the night provide you with a contented sleep.

175 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature reveals Itself according to your present ability to observe, listen, and consider.

176 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be in your family, community, country, and the world that certain sage who lives and speaks wisdom.

177 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that to know Nature is to be as Nature is: keeping hidden knowledge hidden until ready to be revealed.

178 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you try and break the addiction of constantly feeling the need to know what the latest tragic happening is in the world.

179 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you give up persisting in doing things that you know in your heart bring not alone hurt to others but also to yourself.

180 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know you can acquire knowledge of Nature: attain secrets of the ways of the land, sea and sky.

181 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there will be no place you will be in which you won't be in the neighbourhood of Nature.

182 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let the light of last night's most distant stars be with you to enlighten your nearest thoughts.

183 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that there is nothing impure about today. Its pure sun shines upon its pure earth, and upon its pure humanity.

184 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you understand something as if for the first time, though you have oft heard it spoken of before.

185 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that eternity is not of time but of place; time if anything being merely an attribute of place.

186 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that there is no place in which no change isn't taking place. You are a place.

187 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you ask yourself why you are becoming more and more unmoved by what humanity is inflicting on humanity.

188 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that there are no such things as mere examples; no coincidences. Everything carries meaning.

189 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that there is a goodness coming that no eye has ever seen, no ear heard, and no heart conceived.

190 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know yourself to be a significant reality, a brilliant attribute, and a wondrous pattern of Nature.

191 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that having secret knowledge of Nature and sacred knowledge of Nature to be one and the same.

192 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the appearance of a golden light in the mind is as the sun rising over the land or the waters.

193 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you mirror into your inner world floating wispy clouds, rustling fragrant wheat fields, and flowing streams.

194 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know indifference to be a significant impediment to you acquiring profounder knowledge of Nature.

195 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let go of frivolous desires, and of waste-of-time passions. With a passion desire knowledge of Nature.

196 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you face the truth that continued indifference to indifference won't last indefinitely without a third war of three breaking in to be.

197 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that you won't find anything written in any book on that which you personally are observing today in Nature.

198 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the experience of acquiring some knowledge of Nature will be like unto you a gift of Nature.

199 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the flower you were observing in your garden yesterday is not the same one there today; neither are you.

200 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that though you may be observing Nature, you may not be grasping its guidance. Be of a welcoming heart.

201 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you walk in the presence of Nature: stroll your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions in Nature's harmony.

202 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be the exclusive fountainhead of all goodness and truth. There is no place where Nature isn't.

203 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you ask yourself why are there so many religions in the world; why so many atheists; why so many agnostics.

204 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that those who are walking in the presence of Nature are not in the millions, thousands or hundreds, but in the handful.

205 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that what is happening with religions is not religious. Egoistic hegemony it is in discernible disguise.

206 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you avoid incorporating subtle intricacies into your sincerity. Purely be sincere.

207 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you descend from the highways of hand-me-down religions to stroll with original thinkers along lanes and through fields and groves.

208 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you ask not yourself how am I going to get something done. Simply apply hand over hand to it and done it will be.

209 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you though sit at an office desk or on a park bench recline, remember your roots to be of a nomadic lifestyle.

210 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that though you may not find answers to your questions in religion or science, you will them find in Nature.

211 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your thoughts be as lively waterfalls; your words them there below refreshing pools.

212 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you will speak both exoterically and esoterically. Howsoever of the two, speak more esoterically.

213 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you when leaving your dwelling for the workings of the day, have your intentions be in the company of Nature.

214 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you acquire first some knowledge of Nature and then knowledge of anything else. Always begin a day with Nature.

215 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that trying to acquire profound knowledge of Nature with either a religious, atheistic or agnostic stance to be a lost cause.

216 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know philosophically to be the most natural and pleasurable way to interpret Nature.

217 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there is no book of guidance more intimate than Nature. To the iota can It day-nightly be trusted.

218 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you narrate to someone the life of a summer's flower: from its seedling right up to your very hour.

219 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature-fearing to be the most unnatural thing in the world. Respectful of Its power to be wisdom.

220 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your pleasure be in attentively observing, listening, and interpreting Nature's guidance.

221 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you prefer strolling in Nature's pure transparency to staying put in the murky clarity of religion and science.

222 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you not in any shape or form help advance the cause of ignorance masquerading itself as an honourable judge.

223 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your sun of goodness and knowledge shine forth: your knowledge of good be in your every word and step.

224 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you broadcast not the atrocities committed by the ignorant as news items but rather as murder obituaries.

225 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you examine anew some of your habits as to see if they are truly worthy of your continued affiliation.

226 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know your enrichment to be your willingness and effort to acquire knowledge of goodness: knowledge of Nature.

227 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you place your trust in Nature. Confidently place all of your trust in Nature.

228 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you lavishly deposit goodness in intention, word, and act in your family; in your community, country, and the world.

229 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you only accordingly do as you did yesterday, if what you were doing yesterday was of goodness.

230 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you walk in truth by telling the truth, and when you hear a lie being told give it not a foothold.

231 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be concerned over the important matter of life: shifting from ignorance based goodness to knowledge based.

232 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you converse little with others on how best to live life more honourably. Simply be more honourable.

233 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know others will know you to possess esoteric knowledge of Nature simply from your presence in their midst.

234 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that reading Nature is not like reading say a human-written sacred book. It has no first or last chapters.

235 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that however many times you gaze up over n' around at the wispy blue summer skies, they will always appear new.

236 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you recite verses from the Great Book of Poetic Philosophy: Nature. 'A fragrant wheat field rustling in the breeze.'

237 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know procrastination to be of human making. Look see no place in Nature is it to be found. It let go and abound.

238 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the serenity of Nature to be with you; with you to be serene. Be serene.

239 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you appear before Nature with open hands; return you will with them overflowing with goodness.

240 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you go erect a momentary tent of thought in your golden be it green or snowy desert. Therein as a hermit well dwell.

241 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know generosity to be the essence of Nature. Be the essence of Nature: generously distributing goodness.

242 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know in Nature there is nothing that is insignificant for Nature is significance.

243 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there is no place where Nature isn't; no place in which It isn't alive: isn't living. Be a living life.

244 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will

you know the hills and valleys, the running waters, and the shifting sands to be Nature but visible to your eyes; audible to your ears.

245 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you send your gaze to wispy white clouds in a lovely summer sky; float effortlessly your thoughts along on high.

246 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know you dwell but in one place; one world though it is spoken of as being three different worlds: prior, this, next.

247 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you with knowing Nature to be the exclusive source of goodness, in goodness will you be. Be goodness.

248 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know indifference to Nature to be preventing you from having deep down high up wide and about serenity and joy.

249 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the notion of ‘perfection’ as applied to Nature to reflect an extraordinary narrowness in thought.

250 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you search to see if you will for limits of Nature; searching all day you will, but not one will you find.

251 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you adopt complete trust in Nature for your guidance; joyfully entertaining goodness in all your affairs.

252 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you recognize and meet Nature as if for the very first time. Be you will be, sublime.

253 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know having deep knowledge of theisms, atheisms, and agnosticisms to be incomparable to having knowledge of Nature.

254 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that with trusting in Nature, your heart will become serene; your mind illumined.

255 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you not let your thoughts be interrupted by those who place all their trust in theisms, atheisms or agnosticisms.

256 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know serenity of heart to be by way of acquiring knowledge of Nature; this knowledge by way of patience.

257 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you feel a depth of pleasure to be looking at the flowers in your garden, yet more pleasurable it will be if you observe them.

258 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you adorn yourself with qualities of goodness as you would your body with beautiful attire.

259 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature does not separate from us come dawn come eve. Don't be trying to separate yourself from Nature.

260 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you take time to narrate to someone a beautiful tradition told to you by a grandparent or an elderly neighbour.

261 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be the soil, you the plant; your thoughts buds, intentions blossoms, words fragrances, and actions fruit.

262 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know knowledge of Nature to be as the night sky: wondrously dark; as the sun in summer days: brilliantly bright.

263 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you avoid all arguments about religion, atheisms, and agnosticisms. No benefit is there to be had by such contention.

264 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know any thought-package be it political, religious or scientific requiring compulsion, merely to be happy slavery.

265 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there is no book more sacred; more alive, and more edifying than Nature. Confidently you can follow It.

266 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know yourself to be a goodness tradition of Nature; a fragrant tradition in your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions.

267 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know difference of opinion to be as rain falling momentarily upon the sea. See then to therein the lovely harmony.

268 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you find yourself having a preference for some beautiful place. For that place be you beautiful.

269 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you say to a hill or stream ‘O how beautiful you are,’ and feel them you will to be presents to you from Nature.

270 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you by gratitude and joy honour the goodness: the good guidance you will receive from Nature.

271 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature contains you; contains you as a narrative among myriads of narratives. You are a story of Nature.

272 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that should words you speak cause even the slightest harm to others you will speak them not.

273 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature everywhere to be a wondrous self-originator. Accordingly a wondrous self-originator be.

274 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you look to the places of the rising of the stars; seem they to be far but nearer they are than the gables of your dwelling.

275 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the sun and moon to be in the palms of your hands; the stars and galaxies away in your lungs.

276 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that happenings of place tomorrow are indicated by place today’s causes. Observe indications.

277 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you culture yourself to have ideas of the wondrous ways of Nature. Depth to ideas will come with sowing sky seeds.

278 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you remain silent and still; still and silent as if sitting on a hill overlooking a meandering rill.

279 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know oppression by certain leaders to be a way of life; faith in religion a fashion, and non-trust in Nature the norm.

280 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the sun, moon, stars, and galaxies to be as much of Nature as are the valleys, hills, fields, and streams about.

281 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know yourself to be as much of Nature as are the valleys, hills, fields, streams, sun, moon, stars, and galaxies.

282 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know guesswork, conjecture, and ignorance to be longstanding acquaintances. Trouble they be all told.

283 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you enjoy learning something trivial, something important, something subtle, and something fundamental.

284 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let go of complaining about how much you don't know of Nature. Be in the know.

285 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you feel the pulse of Nature from your own wrists; Its rhythmic beat from your palm held up to your ear.

286 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that too long have you been seeking refuge in religions. Knowledge of Nature is all you need to live joyfully.

287 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that no harm ever comes from Nature to those who have acquired knowledge of the ways of Nature.

288 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that harm always comes from Nature to those who are ignorant of the ways of Nature. Ignorance creates harm.

289 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that theists, atheists, and agnostics have changed and given Nature meanings all of their own. Follow them not.

290 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you vision not your eyes nor lend not your ears to excessive debates. In excessive debates do not participate.

291 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you give attention to what is in your sitting room; in your study-studio and garden. That garden be it but a window box.

292 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that certain words used in days of yore contained a certain religious lore. In days of now is no more.

293 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that you are everywhere on the natural path to the here everywhere after; enjoy the journeying.

294 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know if you believe in anything that involves the domination of fear over your heart, then you are enslaved. Be free.

295 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that saints are rarely experts in religion; supposed experts in religion even more rarely saints.

296 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know you have a heart; an understanding heart. Have it be for all to see brimming over with serenity.

297 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the time is coming when humanity will have well done with theistic, atheistic and agnostic ideas.

298 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there to be no greater people in a community, country, and the world than those who trust in Nature the most.

299 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you not deprive anyone of the beauty of Nature nor cause anyone to discard Nature in favour of something else.

300 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know yourself to be in the presence of Nature. From dawns to eves eves to dawns are you in the company of Nature.

301 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you understand Nature not in parts: not as being so many different objects such as trees, hills, and streams, but as wholeness.

302 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature does not require you to worship It. Nature is not some kind of religion. Nature is Nature.

303 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that all things come from Nature. There is no coming of all things from anywhere else. Rely on Nature.

304 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the Nature you see is only that: the Nature you see. Illimitably more there is to Nature than we can see.

305 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be all that is; nothing moreover is there.

306 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you entrust all your concerns to Nature. Leave no room to divert your attention to any other matter except to Nature.

307 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know monotheism, polytheism, atheism, and agnosticism to have no application when it comes to Nature.

308 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you turn your heart towards the rising sun. Your face with it be smiling throughout the day.

309 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the direction of the rising sun to be a direction of Nature. Them face and be sublimely awed.

310 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there is no direction you can turn your face towards that

won't have you turned towards Nature.

311 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you greatly enjoy speaking poetically of Nature, and this is wonderful. Be howsoever occasionally aware: excessive poetics could subtly lead astray from Nature. Remain a Nature-grounded poet.

312 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you have Nature be the exclusive source of your wisdom: the wisdom of Nature according to Nature.

313 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that though you consider yourself Nature-learned, you are not being so by remaining silent on abhorrence.

314 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you follow well Nature: everywhere think, intent, say, and do good, for goodness is the well being of Nature.

315 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the path of the ancient sages: know no sage or path there to be more ancient than Nature. Follow this path.

316 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know your knowledge of Nature vanishes not; diffused as seeds it is throughout the valleys and hills of your mind.

317 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you it begin with a few good thoughts; it carry through with a few more, and come the eve you will have many.

318 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be more endangered by muddled theistic, atheistic, and agnostic ideas than It is by any chemicals.

319 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that one true follower of Nature in the midst of many followers of broken religions to be a light for humanity.

320 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that all religions are admirable up to a certain point, but that beyond that they are highly criticisable.

321 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that all religions are admirable for the way they can call people to look beyond themselves.

322 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that all religions are criticisable for the way they substitute deities or a beyond of all deities for Nature.

323 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that all atheistic and agnostic ideas are admirable up to a certain point, but that beyond that they are highly criticisable.

324 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that all atheistic and agnostic ideas are admirable for their call to go beyond religions and outworn narratives.

325 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that all atheistic and agnostic ideas are criticisable for the way they substitute reason for Nature.

326 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that acquiring knowledge of Nature to be admirably beneficial up to and beyond any and all points.

327 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you come to know some attributes of Nature: of Its ever changing ways. You are of those ways and attributes.

328 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be with remembrances of place yesterday; presence of place today, and foreknowledge of place tomorrow.

329 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know a day to be a place; a place you are visiting. All your yester and morrow days are places of your visitation.

330 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be shoreless for It is not an ocean. Know It to be edgeless for It is not a land or space mass.

331 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the day is stretching all about you. You are in the day, and so is everyone and everything.

332 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that following Nature does not require renunciation of the world. In the world you follow Nature.

333 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let go of your theistic; be they atheistic or agnostic ideas as you would the sounds of swallows in a high blue sky.

334 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that acquiring knowledge of Nature requires effort. Observe the bees, and listen to the birds.

335 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you give attention first to your heart, then to your senses; the mind being one of them, and then to the land, waters, and sky.

336 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you engage not your eyes to look at the barbarity of the ignorant or your ears to listen to their absurd rationale.

337 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you have nothing to do with argumentations and disputations over intricate questions of religion. Follow Nature.

338 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know yourself to be a presence of Nature: a follower who neither walks behind nor runs ahead.

339 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know it is time for humanity to discontinue letting itself be guided by theistic, atheistic, and agnostic ideas.

340 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know your ability to independently interpret Nature to be as natural to you as a bird's ability to alight on a twig.

341 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be presenting you with actual today situations; not with tomorrow situations. Live place today.

342 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know your interpreting of Nature to be a private activity; privacy being more suitable for clear thinking.

343 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you when you see; when you feel the sun shining to you through trees, be with interpreting its goodness privately.

344 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let yourself find Nature; let yourself be found by Nature.

345 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you admit that it was a huge mistake for humanity to turn away from Nature. See to society what is the result.

346 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you give up endlessly and pointlessly arguing in favour of one or no religion over another and none. Follow Nature.

347 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that theistic, atheistic, and agnostic ideas create disputes; such disputes can become wars; wars they prolong.

348 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you translate your knowledge of Nature in words, and actions: fragrant dewdrops of which will put out wars.

349 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know war to be hypocrisy played out on a grand scale of untold indignities: the maker of more of the same.

350 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that ruining yourself you will ruin others. Give up on ruination of any kind, even as far as your thoughts and intentions go.

351 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know following Nature to be itself cleanliness and goodness. No need is there therefore to be founding religions.

352 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature reveals not Its secrets of knowledge to your hearts through theistic, atheistic or agnostic ideas.

353 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature reveals Its secrets of knowledge to your hearts through natural surroundings.

354 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know it is best to be of no religions; no atheistic or agnostic sects, but if you are, lost you are not, just not found.

355 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature will give you knowledge of Itself in measure and accordance to your willingness to receive it.

356 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you willingly entrust to Nature the paths of all your concerns; joyfully accept Its guidance as the land does the morning sun.

357 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that having a religion or none is akin to having your own opinion. To follow Nature put aside your own opinions.

358 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you claiming not to have known of the atrocities taking place in your own day, cause come a day, a great dismay.

359 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you pay no attention to those who say: nothing at all there is we can do today concerning the inhumanities of far away.

360 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you walk in the guidance of Nature. Be It receiving according to your capacity, your effort, and experiences.

361 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you acquire knowledge of Nature to open passageways leading beyond the sights and sounds of not knowing.

362 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you if finding yourself to be of the mind that you can know everything about Nature, then quickly return to your pillow, and again wake up.

363 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you ask not what is the goal of acquiring knowledge of Nature, for it is quite obvious: to know Nature. You are of Nature.

364 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know knowledge of Nature to be transmittable to future generations. A light for the generations your light will be.

365 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the highest and the noblest of all your efforts to be, to know Nature.

366 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you look to on high to observe in clouds portraits of ancient followers of Nature. Keen to ear listen to their wisdom.

367 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you read Nature as if It were a scroll: a living word speaking unto a living heart.

368 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that were you to drink in every theistic, atheistic, and agnostic idea ever known, your thirst wouldn't be eased.

369 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you follow Nature. No thirst in the senses will you feel, no hunger in the heart experience, for in you Nature will be.

370 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that acquiring knowledge of Nature is not another branch of your learning, as say, another branch of science.

371 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know any branch of science or any one religion not to be a guide to acquiring knowledge of Nature.

372 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know any branch of science or any one religion merely to be a guide to acquiring knowledge of science and religion.

373 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you whether you dwell in city, town, village or in the countryside be in the company of Nature.

374 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you argue neither with the believer nor the unbeliever over religion. Stay clear of such word entanglements.

375 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there to be no ranking when it comes to acquiring knowledge of Nature. Of Nature you are always a companion.

376 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that a day to be a place. Enjoy being in this place: enjoy observing and listening to Nature.

377 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that knowing Nature not to be a goal of your life, rather it to be your life.

378 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you journey your thoughts into the far away; knowing that into the far away will feel closer to you than you hitherto thought.

379 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be a happy journeyer: a dweller in a golden sandy desert or a lush green desert or upon deserts of wavy blue or glistening white snow or way out into the gemmed starry heavens of night.

380 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you look to observe, observe to reflect, and with reflection the goodness do. Up it will be to you.

381 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature will delight in revealing Itself to you; delight too It will in keeping from you many secret essences.

382 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be of great wealth of mind: producing profound ideas; storing them; using them for yourself, and sharing them with others.

383 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you acquire knowledge of Nature. In accordance with that knowledge be.

384 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know yourself to be as the Sun: self-illuminating and self-warming, and to others giving of your warmth and light.

385 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be a once in an age musk: your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions be pleasurably fragrant.

386 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature is to you like the sky is to the land; the land to the sky: harmony thereby.

387 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know your words and actions not to be solely for the sake of the world of your today, but also for the worlds of up the way.

388 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you absent yourself awhile from this world: enjoying journeying in nowhere come round. Returning you will full sound.

389 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know to be a place for you to be on your mighty journey. Know time if anything to be a misnomer of hearsay see.

390 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that those who walk in the company of Nature to be companions of each other: companions of Nature.

391 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature not to be your master; you not to be Its servant. That is not how your relationship is defined.

392 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know it not to be necessary; not even desirable, that you should reveal to the world all of your knowledge of Nature.

393 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature everywhere to be both open out in the hidden, and hidden out in the open.

394 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature drapes between you and Itself a veil of finely shimmering wonderment. Enjoy the view of see through.

395 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you respect as being most natural every individual's desire to think for themselves and to live accordingly.

396 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature will always be beyond the capacity of your understanding. Grow your understanding.

397 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you accept that the understanding you have of Nature will not immediately be understood by others.

398 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know you will carry about in your heart secrets of Nature for which to tell of them you will have no suitable words.

399 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know you are not meant to tell all of your knowledge of Nature to whosoever, for among whosever are manipulators.

400 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that unless people can rightly handle your secrets: your knowledge of Nature, refrain from sharing it.

401 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that wondrous knowledge: secrets of Nature are for whatever reasons never ever to be entrusted to wrong hands.

402 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that it is your well being and pleasure to share secrets of Nature with those who know how to respectfully treat them.

403 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know many are they who are knowledgeable of sciences, theologies, philosophies, and politics; few of Nature.

404 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature never to contradict Itself; Its actions never contrary to what It reveals.

405 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be everywhere enjoining goodness to everything; enjoining goodness to you in abundance.

406 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be not of the ways of the theist, the atheist or the agnostic. Everywhere will you solely be of Nature's way.

407 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know theistic, atheistic, and agnostic ideas to be very satisfying to minds contented with misleads and misleading.

408 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know over there yesterday, here today, and there over tomorrow to be places of the same place; time to be a redundancy.

409 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be not overly surprised that so-called religious ones are acting irreligiously; atheists and agnostics unbecomingly.

410 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you in following Nature never be misguided.

411 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature will never perplex you, for perplexity is not of Nature.

412 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that you know you have knowledge of Nature. Accordingly live so.

413 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there to be a vast difference between being knowledgeable of everything under the sun, and knowing Nature.

414 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know those who claim to have knowledge of Nature, and yet know not that they don't have; you from them stay away.

415 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know many are they; way too numerous to count are they, who follow anything in lieu of Nature.

416 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you yourself with goodness be fully accustomed. And into whose midst you will speak of goodness will they be convinced.

417 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be a learned person of Nature. Great will be your serenity and joy, and humanity will be full filling itself of goodness.

418 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there is nothing that isn't significant in Nature; no knowledge of Nature that isn't precious.

419 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you by round the way know that the further east; be it west, north or south you travel from any starting point, the closer to that point you are reaching.

420 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the happiness and sadness of this day is not a passing away; it is the sadness and happiness of this day.

421 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the happiness and sadness of the world of this day is not a passing away; it is of this rolling away day.

422 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature does not have a that world, a this world or a next world; Nature is and that is all there is to It.

423 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that those who align themselves with the notion: that all things are passing away, don't know Nature.

424 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that those who align themselves with the notion: that all things are returning to nothing, don't know Nature.

425 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let be those who believe in hereafters: paradises of something or of nothing at all. You are a follower of Nature.

426 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that with Nature you are everywhere in and of Nature. Concern yourself not with those who will say you are far away.

427 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that knowledge of Nature is sought by way of observing, listening, and reflecting. Insights coming gradually.

428 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you frequent not the longstanding palaces of scientific, religious, philosophical or political ideas. With Nature stay.

429 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you persist in the pathways of Nature: in Nature's guidance. Your journey to the sunset will be most enjoyable.

430 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that seeking and acquiring knowledge of Nature to be always a pleasure. No greater a pleasure come know there to be.

431 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that getting to know Nature to be your own fulfilment, for nothing besides does it leave you wanting.

432 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature will constantly be revealing aspects of Itself to you. To be able to receive, ready yourself anew.

433 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you when following Nature prefer observing to looking; listening to speaking. Know in silence there to be wisdom.

434 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that excessively guarding your knowledge of Nature shows you don't understand Nature. Share the knowledge.

435 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you if an objection is raised against you: against your knowledge of Nature, be clear with your reply. Less said more said.

436 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you willing share your knowledge of Nature with all who are willing to listen and are eager to make it their own.

437 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you narrate on the ways of Nature as you know them. You will seek out, quote, and give life anew to those stored in ancient days.

438 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that even if you were to fill the valleys high up reaching to the sky with words on Nature, you would have said little.

439 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you call yourself away from doubting Nature to trusting Nature. Anything in lieu of Nature have it nothing with you at all to do.

440 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions be the same. Have them not be different from each other.

441 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you with observing Nature knowledge receive. To It listen and you will learn.

442 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you walk with giving good advice. The first doer of that good advice be.

443 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know your knowledge of Nature finds its fulfilment in your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions. Be according to your learning.

444 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature doesn't make errors; errors only appear when either your observing or listening or both aren't true to form.

445 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know numerous they to be those who are addicted day nightly to the love of religion. With them your knowledge of Nature share.

446 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know numerous they to be those who are addicted day nightly to the love of anything but religion, save not Nature. With these also share your knowledge.

447 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you with following Nature know yourself to be a bright guiding light for all to see; a fragrance sublime: a refreshing fountain of wisdom.

448 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you with knowing that you are already putting into action the knowledge you have acquired from Nature, and that as such you can happily acquire from It some more.

449 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you not be waiting till you first acquire mountains of knowledge of Nature before putting it into practice. With every pebble put it into practice.

450 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let go of your endless searching for guidance in misconceptions: in religions, philosophies, sciences, and politics. Let Nature your guidance be.

451 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you direct your life according as you read Nature.

452 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know days to be worlds. The next world is tomorrow. Live in the world in which you find yourself; taking care of itself will be the next world.

453 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you avoid any and all kinds of learning that bring with it well established track records of either subtle or blatant subjugation of its learners.

454 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that there are no outlandish things to be found when it comes to knowledge of Nature.

455 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you joyfully know yourself ever to be of Nature: from Nature never have you been separated, and assuredly ever from It separated never will be.

456 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be goodness, and this goodness nowhere not to be. Your good way; good words, and good deeds everywhere accompanying you.

457 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that your goodness with you will not end; your goodness as with Nature's goodness will ever last.

458 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature sustains you. All you ever had, have, and ever will have comes not from anywhere other than from Nature.

459 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know you have no foe save you yourself when hesitating to be in the know. Being in the know to be of the knowledge of Nature know.

460 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek your livelihood with grace and honour, and in goodness trusting all the while.

461 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be fully sufficient for you. On It completely rely.

462 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that Nature will prosper you; prosper you with an abundance of goodness. Ready yourself to receive the goodness of Nature.

463 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that you can find great words on goodness in sacred texts of old.

464 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek and acquire knowledge of Nature in the day worlds: of world yesterday, of world today, and of the next world, namely world tomorrow.

465 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek and acquire knowledge of Nature in the night worlds: of world last night, of world tonight, and of the next world, namely world tomorrow night.

466 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the day and night worlds not to be separate from each other. One world they are which save for ease of expression are spoken of as if being two.

467 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you engage in acquiring, one observation at a time, a wealth of knowledge of Nature.

468 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know though Nature presents in abundances receive you them in moderation. Satisfied abundantly with enough of everything will you be.

469 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know come what may yourself to be a guest of the day, and a guest of the night: Nature's invite.

470 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know the condition of the dwelling place of a learned person to be in accordance with their understanding of elegant simplicity and age-old functionality.

471 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your mind be like unto a beautiful palace; spacious carpets

on its floors, tapestries on its walls, and all about fragrant transparent screens of thought.

472 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know a person to be receiving their learning solely from Nature by their joyful willingness to generously share their knowledge with you.

473 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that following Nature doesn't require you to renunciate the world: to hide away from society, for society your following enriches.

474 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that if after ninety and two years you are still searching for a way to follow Nature it means you haven't yet opened your eyes and ears. Them open.

475 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you not overlook the ignorance of anyone, for ignorance has oft well proved itself to be the ruler of a family; of a village, country, and even the world.

476 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you with encountering ignorance walk not away without first having said or done something that shows the following of Nature to be the way to be.

477 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that whether you dwell in a palace or in a chalet; in a tent or in a spaceship you are dwelling in Nature, for no place is there where Nature isn't.

478 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you initiate narratives that don't include making hasty judgements.

479 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that using unbecoming language throughout your life creates a fondness in you for it which in old age will be difficult to give up. Speak becomingly.

480 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you put on fine words as you would fine clothes; eat delicious thoughts as you would delicious foods, and your mind give rest as

you would your head upon a soft pillow lay.

481 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know in Nature you are everywhere in the assembly of knowledge. From distant places will come those needing to hear of your learning.

482 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that should you keep yourself distant from ruling authorities: avoiding their company; greatly pleased will they be. Too much avoid them not; neither not too close to them make yourself.

483 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you succinctly give your good advices to the unjust, and then walk away for to delay, dally, and stay would only bring to you harm in some way.

484 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know no grandeurs; no poverties there to be that could possibly make you believe the seeking of knowledge of Nature to be an insignificant activity.

485 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know being a sage in a green desert to be no different from being one in a desert of golden sand, for high inspiration is everywhere to hand.

486 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know your relationship to Nature not to be that of allegiance, fealty or fidelity, but of loyalty. Loyalty defines the relationship.

487 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know your arrival was expected. Long ever before you came to be, existed there an anticipation that you would be.

488 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you think not, intent not, silent not, say not, and nothing do that is not true you. True you know to be a companion of Nature.

489 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know there are those who are of the calamitous view that existence is a lifeless thing; yes, and that in its surround, and in

proportion to, ought we to live our lives. Have nothing with them to do.

490 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature hurries not nor tarries not; everything happens at its own natural pace.

491 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know only you are fully endowed with the ability to appropriately interpret the ways of Nature as they apply to you in the given place.

492 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know learning to have but a single source; that single source Nature know to be.

493 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you with receiving a question on your understanding of Nature, first take time to pause, and only then reply. Giving extemporaneous opinions know not to be for you.

494 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know, that having to reply: 'I don't know' on some particular aspect of Nature shows your honesty to be great. Know not knowing also to be a knowing.

495 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know nothing there to be more formidable to the ignorant than for you to both silently and verbally to manifest your knowledge of Nature.

496 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you when you speak on Nature won't over say: will only speak what is sufficient; only what is necessary.

497 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know strolling in either fragrant groves or in bustling marketplaces to be the very best of places to be; for you see, nowhere in Nature you are not.

498 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you find yourself saying to yourself 'I don't know Nature' far more often than saying 'I know Nature'. This know to be quite natural.

499 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you when requested to express an opinion on Nature, shy not away; give it true play in a concise way.

500 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know you need not be with any nostalgia for the days of old: for the places of the great learned ones. Nature is as here for you as It was here for them.

501 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you seek not guidance for your life in this day: in this place called a day from any other days long gone by except from Nature as It is in this place being. Your guidance is Nature.

502 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that while hurriedly giving an answer brings sound out of silence it also shows you to be unlearned. Being learned your answers will take time.

503 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you read from the living book: Nature. From your findings build ordinary and extraordinary ideas.

504 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your conversations with Nature be personal, and more often than not let them be in secret, for otherwise misunderstanding of you could well ensue.

505 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know you are to be first and foremost a learned person for yourself, and only then for others.

506 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you have your mind be as a great river of refreshing thoughts floating to the sea; benefiting in so many different ways humanity.

507 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you cover your mind away, yet stay not too far away, for in some way the day will be in need of your: 'We belonging to Nature ...' kind of say.

508 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that with growing in knowledge of Nature your loquacity

will subside to a natural level and pace; your words more fragrant and mellifluous will be.

509 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that even if you could ask tens of thousands of people; no myriads, even everyone: ‘What is Nature?’ no one will have your answer.

510 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that even if you could in their original language read every sacred religious, atheistic or agnostic book ever written, it would not to be sufficient for revealing secrets of Nature.

511 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that even if you could in their original language read every sacred religious, atheistic or agnostic books ever written, it would be sufficient solely for revealing secrets of human nature.

512 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know secrets of Nature not to be the same as secrets of human nature, though the secrets of human nature of the secrets of Nature be.

513 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know inspiration, and imagination to be keys to Nature: fountainheads of secret knowledge.

514 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you having entrusted to your heart yesterday’s knowledge of Nature move beyond to here, for ready you need to be to receive Its new day bountifulness.

515 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know knowledge to be everywhere about; readily available for you to access. Being say in the presence of a tree, an ant, a fly or a bumblebee you are in the presence of knowledge see.

516 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know knowledge there to be in the high blue sky, and deep blue sea; in the starry heavens, and in the early morning dew upon the fields and desert tracts.

517 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you say not: ‘O knowledge of Nature way too far you are from me

to be able to acquire you; need I someone to bring you to me.' Know knowledge of Nature to be in your heart.

518 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that without travelling to far away golden deserts; crossing wavy oceans deep or the starry heavens wide, you can of them have a certain knowledge. Howsoever, this knowledge know to be not of the facts and figures kind.

519 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you not lock up your knowledge of Nature in your heart. Willingly it share.

520 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let your eyes be for Nature with to see; your ears with It to hear, and your tongue with It to speak.

521 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know Nature to be replete with subtle mysteries, and of them one yourself know to be.

522 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that you will never receive anything other than goodness from Nature, for Nature has nothing to give other than goodness. Nature is goodness.

523 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know yourself to be of three kinds simultaneously: you are learned; you are on your way to being learned, and you are of little or no learning at all.

524 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you let not your thoughts be swayed by every passing social, political or religious wind of change. Steady stay your way you will with Nature's way.

525 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know having good health to be better than having in depth knowledge of Nature; knowledge of Nature better than intellectual wealth; intellectual wealth better than intellectual destitution.

526 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you wonder on this true to life form: that while an abundance of knowledge of Nature will be available very few will try to avail of it.

527 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you be known as a trusted seeker of knowledge of Nature; a once upon a place trusted truth seeker who generously gave and continues to give of such knowledge.

528 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know scepticism to be unacceptable when it comes to following Nature.

529 ¶ Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away, will you know that the preservation and cultivation of narrow mind sets down through the rolling centuries has amounted in no small measure to the establishment of all kinds of religions, ideologies, and misconceptions.

Interpretation completed Sunday 1st January,
Year of Our Lord 615, Hermitage of Coli
ABBAS COLVMBANVS

My Saint Colombano, your Latin is eloquent; your handwriting exquisite. Multas gratias tibi ago.

My Beloved An Fealsamh, you have made my today of todays. Go raibh míle maith agat.”

PART
VII

Addendum

The Anecdotes of Richard of Éire

[**The Interpreter's note:** The original text language is early twenty-first century English; a style of English having a lovely charm and spontaneity unique to its author.]

§Anec.1§ Earlier today I watched a bird on a chimneypot vigorously preening herself in the misty morning rain: cleaning, tidying, grooming, smoothing, arranging and then she stopped and she stayed there just standing in the misty rain.

§Anec.2§ The other day I saw three seagulls flying high in the sky. They seemed to be heading back towards the sea. It is interesting why they come so far inland seeing that we are some 14 miles or so (22 kilometers) from the sea. Their flight is beautiful to watch; so graceful and effortless. Would that we would use our mind like this.

§Anec.3§ I met a young elderly lady the other day. And I asked her how life was treating her. “Ah,” she said, “The weather is desperate. I feel like immigrating, honestly.” And I asked her would she be coming back again? “Oh, of course, of course I would when the weather would be better; when it would be good again.” I wonder in how many countries around the world have people that way of thinking about the weather. I remember at the end of the previous century and when I living in the Arabian lands that come the summer, there would be a mass exodus among the rich, especially off to cooler places such as Switzerland to avoid the oppressive summer heat. Maybe theirs is a similar attitude to the lady I met who wanted to get out of the Irish weather for a bit.

§Anec.4§ Waite patiently for things you are looking forward to. A good way of doing that I find is to bring to mind things nearer in time to you that you can be looking forward to. For instance, when you wake up in the morning look forward to having breakfast; look forward to doing something at work such starting your computer and setting up your desk for the day; calling your beloved at lunch hour; driving home in the afternoon or evening; having dinner with your beloved or your family or even with yourself in the company of your pets; or watching something on television and doing some reading before you go to sleep. The idea here being; and it works well for me, is to have things you look forward to “in the meantime” while you are looking forward to

some big event that could be happening in a few weeks or a few months. Enjoying the near helps you comfortably reach the far.

§Anec.5§ I saw an old man slow driving out of a carpark in a small red last-century car and sitting upright in the back seat was a lovely black and white border collie. They looked so good together as the dog was even looking up and down the street to see if there were any cars coming. Clearly, theirs was a long time friendship.

§Anec.6§ I met a familiar old man in the supermarket. I said to him, “I didn’t see you here last week. You have been missing for a while?” He said, “I was late coming in. And anyway,” he said, “I am glad someone missed me.” And although he had said it in a joking kind of way, it made me feel somewhat sad.

§Anec.7§ I was talking with an eighty-four year-old woman the other day who somehow through her humourless words: through her style of speaking managed to very skillfully transfer her troublesome emotions right into me; under the radar of her speaking as it were. It left me feeling unhappy for a few hours before I was able to shake it off. How, I asked myself, do some people manage to transfer their emotions to me, quite unbeknownst to me? It always happens and they don’t have to be elderly people either. Methinks, it must be something about me.

§Anec.8§ Have you any “porcupines” in your life; at work or in your neighbourhood or even within your own home or within your extended family? People with whom you always need to be very careful with when speaking to them in case your words might be picked up differently, even contrary to what you innocently intended? The best way I think is to be true to yourself and in that way you can’t go wrong, even though every now and then you will most certainly feel some emotional pains whenever you good intentionally or innocently or even naively open your mouth. Confucius of China and Jesus of Galilee, I imagine, surely must have gone on with life while at the same time living with such pains.

§Anec.9§ You are the menu-maker when it comes to what you would have others consider about you in conversation. You write your own menu: you say only what needs to be said. Reveal through your words only what you would have others consider.

What you don't need to have on the conversation menu, don't include it. Keep your menu; keep your words concise, clear and informative. Let there be little room for ambiguity in your words.

§Anec.10§ With seeing a flock of crows in a green field I thought: A field of black cattle would appear as a field of crows if viewed from the cloud base line. But with slowly descending we would come to know them not to be crows at all but to be cattle. I guess the same would hold true for our other senses. For instance, what we thought we had heard turned out to be something quite different.

§Anec.11§ I thought to myself the other day: in this time we have the capital cities for instance: Dublin, London, Paris, Moscow, Riyadh, New Delhi, Beijing, Canberra, Buenos Aires and Washington, D.C.. Then further I thought: there was a time when Dublin, London, Paris, Moscow, Riyadh, New Delhi, Beijing, Canberra, Buenos Aires and Washington, D.C. didn't even exist. And onward my thinking took me to consider: what of them and others come the future?

§Anec.12§ Have you ever found some people have a blind spot in their reasoning, in that while they may be telling you something that is for them rationally very sound, they may be quite oblivious to your feelings? Therein lies the blind spot. And you may find it difficult to convince them that such a blind spot really does exist in their reasoning.

§Anec.13§ I was thinking about rain molecules: there are so very many of them. What if I were to consider each one, a friend, I thought. If so I did, I would never again feel lonely strolling in the rain.

§Anec.14§ There is a man; an Irishman who never wants to greet me. So whenever he meets me on the street and there are only the two of us coming from the opposite directions on the same footpath, he will all of a sudden pull out his mobile phone and pretend to be talking away to someone to avoid having to greet me. As soon as he passes me out, however, he puts the phone back in his pocket. I sometimes wonder what is going on there since I have no idea why he wishes to avoid saying hello to me. I used to say

hello to him but I would never receive a reply, so I decided best to discontinue greeting. And that is not something that comes easy to me. While it is the way of life in many countries for people not to greet each other on the street; this is Ireland, we all greet each other; even to total strangers will we say hello. But I do keep in my heart him and his family, when I light a candle in the chapel.

§Anec.15§ In your marriage life, be with remembering from time to time: the times when you used first meet one another. Keep in mind the time you used to do your hair; do your makeup and put on special accessories; choose some nice perfume or aftershave and how you used dress up so well when going to meet each other: when going on a date. There was an excitement about it; the mirror was your best friend. Keep such precious memories like that throughout your marriage. Maybe it would be a good idea to remember your wedding anniversary, not just once a year but every month. Remember, it simply though, just by saying in the morning of that day, “Happy Anniversary, Love.”

§Anec.16§ I went into a restaurant and saw a middle-aged woman sitting on her own at a table. Honestly for use of a better word, her countenance at that moment scared me; even though we hadn’t made any eye contact. So I went and sat at a table on the other side of the restaurant; in a spot out of my view and her view. At the end of the meal I went to the washroom and as I was going, I found had to pass along by the table where that woman was sitting. Just as I was coming up by her table, I saw three small children upon her lap and they full of joy looking up at the woman and listening ever so attentively to her every word. And as I passed I heard the children, saying, “Nan, Nan, Nan, tell us the story about the puppy again!” And she with a most beautiful smile began telling them the story. Later, I thought to myself, how is it possible for a frightening countenance to transform itself so easily into a most beautiful countenance. And I thought the opposite transformation most likely also happens. Perhaps it has something to do with being in the presence of our beloved ones or not. Howsoever, it was a lesson for me for who knows, maybe I too scare people at times with my countenance.

§Anec.17§ I wonder why we are always only looking ‘forward’

to something, why not to look ‘backward’ to something and with the same sense of expectation and joy. We could be looking forward to looking backward.

§Anec.18§ I love looking at the labels on bottles, tins, jars and also on all sorts of containers in the kitchen. The kitchen for me is a library; a virtual Internet of specialized information and inspiration. I am always surprised how much philosophy is being carried in the labels on jars, bottles and vessels of all kinds, if you but know how to read them ‘philosophically’ as it were. Daily, I will take down one or two and read what is written therein; I read them as if I were reading the books of sages. There is also so much beauty in the kitchen in its simplicity from the furniture to tea towels and tablemats to different forms and shapes of utensils and crockery. And of course, there are so many colours, hues and shades. Today, realize just how wondrous a place your kitchen is. And if you have children, culture them to love this marvelous place for it is something they can enjoy their entire life.

§Anec.19§ I saw a young woman in a supermarket wearing a black tracksuit. On it: on her right hand side was printed in large bold capital white letters, from her waist right down to her ankle, the word: FEARLESS. But as she was walking along she happened to catch sight of a small spider descending from the ceiling above one of the shelves. She let a mighty screech out of her and ran off over into the next aisle. I smiled to myself.

§Anec.20§ We look back and marvel at how the peoples of old were able to construct say, the Pyramids and the great cathedrals of the Middle Ages but they would also marvel at our technological development, such as Nano technology and the Large Hadron Collider, space travel and artificial intelligence. We should also be open to what the wonders of the future will be like. Maybe those of the future will wonder at our achievements and ask how we were able to do them.

§Anec.21§ I happened upon an elderly farmer who had put some arrow signs up all long a cow path with the expectation that the cows would be able to read them and with being able to understand what they meant, would then accordingly no doubt turn left, turn right, continue on straight ahead or even turn about and

go back the same way they had come. Along came his cows but they were quite oblivious to the existence of the signs as they were walking along as cows normally do with their heads held down. Some of them howsoever were raising their heads all right but it seemed they were only doing so because they had had a natural inclination to do so and not for any particular inspirational urge to read human made signs. The odd one though from among them was going up to sniff a sign or two and even generously providing them with a slobbery swipe of their tongue. And the farmer half smiling and with slow walking on along behind them, momentarily looked over my way and scratched his head as if to say that cows don't understand nothing of anything in the way of human made signs. And would that they could, for would to could it would, be making my life that bit easier.

§Anec.22§ I happened to overhear the very end of a mobile conversation as I was strolling along. She said: "Listen. I will have to let you go because my battery is going to die." I had a weird feeling when hearing that: imagine ending a conversation with "my battery is going to die". Although of course the battery was running low and she had to let the person listening know and that she would as such have to go, she could have said something nicer, not alone for her listener's sake but for her own sake too and even for the sake of anyone who might just happen to overhear her words as they strolled along by.

§Anec.23§ A lovely soft misty afternoon with fog slowing rolling along the hills among the trees. I met a middle-aged man and greeted him with: "It's lovely now, isn't it?" He answered, "Huh, it's a right dirty uld one alright; a rotten; a truly rotten uld day, so 'tis 'tis 'tis." I had no words to make reply, so I just kept on walking by.

§Anec.24§ I saw an old man the other day, who reminded me of a man I used to know who passed away. That same old man himself, I have seen twice to three times since he passed away. Ah, he was a grand man, so he was; loved to be walking with his dog and stopping for a fine chat. An hour would easily go by and we'd be still chatting away, though his dog with such an arrangement wasn't at all too pleased, I'd say. Yet, when I think of it, he was very patient all the same.

§Anec.25§ With looking up at a flock of birds, I thought to myself, it doesn't make any difference really if I try and count them or not. Twenty, thirty, forty, eighty a hundred for a flock of birds is a flock of birds. One, two, five or nine of my thoughts floating in the air are but a flock of my thoughts heading off to somewhere. I wondered, if they had noticed me strolling along and looking up at them.

§Anec.26§ For most of the time, an umbrella is meant to remain closed and only opened when it's raining. Sometimes I think my mind is like that too. It remains closed but it isn't really closed in a sense, rather it takes on a particular familiar mode of being. When it needs to, it opens and then it closes back again, when that need has well passed.

§Anec.27§ I happened upon a half squashed jagged Coca-Cola can on the ground. And I thought to myself, perhaps ideas are like that, in that they are contained in some kind of mould; some kind of shape. And when the ideas leave from out of it, what happens to the mould? Is it squashed like the can or is it reused to hold other ideas? What happens to idea-containers? I picked up the can and put it in the waste bin, because in its new form it could very easily hurt the paw of a dog or a cat or even the leg of a bird.

§Anec.28§ Walking along and the wind was blowing softly through the electricity wires nearby; creating a musical effect which was truly magical.

§Anec.29§ Saw of a mid-afternoon: a yellow JCB Excavator working on a far off hillside. With its big long claw or beak it was clawing and pecking away at a ditch in between fields and in no time at all, levelling it. For all the world, it appeared to me to be, some kind of an animal; a yellow rooster perhaps or even some kind of yellow hued dinosaur from the way back ever so when. I have similar thoughts when I see cars, trucks, trains, boats and planes.

§Anec.30§ Saw a woman at a supermarket checkout suddenly be in need of a tissue for a slight nosebleed. The woman next to her quickly opened her handbag and offered her two or three. She was very thankful. Would I thought, we would be ever-ready with a nice

smile; a warm greeting; a good word, an idea or a thought if someone was suddenly to be in need of one. And that they would be ever so thankful to us for them.

§Anec.31§ Watched a cloud moving on the other side of the hills; it looked like a beautiful sunset coloured mountain so it did. So beautiful but it was a momentary scene as the wind blew quite strongly high up. And I thought from the point of view of the bigger picture that this is how mountains and valleys must appear. They all seem to be but for the moment that's in it. What about us, I wondered?

§Anec.32§ Here is a line that came to me earlier inspired by a certain lovely photograph sent to me. "A story I hear tell of a boy when reading in bed, would oft fall asleep with the book on his head. Oh, happy boy to have such a precious toy!"

§Anec.33§ Anything at all that the human makes; a machine of any kind; something I believe of the human is transferred to it and what that is I do not know. I think if someone has been using something for a long time; for instance, a sweeping brush for it can be in a house for years (especially its handle); something of its user is transferred to it. But what that is I do not know, yet I feel it. I have found that also to be true when it comes to cars. Cars seem to have some presence of their own that can be 'felt'; can be 'reached'; can be 'communicated' with. Even a mobile phone or a laptop or a PC has something about them that is of its makers; something of you and me to them. But what that is I surely do not know, perhaps I'm slow; no, it's not that for my thoughts are as swift as any a lightning bolt upon a cosmic raft.

§Anec.34§ Thinking about people who are always rushing against machines whether it is their mobile phone or their car or an elevator or refrigerator door; anything that is machine they rush against it. Better to slow down and with them harmonize for machines can make us feel very comfortable; very uncomfortable or a combination of both. I am the one, in or out of my own pace, who presses the elevator buttons or opens the refrigerator door.

§Anec.35§ A young man of about twenty breezed by me as I was entering a building. I noticed he had a vertical trepidation

groove in the center of his forehead: running from his hairline right down to between his eyes. So deep was it that its depth was undetectable. He made me sad, so he did; he made me so very sad to see him and I wondered what might be worrying him so much; what was upsetting him so much to have his countenance be thus transformed. And in my heart for him I did pray.

§Anec.36§ Two women in front of me in the queue at the checkout counter in a supermarket. One of them had selected five small containers of primroses that she would most likely later be transplanting into her garden. The other woman, a stranger to her said: “Oh, the flowers are so lovely. They would make you feel good, wouldn’t they? Uplifting, so they would.” And the other lady smiled to her and reached down and gave her two of the containers to take with her, saying: “These now will keep you happy, so they will.” And with gratitude and joy did she them well receive.

§Anec.37§ Saw I, three different species of trees standing next to each other receiving a winter breeze. Each one of them was responding to it according to their species; according to the shape and the length of their branches; including me. I feel if I were to view them again in a summer breeze, such a difference would even be more pronounced, given the divergent shapes of their leaves. And probably I, too, would be responding differently.

§Anec.38§ It seems to me, the only place young age and aging exists is in our attitude to age and aging; in our attitude to middle age and aging and even I will go as far as saying in our attitude to old age and aging.

§Anec.39§ Some men are reroofing an old house. For the last five springs or so, some crows, (probably the same ones) have been coming there, to build a nest inside the roof and rear their young. But this spring, they won’t have such a nice cosy place. While it’s lovely, to see a new roof on an old house, I wonder about those crows. How will they feel, when they come and discover, it is no longer available to them? Will they feel sad or confused or just move on without giving it a second thought and go find for themselves, another place, in which to build a nest and rear their young? And I thought, young crows, don’t really travel or dwell, very far from where they were born. How will they feel now, seeing

their place of birth is no more or, do they have thoughts on such matters? The nest: the building in which I was born was demolished several years ago. I have, mixed feelings about that.

§Anec.40§ Am I the only one, who is constantly, awed by the beauty of Nature here on the island? And with every view, I want to say: “Oh, you’re so beautiful.” I remember, after returning to the isle, having lived in the Arabian Desert for six years, seeing every place to be so magically green, with grasses and trees, rivers and streams. And all I felt like saying was: “Oh, you’re so beautiful.”

§Anec.41§ Saw two men putting the finishing touches to erecting a large heavy iron gate. It was set in concrete which had already dried. Everything was working fine save it wasn’t closing flush. And they stood back and took a good look up at it for a few minutes and came to the conclusion: from the options open to them, to apply a little bit of persuasion to it: a bit of brute force. So one of them with a sledge hammer gave a few well placed bangs on to the gate while the other held it and it now closed beautifully. Sometimes too with some ideas we need just to give them a little bit of a push for them to work, while with others we need to go very gently.

§Anec.42§ Soon the fields will be ploughed and the stubbles from last year’s crops will be turned over into the furrows and the seeding and growing will take place and something new will emerge. It is the wonder of the land and the sowing and growing and the harvesting of crops. Would that with landscapes of our minds: old long unused places could be ploughed up and used to sow new idea seeds and there to culture them to grow into marvelous ideas.

§Anec.43§ Saw a cat: a fine, handsome bushy greyish-white tomcat cross the road; taking his time so he was. When he reached to the other side; on which I was walking, he stopped to look at me and to look back to from where he had come and then looked forward to where he was going and then walked on into some bushes and disappeared. Some cats don’t make it across roads. I wonder why, seeing that they are so swift in their movements; so sensitive with hearing, all ways looking and all-round ever switched on. How come they don’t make it across? I think the problem only applies to night time. Perhaps they are dazzled by oncoming

headlights. Still and all, they would know a vehicle was coming. I wonder why they don't pass the word about among themselves that it is never a good idea to cross roads in the dark. But cats never listen to anyone anyway and probably, least of all to one another.

§Anec.44§ A crow was flying towards an electricity pole: coming into land on it; coming in to alight on it. But before ever reaching it, he was cawing in such a way as if he was telling whoever was already there on the pole, to be gone since he was now going to occupy that spot. But the funny thing was, there was no other bird there or nothing on the pole to get off it, at least to my eyes. There was nothing on the pole. Perhaps crows and other birds alike see things that I can't. It seems there is more to sight than what can be seen.

§Anec.45§ Saw a local bus carrying local people to and from local places. And I thought: local minds carrying local minds to local places and back again. My mind delights in using trans-global; trans-solar and trans-galactic means of transportation.

§Anec.46§ In a vision of the day, saw a white horse grazing contentedly away, in a green field, near an ancient Round Tower. Perhaps, I thought, there are ideas of mine that are contentedly grazing away, in the vicinity of ancient thoughts of mine. Would though that they would raise their heads from time to time, to give them a courtesy bow.

§Anec.47§ There is something mystical, these February mornings, about driving along on the meandering roads, beneath pencil-sketched trees; through fields and valleys and along by rivers, lakes and streams: for everywhere is bedecked, with white frost and swirls of low clouds, leisurely making their way skywards: all is aglistening; all is aglowing in the warming sunshine; even me and my magic carpet.

§Anec.48§ Standing looking at a carpark a thought came to me; that the mind could be like that: all the ideas parked in precision marked spaces; definitely such though is not the case in my mind. Maybe there are some people who have their minds set up like that; perhaps a robot would: an artificial intelligence. And I noticed people getting into cars: that is a mind getting into minds

and within each person is another mind, so ideas within ideas within ideas.

§Anec.49§ Saw a sign which read: “Keys cut while you wait.” How about a service I thought: “Ideas unlocked while you wait.”

§Anec.50§ A lone street light on in the middle of the day; Sun brightly shining away: light wasted. Are there ideas like that, I wonder: ideas being wasted; ideas out of sync?

§Anec.51§ Saw a man of some forty years of age, emerge from a field; he climbed over an old rusty tubular iron gate. He was carrying a long black, hunting rifle that had a telescopic sight on it. And I thought to myself, how very unfair; how very cowardly is that. How could one, lay down in a field; settle oneself in comfortably and shoot from quite a distance: a little innocent helpless unawares animal, probably playing in front of its burrow: its home and in full view too of his or her siblings or even parents? Was he doing it, I wondered, just for the fun of it or was he in need of food. I greatly doubted it was the latter for he had no bag with him, when coming over the gate.

§Anec.52§ I wonder are there areas in our minds where it’s dangerous for ideas to overtake each other. No road marking for ideas, so need to be extra careful.

§Anec.53§ Are there limits, I wonder, on how fast ideas move about my mind? Is there some kind of speed limit in place; have I imposed some kind of a speed limit? I sure hope not for my ideas love to run fast, wild and free in the bright blue sky of day and in the starry heavens of night.

§Anec.54§ In a vision of the day: Saw a man sitting at a wooden table, directly underneath a pine tree. And the table was covered with fresh pine needles. He had both hands resting open-palmed on them. And he was looking down at the wondrous spread and smiling away to himself, while deeply inhaling the sublime fragrance.

§Anec.55§ In a vision of the day: Happened upon a large old house. On the lawn, in front of it was standing a huge letter ‘L’. The bottom of the ‘L’ was as wide as the house itself and the upright part, almost as high as it. And it was in a lovely old style script, so it

was. There was, however, no indication what the 'L' stood for.

§Anec.56§ I wonder, do we have the likes of waste bins in our minds for discarded ideas; ideas that, seemingly we have no more use for? If we do, where are they emptied? Are some of our ideas recyclable; do we drop them off in idea-recycle bins? Where in the mind are they located?

§Anec.57§ In a vision of the day: At a bend in a river, saw a salmon leap right up out of it and pass on over a primary schoolhouse in class, before diving back down into it again, on the far side of the school. And the scene brought to my mind with affection, a book tale from my primary school days, about finding, a salmon of knowledge.

§Anec.58§ Happened upon, when driving along: a some three hundred year-old oak tree. And though some of its branches had been broken away, by the winds of times long gone by and even by those of yester morn, still dignifiedly it stood. How impressively resilient I thought. And I wondered, are there ideas in my mind like that; principles of sound integrity that though battered fiercely by storms of one kind or another since my wombry days, still manage, to awe-inspiringly stand their rightful ground.

§Anec.59§ Saw at sunset two pigeons in a southern winter tree. Neither were saying anything to each other. They were just being there; perhaps just enjoying receiving the last heat glows of the Sun. Maybe there are ideas in my mind like that too, I thought, in that they just sit beside each other, without saying anything; simply enjoying some heat from the mind's setting sun. At that very same moment, picked up in a northern ivy covered gable over the way, the sound of a small bird singing away. Maybe there are ideas in my mind like that too, in that they remain out of view in some ivy gable and sing away in the presence of the mind's setting sun. And to these two lovely scenes, noticed I a lone heron gracefully flying north eastwards towards the river. Maybe there are ideas in my mind like that too, in that they fly towards rivers come the dipping below the horizon of the mind's sun. Three different birds all at the same time in different locations and each responding in their own way, to the awhile disappearance of the Sun.

§Anec.60§ In a vision of the early morn: Drew the curtains and opened the blind and looked out the WEST window; saw all the way to the Atlantic Ocean; out the SOUTH window all the way to Spain and on to Africa; out the EAST window all the way to the isle of Britain, to Europe, to Russia and on and on onwards to China; out the NORTH window all the way to the Svalbard archipelago: to the Arctic Mediterranean Sea. And a roof skylight when I did open it saw all the way to the deep blue sky and on and on through ever went the view into the endless starry heavens.

§Anec.61§ In a sound of the past weekend: overheard one person say to another: “Science’s reason is much wiser than human foolishness.” The other replied: “That may have some truth in it, all right but, you have to admit for all its wisdom, science’s foolishness is not that far removed really from human reason.”

§Anec.62§ Looking out a window and seeing the moss on the slates, on a roof across the street; some plant growing up near the chimney pot; how resilient and enduring they are, I thought. And I recalled to mind, a few winters ago, when we had extremely cold weather and looking across at the moss and realizing, it was there before the cold; it was there during the cold and it was there after the cold and still grows away there to this day and will probably continue on growing away, if left undisturbed by man or bird. That is some determination to keep going, I thought, in that whatever comes and however hard it may be, the whole focus, is on surviving to be of a new day dawning; be it of a new night evening.

§Anec.63§ Saw a recovery truck carrying a recovery truck into a repair garage. Are there such in the mind, I wondered: idea re-coverers that go out on the landscape of the mind to recover ideas that have been damaged in some way and bring them back to some centre for repair? At times, it would seem even the re-coverers themselves, need to be taken in by a re-coverer for repair.

§Anec.64§ Saw a sign outside a hotel which read: “Relax in the retreat spa.” I wondered are there areas in the mind like that; where wearied ideas can go and relax: just go there and take it easy for a while.

§Anec.65§ Two very tall electricity poles, standing next to

each other; maybe about three meters apart and joined at the top, by an iron girder that had extended down from it: three supports for the electrical cables. I wondered, do they have any memories of being trees. Do they feel this new kind of restriction? In former times, they had branches and foliage and would sway freely and gracefully in the wind. Birds would come and alight in their branches to rest, to sing and to build their nests in. Oh, but now . . .

§Anec.66§ In a vision of the day: Saw myself sitting in a pagoda in faraway Cathy with two white cranes standing nearby. And, I was reflecting on lives previous of mine gone by.

§Anec.67§ If a couple, were to have an argument of an eve and it goes on unresolved, into their sleeping and still it is with them, when they awake come the dawn; and now, say one of them, goes off to work the next morning, while the other has to remain at home, there is this, to be kept in mind. The one, who has to remain at home, all day long, until the other returns, has only the children, if they have children; has only the pets, if they have pets; has only the four walls, the television, the phone, the computer, the garden or the hundred and one small things, needing to be done around the house, to fall back on. Whereas, the one who goes off out to work, conveniently leaves all that behind, including his wife or her husband. They go off and see different things; meet different people and do different things and the argument of home, is all but forgotten about. And when he or she returns home, they might be expecting their wife or their husband, to greet them as if all is well again. But the reality is that the one at home, has had all day to be thinking things over and over and over again; to be twisting and distorting, the original argument out of all proportions. So much so that by the time her husband or his wife comes home, she or he is fully ready for an upgraded version of the previous night's argument. And now, it can happen too, though that the one who has had to remain at home, has had all day, to forget about the argument, while the one who has been out working, has had all day, to be thinking things over and over and over again; to be twisting and distorting, the original argument out of all proportions. So much so that when they return home, he or she is already arguing from the car in. Better and safer by far it is, to accept arguments

happen and that even at times they are seemingly inevitable for one reason or another, such as overtiredness but that to be ever ready to end them as quickly as possible for therein lies their secret blessings for the couple, their children and even their pets.

§Anec.68§ In a sound of the weekend: Overheard someone ask of another: “How are we going to express, the culture of humanity, on an alien planet?” And the other replied, saying, “I have no idea but this is for certain: that if we forget Earth, we will forget, what it means to be human. So it is imperative and incumbent upon us; incumbent and imperative upon each generation, to wholeheartedly prize Earth, above all our desires, to settle elsewhere in the Cosmos.”

§Anec.69§ Obstructing no ones view: About a dozen or more young trees, growing already up to about three to four meters, along a beautiful meter or so high wooden railing, across from the front gate, of a primary school. And now, of an unknown hour, along came some ignoramus with a tractor and hedge cutter and violently levelled those pretty trees, down to the height of the wooden railing; leaving the cuttings strewn there all over the place. I asked myself, with happening upon the scene in the aftermath: What sort of mind does that? Couldn't he see and know that little birds would be alighting on those trees and with the children arriving at school in the mornings, they would hear them and even see them and the same in the afternoons, when they would be going home? And in the trees, they would be able to observe, the changing of the seasons. And who knows, I thought, they might even be inspired by them, to compose some beautiful poems. But alas.

§Anec.70§ In a vision of the morn: Saw a shiny new bicycle, lodged high up in a winter tree and I wondered, how there it got to be. On a sign underneath, two words did appear; one in Gaeilge: ‘Críoch’, one in English: ‘End’. Just then, a robin flew in and upon the handlebars did alight and sung away to my great delight.

§Anec.71§ Saw a writing on the side of an ice cream van: “Make Every Day a Summer’s Day!” And that, I thought to be, way out of touch; for you see, I know well there to be, oh, so many the beautiful a day in autumn; in winter and in spring. Yet, how can this be expressed for if we say: “Make Every Day an Autumn’s Day!”,

“Make Every Day a Winter’s Day!” or “Make Every Day a Spring’s Day!” we have to some extent, lost, the beauty of those seasons, in the very transformation of words in phrases.

§Anec.72§ It’s a wonderfully wild, wet morning here is this part of the isle; rain dancing on the skylights!

§Anec.73§ Out of the corner of my eye, when strolling on by, happened to see a sign that read: “For dogs prone to ...” And, although I didn’t catch the end of it, it started me wondering: could there be ideas in the mind prone to things and what might those things be? Well known it is that farmed fish are prone to disease. How many of my ideas have been farmed: cultured unnaturally as it were, rather than left to swim and leap away freely and healthily: in the pure, clear, shimmering streams, rivers and seas of my mind?

§Anec.74§ Saw a litter bin, outside the main gate, to a primary school. It was in the shape of a standing-upright blue whale or dolphin, with its mouth wide open and the words: “Litter Please” written in bold beneath it: inviting the children; inviting the teachers; inviting the parents and even visitors to come and put their litter in it. What kind of teachers, I asked myself, can pass that affront, in and out each day and not make a connection? What kind of parents, dropping their children off at school in the morning and picking them up again later in the afternoon, do not with seeing it, make the connection? What kind of schoolboard, is so blind that it couldn’t make any possible connection, between teaching children, to dump their litter, into the mouth of a sea animal; into the mouth a fish and the scandalous polluting, of our rivers and seas, with plastics and all kinds, of harmful things? Something is not right; no, it’s not right at all, when people can’t see a wrong, even when it’s standing right in front of them, in plain sight, all day long.

§Anec.75§ Two daffodils have just come into flower in our garden. And I heard them speak, saying: “We have arrived! It has taken us, over eleven months, to come into our full appearance. And delighted we are and greatly looking forward, we are, to the next few days!”

§Anec.76§ Driving along yesterday, in the high wind-driven pouring rain and the rivers and the streams were beginning to

overflow; the fields welling up ever-widening lakes. Few, if any birds I could see for they had hidden themselves away, in shelters safe. Saw sheep with their young lambs and they were all, contentedly grazing away as if it were a bright sunny day. Perhaps, to be grazing in the rain, has a charm all of its own making and who knows, maybe the grass tastes quite nice wet. Saw some white geese, in a castle lawn field, playing in and out of an overflowing stream. They appeared to be having the greatest of fun. Only horses stood still, with their backs turned to the wind; gazing upon the scene, of their field filling up. Perhaps, they were wondering, when will it stop; how long until it subsides, before they can return to grazing again? A word my beloved father once told me: “Horses can see the wind.”

§Anec.77§ Observed and took ear, of some crows, building their nests. Always in high trees, do they build them. I wonder what it must feel like for a crow returning to a selected tree, with that first twig, with which to start building a nest. What was so appealing, about that part of a branch that looked so ideal for a nest? It must be a nice feeling, coming and going with twigs and bits and pieces of material, to build the nest: gliding out, flying about, finding out and gliding back in. I guess, when they begin, to see the nest taking shape that is all they see, from then on out; perhaps, they forget the tree completely. Are there, ideas in our minds, like unto the birds, who build their nests, in trees of the mind and therein to hatch and rear, new ideas, which, when the moment is with them, will fly off out, into the ever-welcoming air of the mind; singing away as they go; alighting here and there as they please and bathing carefreely, in shimmering streams.

§Anec.78§ Passed two men when I walking. And as I was coming up along by them, one was saying to the other: “You know, if that fellow, had only taken more care of himself, he’d have lived a whole lot longer, so he would.” And the other replied: “Listen to me, there’s an awful lot of people, who are dead now that if they had only taken a bit better care of themselves, they’d all be alive now like ourselves, so too they would.”

§Anec.79§ In a sound of the weekend and within a dream of the night, there appeared unto me, one like unto a gardener, who a

rich green sapling unknown, in my heart did plant. It flourished in a moment, into a glorious fragrant fruit tree, which spoke to me, saying: "My world, yours shall be." And it bowed for me to pluck. Oh, my, oh, me, I can say truly: none the alike ere afore, have I tasted.

§Anec.80§ Saw a single engine plane, flying away, nice and slowly, in a southerly direction. I imagined, it was doing some ordnance survey mapping. And I thought: what if, I could do, an ordnance survey mapping, of the landscapes of my mind; of my eyes, my ears, my nose, my tongue and my skin: of me in my entirety; what forms, what shapes would be revealed? Might I, be surprised to learn that where I had thought my thoughts, intentions and ideas to be: unquestionably located, were not located there at all but in another part of the body? For instance, something that I thought for sure, to be located in the brain, I discovered to be located, in say, the tongue.

§Anec.81§ Met a young old man, when walking and in the course of the conversation, he said to me. "I'm getting old now, you know. One walk will be enough for me today, so it will." And I said to him: "But you're not old yet; take your time about getting old." And he looked at me sideways and jokingly said: "Listen, birth-certificates don't lie."

§Anec.82§ Watched a man, in front of a closed-for-the-day or the week or until, whenever is necessary funeral home, winding up, a long yellow water hose, after he had cleaned the walls, out in front of it. Maybe it was eighty, to a hundred feet in length. And he was going round and round with it, on the ground, until he had it fully wound up. And I thought, to myself as the hose was the conveyer of the water; so too in some sense, the body is the conveyer of life. The life, like the water, is gone and what remains is but the body, the once conveyer and container of that life.

§Anec.83§ Saw a pickup truck, delivering bags of coal. And with seeing it, I became intensely aware, of a part of my mind, to be greatly in need, of some warmth and coziness. Then, I did go find, in rich mines of my mind, some premium fuel-like ideas and delivered them in kind, to that part of my mind.

§Anec.84§ In the vision of the afternoon, while strolling upon my way, beheld in the mid-north eastern sky, a woman; a most beautiful woman, who appeared to be in her late thirties. And she was smiling to me, ever so pleasantly. She was attired in a long maroon, gold and red coloured dress; wearing a white veil on her head, of light brown to soft auburn hair, reaching and resting upon her shoulders. And upon her head, she was wearing a golden crown, which in the Sun, did softly glisten. In her right hand, she was holding an open book and in her left, a silver crozier. And she did go there, in the sky scenery and sat in the shade, of an old oak tree. People gathered there before her and to them, she did speak; with every now and then, looking down into her book.

§Anec.85§ Met a lady in the portico of a Chapel and she said to me, she was going in to bribe St. Anthony. And I asked, “Why so?” And she answered: “I have lost something and I need him to find it for me. He’s always very good at finding things for me but he requires a bit of bribing sometimes,” she said jokingly. “So I light a few extra candles, in front of his lovely statue, of him holing the baby Jesus and a palm on his left arm and a roll of bread in his right hand. Whenever I reach up and touch the bread,” she said, “it feels like it has only just been baked and the nice fresh smell remains on my hand for a little while, so it does.”

§Anec.86§ When I thought about the idea of, looking forward; looking forward to something happening, in two to five years; looking forward to something happening, next year or in the summertime or next month or next week or even tomorrow or this afternoon or in a little while: I said to myself: that while looking forward is a great thing surely, it can also cause me to miss out, on what I am actually experiencing today. So looking forward, I felt, has to be pulled back right to this present moment, yet at the same time, include the idea of looking forward.

§Anec.87§ Watched of an afternoon, a flock of starlings, alight on a winter tree. And in a split second, they all suddenly flew off together, when two crows came gliding in about above the tree. Within thirty or so seconds, the flock of starlings had wheeled about and with seeing the crows having moved on, they again came and alighted on the tree. Then the same two crows came back again

and again the flock of starlings headed off in a big wheel. When the crows had flown away, they again came in and alighted on the tree. But again came the two crows but only this time, they were joined by two other crows. The four of them circled about above the tree and then flew off. But no sooner had they, than, the flock of starlings again returned and alighted on the tree. They were there for about two or three minutes when five or seven starlings that had been from the beginning, watching the whole scene, from a nearby rooftop, flew in and joined the main flock on the tree. And there was great chatting to be had for about three to four minutes, before they again took off, with the re-appearance of the original two crows. Only this time, instead of slowly wheeling about above the tree, they came in and alighted on its uppermost limbs. The flock of starlings, seeing this from a high wheeling position, must have decided, there was no harm to be had, so they glided down and alighted on the tree, in the limbs a little bit lower, than those of the two crows. And with seeing from a distance the new situation, the two other crows came in and also alighted on a limb next to the other two crows. They all remained together there on the tree for surely about ten minutes; just all chatting away to each other in their respective languages: starlings to starlings and crows to crows. And the tree seemed to be well pleased, with their chat-a-lat chat a-lat presence.

§Anec.88§ In a sound of the weekend: Overheard, a fragment of a conversation, between a man and a woman, in a nursing home that went something like this: “That person; the person I am talking about, Mary was originally a divinity, so he was: and not just any divinity but the very best of divinities, who it was said, did not cling to his divinity but decided as it were, to empty himself of it for a while, in order to assume and fully experience, what it’s like to be, a you and a me; that is, what it’s like to be a human being. And so, by some divine means, which we can never really fathom, Mary, he entered a human womb and was born as a human.” “Had he a nice time being a human, Myles?” “Sure, Mary, he had a wonderful time that is, right up until the very last week of his life, which unfortunately was caused to end, in an awful tragedy.” “Why so, Myles?” “Well, you see, Mary, he was accused, so he was, by those in low-minded places, of high treason against humanity; can you

believe it, Mary and as such, hadn't he to suffer, state-sanctioned murder." "Oh, desperate. But was that then, Myles, the end of him totally?" "It was the end of his experience of being one of us, Mary; being a human; a goodly human." "Then, did he return, Myles to being a divinity or what?" "Oh, no, not an or what, Mary; he returned to being a divinity, so he did. And do you know, all the happier, I have heard, Mary, he has been ever the since." "Good on him; that's what I say, good on him, Myles for why would he have ever wished, to be a human again: to be suffering away like so many of us here in this, valley of soaking tears."

§Anec.89§ When out walking, I met an old woman who said to me: "The cold makes me feel old and old makes me feel cold."

§Anec.90§ Saw to my astonishment, a whole lot of trees, had been cut down, along a railway track, to the entrance of a beloved harbour city. Perhaps, a twig had of late, in a shower of rain, momentarily fallen, onto the windscreen of the engine and when the driver, happened to casually mention it, back at the depot, a crew was immediately dispatched, with an array of saws, hooks and chains, to make sure that it would never happen again. They felled, a whole of row beautiful trees for some two or more kilometres along the track, just to be extra sure, to be sure. I used to love, to look at those trees, when entering the city. All that would have been needed was regular trimming. A safe harbour for ships, yes, perhaps but what for its trees?

§Anec.91§ Saw and heard, two women looking over some cardigans, in a clothing shop. One says to the other: "What are you, looking for, anyway?" The other replied: "Ah, I'm looking for a, smallish, biggish kind of one, ah; around da, medium size or, thereabouts."

§Anec.92§ Happened, to overhear, a segment of a telephone conversation: "You know, it's the kind of place, really, where you could get some good things or get nothing at all. You can come out, so you can, with your hands full of something or full of nothing. That's; that's the kind of shop it is."

§Anec.93§ While walking through a department store and I, well accustomed, to having my ears ever so finely tuned, to pick up

sound bites of conversation, I happened to hear, a woman on her mobile phone say: “You have to pray every day, because, the notes get clogged up in the chimney flue.” Honestly, I had no idea what she meant by it and still don’t. Every now and then as I am either walking along or standing still, I hear phrases or sentences; particularly in telephone conversations, which, though they make a great deal of sense to the speaker and most likely too to the person on the receiving in, they oft leave me baffled. The afore mentioned sentence would be such in kind. It caused me, to put forth detached images for my consideration but, I have been unable thus far, to bring them together, into a harmonious unity, of images and thought, which would go some ways, to making sense of it. Having said that, I know: making-no-sense-at-all phrases and sentences to have a charm all of their own; have a power, to put me thinking in ways, I might not have considered otherwise.

§Anec.94§ I have an infection in my right foot these days. I will try and write something on what it is like to be incapacitated. I will attempt to bring out the idea of what it is like to be unhealthy and what are some of the thoughts it brings up, especially in relation to other people whom I wouldn’t normally think about when I am in good health. Bring in the aspect of pain and how to cope with it. Also how to be patient with the healing process. And then overcoming the healing process. Overcoming the overcoming. Have the courage to get up and move around; keep going. And also moments like unto depression which can make an appearance if the discomfort goes on for too long. Be thankful for those around me who show me understanding and empathy and knowledgeable skills in the treatment of someone with such a happening. Create a scene where somebody helps me; some woman especially. Present some practical things to do when you are not feeling well. For instance, keep nails trimmed, wash face a few times a day and wave and part hair nicely. Try and wear some nice fragrance. Have a happy word for the person taking care of you. And don’t let too many of your beloved ones know; keep it close to you: just between you and the person taking care of you until after you recover. Share such thoughts as to what if I didn’t come through the infection or sickness: life ending with this happening and how that might affect others. And have me come out in a good place; good thoughts and

encouraging. Let it all be part of the experience.

§Anec.95§ A frustrated mother, in a shop, with probably a self-imposed time constraint and with holding up two fingers, to her seemingly, ever so bored, eight or a nine year-old daughter, emphatically said: “Listen; listen! Look at my two fingers. You’ve got three choices. Okay? ONE, you can go over there by the escalator and wait for me or, TWO, you can remain here with me and THREE? Well, three, is the same as TWO, okay? Have I made myself crystal clear?” Needless to say, the enlightened daughter, intuitively knew, what best to do.

§Anec.96§ Of a day, viewed from a window: two young crows, standing huddled in against one another, on a roof ridge, in the falling snow. And in a tree over the way, a lone crow enjoying the soft white blizzard. And in the distance, two more crows carefreely flying up and gliding down; flying up and gliding down, in this magical white world. Definitely, I thought, there must be some fun to be had, in just sitting huddled in against one another there on the roof, in the falling snow; sitting there meditatively in the tree: in the falling snow and flying about there carefreely: in the falling snow. Surely, there are ideas of mine; no, many ideas there are of mine, who love to be carefreely playing away, in the mystical.

§Anec.97§ In a vision of the morn: Saw a red rowing boat, with black stripes, running along the side of it; it filled to the brim with clay and upon it, a host of newly born daffodils, blowing away delightfully, in the breeze. And the boat in the lovely sunshine, with its precious ephemeral consignment was being nicely rowed across a green field, by an invisible rower.

§Anec.98§ In a sound of the weekend, happened I to find myself, listening to a woman, soliloquizing away to herself, while she standing in the cold rain, with memories of someone she had met, in summertime Spain. And this is what I did hear her say, to her some same self, “You know what, those profound insights of his, which the world had been rejecting, year in year out for the past years of years, are at long last, showing signs, of being given to see, the light of day and the dark of night.” “Whoever indeed, would have thought it possible?” “You wait and see; mark my words: the fine firm foundation they will become for a more wondrous way, of

looking at everything; everything including ourselves.” “This surely has to be, a beautiful doing of the Unknown; of the Unknown working marvels, in our very own day.”

§Anec.99§ Light snow on the hillslopes; white clouds above the hills, blue sky above the clouds and me? Well, I’m driving along the valleys; meandering through the fields and by rivers and streams.

§Anec.100§ Sitting in a café and an elderly lady, with a walking stick, came in and sat at a table. She said to the waiter: the owner: “I can only stay now for forty minutes.” And he asked her why and she answered. “I have a hair appointment.” After a little while, she seemed to be getting, somewhat anxious in herself, so the waiter with noticing it, came over to her and said: “Don’t be worrying yourself now at all, Missus. When it’s time to leave, I’ll walk with you, all the way over across the square, to the hairdressers. All right? So now, just enjoy your tea and scone there away for yourself, at your ease.” And she was well pleased.

§Anec.101§ Heard and saw a blackbird singing. And I thought to myself, how come that bird has no name of its own for to be calling it a ‘black bird’, is more of a description of it for, are not crows also black, yet they are called crows? And then when I thought about crows, even the word ‘crow’, could be more to do with, the sounds they make. So I concluded, they, too, are without a proper name of their own for to be calling them ‘crows’, is but to be saying: they are the birds that caw; that crow. Other birds sound; sing, yet they have names, unrelated to their appearance or what sound they make. And, I wondered my thoughts onward, to consider, how many of my ideas, are nameless or are even getting by, with misplaced names; with misnomers.

§Anec.102§ As it is natural for us to react differently, to the different kinds of weather conditions, so too, should it be, when it comes to encountering, the different moods people bring to us. There are as many moods surely as there are different weather conditions and often it is the case that these moods, intermix with one another as a shower of rain would, with the sunshine of a bright summer’s afternoon or would a momentary warm breeze, of an otherwise, overcast winter’s morn. Sometimes, a person comes

to you, feeling down in themselves; sometimes anxious, sometimes frustrated and sometimes on top of the world; each requiring a different sensitivity; a different response. If, someone is trying to tell you, about something, really sad or painful that is happening in their life, then you don't keep talking over them; you listen and you listen, in an almost palpable sympathetic silence and when the moments, eventually present themselves, give them a really warm hug and let your words be, accordingly. If, someone is trying to tell you something, really wonderful; some great news, you don't keep on listening in silence; you jump for joy with them; letting your words of congratulations and excitement be tumbling over themselves.

§Anec.103§ When with, having expressed yourself in the forests, leave from them and go express yourself in the fields; appreciate there you will, a difference to be, according to the place of expression. When with, having expressed yourself on the seas, come and do so, in the inland; there the difference, you will come to know. When with having expressed yourself in the desert, come and do so, in oases shimmering with waters; there the difference, you will come to know. When with having expressed yourself in words: in language, come out from it and do so in silence; in that place, the difference, you will come to know.

§Anec.104§ When with winding our 31-day clock, I'm reminded of just how mechanical a thing, time is; an artificial thing: be it of a digital or of a whatever kind of timekeeper. It is, to me, still a made thing. Time is not something that exists of itself. I wind the clock: this lovely wall ornament, merely for its pleasant company: its tic toc, tic toc, tic toc and its chime.

§Anec.105§ At the northern entrance to the beautiful village; the small county bounds town in which I dwell, there is a limestone rock that was quarried somewhere and transported and placed in a grass margin there, on the side of the road. It must surely weight two to three tons and on it is carved the village name: TALLOW Tulach an Iarainn. And I thought, what is this love; what is this fascination we humans have for rocks and carving on them? Surely, it has been something we have been doing now, since time of immemorial. Perhaps unknown to ourselves, we still like to

continue that precious relationship, of having them be our recorders, our preservers and most trustworthy transmitters, of our thoughts; our dreams, our sightings and of our way of life for future generations. And then, this interesting thought presented itself to me. If our bones could be considered rocks of a kind, then that would make us, animated petroglyphs of a kind.

§Anec.106§ In a sound of the weekend; be that sound within my head alone be heard, happened to hear two men conversing away, saying: "According to the Annals of the Four School Masters, the whole country of Ireland; that is the whole country of Christian believers was at one time totally united: heart, soul and divinity; no one at all claimed for himself or herself, anything that he had as everything they owned was held in common, so it was." "And didn't I myself hear from someone who had read them; it could even have been from yourself now when I come to think of it that they also said: That none of them believers was ever in want as all those who owned castles or houses or fields or glens would sell them and bring the monies they got from them, to present them by the bag loads to the monks, the nuns, the priests and the bishops; it was then distributed, to any of the believers up and down and about the country, who might be in need." "You know what; it doesn't sound like reality, so it doesn't, does it; given our Irish human nature and instinct and all? We are generous to be sure but for heaven's sake that's over the top, so it is." "Ah sure, them Ammals; them Annals of the Four School Masters, say an awful lot of things, which aren't things real at all; made up they are for the most part, so they say." "While that is without a doubt spoken well true, you'd have to admit now wouldn't you that they make great food for interesting conversation and expansion of the imagination?" "They do; they do, I suppose. I must get around though to reading them one of these days." "Listen, there is no day like the present day, is there?" "Imagine if there was."

§Anec.107§ I wonder, what will be the means of transport in the future. Cars in one form or another; whether they are run by petrol, diesel and electricity or solar power will most surely come to an end. These latter means of fuels for cars, I take to be but the end of the line for cars. There will come a time, when the only cars to be seen, will be those driven in hot-rods. And we will be amazed;

when we think about it that we used to for over a century, transport ourselves around in such devices. But what comes after cars: that whole idea of cars; how will we get around? Will roads too no longer be of any use?

§Anec.108§ This is a gathering thought: We spend our whole life, contracting our mind off to others: out to others; who in turn re-contract it out and as such the re-contracting goes on and on, to no one knows where and we end up using our mind according to what others would have us ought to think. Our whole life is dictated to us by absentee contractors, when all the while, we could be making our own decisions for ourselves, without contracting or subcontracting out, to anyone or to any group or thing or gadget or device or even to say, it out to science, religion or politics.

§Anec.109§ Out walking and with viewing the village in the valley, with its recently built houses along by the old, I visualized a time, when there were but a gathering of thatched stone houses and way back and beyond to perhaps of a settlement of some kind; maybe even a monastic settlement; maybe there were some megalithic stones. And I let my thoughts carry me back to a time beyond even that, when there was no mark of human presence there in the valley at all. And then I came back up in time; through all the different human comings and goings and activities in the valley, right up to this my own day. And I wondered, how long and how far into the future, would there continue to be humans, dwelling in this beautiful valley and leaving their mark. And such in kind, I thought, must the places of human settlements, throughout the island and its isles and off over and about the globe.

§Anec.110§ While, there is probably, no ideal place for it; who in their right mind would give planning permission for a funeral home, with a big carpark attached, to be located right next to a primary school; they sharing the same transparent boundary fences; between the school and the children's football pitch? There it is situated right between the two of them. When the parents come to collect their children in the afternoons, they usually sit in their cars along the road off extending along in front of the funeral home. At least the funeral home owners, lock its entrance when not in use, otherwise and no doubt, there would be some parents, who would

even park their cars in the carpark and sit there and wait there for their children to come run to them. Children who walk home, just go along by in front of it. This is a building that they or their parents and even the teachers can't miss seeing. Honestly, the way people don't think in groups; in committees or on boards astounds me at times.

§Anec.111§ While they are to be found all over the world, Ireland it seems, is exceptionally full of tall goalposts; full of misproportioned "Hs". Everywhere you go, you will see them. Where, I wonder, did we get this great liking for tall goalposts and their goals? Do we have ideas in our minds that function as such? What mind-games accordingly do we play? I wonder, could some association be made between them and dolmens for they too, in somewhat shape similar, are in relatively plentiful supply about the island and even beyond.

§Anec.112§ Walking along and listening to the barking of dogs out of sight; they being enclosed in the back gardens of houses. One dog who had seen me passing barked at me and the other dogs, who didn't see me or what that one dog was barking at, started barking at the one dog barking at me. Are there ideas like that in the mind, I wonder that although they don't see what one idea sees, they bark away at it anyway, not knowing what it is barking at.

§Anec.113§ In a vision of the day: A rainy day and with standing on a rock in a hillside field, saw a young man sliding down the grass on his stomach and he was trying to hold on to it but it was so wet and slippery that he couldn't hold on to it but just kept on sliding down. So I descending from the rock, reached out and stopped him in his sliding. And I asked him why he was doing that and he said, "I am trying to hold on to time." And at this word of his, I left go of him, to let him continue sliding away. And he safely reached the bottom of the field. He stood up and shook himself down and walked along the bank of a river. And I watched him walking on and on in the rain, until he came to an old stone bridge. He climbed up and with walking across the bridge, he stopped halfway and climbed up onto the battlement and was looking down into the waters. And he remained there standing on the battlement

for some time, with looking down into the river and glancing up into the down-raining sky. I shuttered with wondering, what thoughts might be running through his mind and what I should quickly do but something within me was telling me, to remain still and in silence be. Then of a moment, he looked over up my way and spread out his two arms and raised them to the sky as if to say, there is no stopping time, it just keeps flowing on and on and carrying us with it. And he leapt down from the battlement of the bridge and walked away off for himself, with his hands in his pockets, before eventually disappearing, into a welcoming sun-spotted distance.

§Anec.114§ In a sound of the weekend; be that sound within my head alone be heard, happened to hear two people conversing away, saying: “You know what, we can be full sure about one thing anyway and that is that we know the One God Above All Gods, only, by keeping His or Her commandments.” “Then, so could we also be freely saying, along similar lines of thought transfusion: that we know this the One World Above All Worlds, only, by following Its ways.” “O would that we would, be more in tune: with the rising of the Sun; the setting of the moon and the rising of the stars.” “O would that we would be less sedating ourselves: with the same old forever more half long forgotten ways of thought enslavement.” “Now there never was, a truer word heard, from insole up afoot.”

§Anec.115§ Lying in bed, in the predawn and listening to the crackling of a radiator coming on. And I wondered, with the Sun rising over the horizon and the first rays of heat reaching the rocks, trees and roofs; do they such in kind, crackle a little as they warm up. And in likeness of situation: lying in bed late at night and listening to the sounds, of the old wooden stairs, stretching itself back into place, after been trodden upon during the day. And I wondered, do the rocks, trees and the roofs also return to some settlement mode. Maybe there are ideas in my mind like that too that act accordingly: crackling and stretching and returning to modes of settlement.

§Anec.116§ In a vision of the day: Saw a very old man dressed in ancient clothes and he standing on a jutting out rock, overlooking a small lake in the hills. And in his hands he was

holding a long stick and he raised it up over his head and with uttering some words down to the waters of the lake, it immediately changed into 100% Irish whiskey. And in a moment he vanished right before my eyes. Right away, there was a sudden fierce rustling sound in the laurel bushes about the lake and there emerged from them, several very low-sized people; male and female little people. By their appearances, attires and antics knew I them to be the so-called clutharachauns (clúrachán) and leprechauns (leipreachán) of the warped stories told from of old. And they went down; rushing down to the shore of the lake and were hurriedly lapping up the golden liquor as parched hunting dogs would from muddied up pools of water they happened upon along their way. Gulping it down they were as if there wasn't another drop of whisky on the island to be had. And every few minutes, they would be running back and forth to the bushes to be relieving themselves of their over fill. The whole scene made me ever so sad for I knew it to be far by far removed, from the true and noble spirit of Éire. And I left from that pitiful sight with a heavy heart.

§Anec.117§ A sign in a food store caught my becharmed eye. It read: "Fresh and ready when you are." And I thought, what an absolutely wonderful motto for lovers; for long happily married lovers.

§Anec.118§ Of a mid-morning saw, three muck spreaders parked in front of a petrol station. The tractors and the muck spreaders were covered in muck; the tractor drivers, though wearing overalls and headgear, were all but covered in muck too, from cap to boot. And standing next to them at the Deli counter and they reeking of odours of all that such a job entails, I heard them to be talking away about William Wordsworth's poetry. And I was there and then reminded: that what is on the inside can be worlds removed from that of what is on the outside; from that on outside from the inside.

§Anec.119§ Saw a sign which read: "No Long-Term Parking, Set Down Only Thank you" I wonder, do we use our mind like that: No long-term parking of our ideas; only setting them down for a moment here and there, before moving them on.

§Anec.120§ Saw a sign which read: 'See in-store for details'. I guess you could apply the same thing to thoughts and ideas. See in-minds for details.

§Anec.121§ If you see something and you know that it's not right and that if you leave it, it will only get worse, then, in no time at all, you will find, you will not alone be leaving just one thing or two things or three things but a whole host of things. You will be saying to yourself: "Ah that'll be okay; that'll be okay that will be fine. I'll do that another time; another day; no need to be doing it today." Really, we have to get rid of that way of thinking and push ourselves very hard. We mustn't be easy on ourselves. In a related tale, I saw of a day, a man in a shop picking up a box containing a 43-inch LED TV from a number of them piled up. He had picked the one for himself but left the one right next to it, standing on the edge; he just walked off and left it standing there. If anyone, were to come along and accidentally brush against it, it would almost certainly fall down and be smashed. So I went over and made it safe.

§Anec.122§ Overheard in a conversation as I was strolling a shopping cart along in a supermarket: "It seems there is a demand for rules, regulations and modulations." "Sure, what can we do about it?" "What can we do about it? We'll have to try and overcome them, that's all. What else can we do?" "I suppose you're right; right you are."

§Anec.123§ In a dream, I happened of a Monday to be, in a small three-hundred year-old hardware store. I was looking up, at a small sign on a wall above a counter, which read: 'Shoe Repairs Done Here' when I noticed that there was no cobbler's bench or, any such familiar trappings about, to back it up. Just then, a tall, slender woman, in her mid-thirties or so, entered and she was carrying a paper bag. She went up to that counter. In a moment, a boy of eight to ten, appeared from out of some back room and she said to him: "I'm new here and I want to get some alterations done to my shoes, if I may." And so she pulled out from the bag, a beautiful pair of Christian Louboutin stiletto heels and said: "Can I have exactly two and a half inches removed off of these please as they are way too high for my height?" "Am, the man, missus, who does be doing the shoe repairs, will be coming in, later in the

sometime of today, if the rain holds off, to collect any shoes, like your ones there that be in need of some heeln and solen and he will bring them back, all done for you nicely, hopefully, on this coming Saturday or the following Saturday, there coming after that.” “Why; why would it take him that long to do them? I was hoping they would be ready within the hour or so.” “When he comes, I will give him the shoes so I will, missus and am and I will give him your question too. He will have the answer for you, with the shoes on Saturday or on the Saturday as was I saying following that.” And she swiped the shoes off the counter and put them back into the bag with half tearing it and walked off out the door in a huff; talking away to herself. And the boy looked over at me and asked: “Are your shoes all right there, mister or, do you think you might be wanting anything done to them for you?” “No; no, they are grand, thanks.”

§Anec.124§ Have you ever noticed, the way a time moment, tries as much as it can, to hold on to a change; attempts by any means necessary, such as by language, to prevent it from transforming into another change? This it seems to me to be the preoccupation of time moments; all day long and all night through, this is the only thing, they ever want to do. Better it is as such for me, to avoid them as much as possible since they are way too static for my liking; my liking by far is for transformations since they are all about movement within stillness.

§Anec.125§ Watched a pied wagtail bathing in the bird pond in the garden. Three times he/she came back to bathe; all within a few minutes. Having a really great time, in the rain and sunshine.

§Anec.126§ A man outpoured his mental burden unto me, saying: “I wonder is there some syndrome that subtly presents itself with even once a week visiting someone in a nursing home for I have of late been feeling there surely must be. With the last two years I have been weekly visiting my mother who is in a nursing home. While greatly I like going to see her; like being with her, I always leave the place feeling very broken up inside: emotionally and intellectually wounded. I have been strong enough on my own to deal with it and with the help of my beloved but sometimes it lingers on in my thoughts for way too long into the rest of the

week. It even goes as far as casting a shadow over my sleep and right into my dreams and affects my artwork for I am an artist of the canvas. Of late, I find myself annoyingly thinking: it is inevitable that I will end up in a nursing home some day; it could even be the same home where my mother is now; I could even be sitting in the same corner of the dayroom where now she sits. This burdensome thought has been really getting me down though in truth there is no inevitability about such a thing happening to me other than such thoughts are brought up by I weekly visiting the place. And it is not the just being with my mother; it is in seeing the other residents about the large room and them all in their own difficulties. And there are the troubling sounds; the moans and the uncomfortable odours of the place to contend with; things which I am very sensitive to. I have only good words for the staff; they are truly marvelous people to be able to do what they do. I don't know how they do it. Bless them. Can you give me some word to ease my mind for I am nearing not a good place?" "Great is your burden indeed; admirable your love for your mother is and dedicated you are in your commitment to regularly go spend some time with her. I will put this word before you for your consideration. If for some reason you were weekly visiting someone who is a long-term patient, say in a regular hospital or someone in a mental asylum or to be regularly helping out in social welfare shelters or alcohol, drug or suicide rehabilitation centres, even in prisons, might you and with you well knowing yourself be finding yourself as you do now to be thinking that it would be inevitable that you too would end up in such places?" "Definitely and without a doubt in the world I would be thinking I am going to end up in such places. Unbelievable." "Well, seeing now that you have identified the problem and can clearly recognize the subtle dynamics at play, what are you going to do about it?" "I will restore my strong self unto myself; I will get on with living life healthily and fully with gratitude and joy for myself, my beloved and our lovelies in the near be faraway lands. And yes, it will include weekly going to spend some quality time with my mother in her beholden abode." "Wonderfull! And I would have you keep this in mind that while anything is possible, nothing at all of anything is inevitable." "I'm free! Gracious goodness me. Thank you; thank you very much." "Go

then and give in likewise of advice to those who are greatly in need of it.” “I will; I will indeed.” “From now on, your sleeping will be sound; your dreams delightfully enriching and your art exquisite.”

§Anec.127§ Saw the word ‘Fossil’ and I wondered, are there places in my mind: ‘rock areas’ as it were ‘geological locations’ where I could perhaps find some, preserved remains; impressions or even traces of once-living ideas? Where in my mind, is to be found, the fossil records, of its primordial ideas; could they even be stored in different locations throughout the body, I wonder?

§Anec.128§ I at times find that although I were to think a thing through and then to attempt to talk it through, it doesn’t always turn out the way I intended. Therefore, I am given to conclude that thinking is one thing, talking another; talking one thing and thinking another.

§Anec.129§ I heard tell of a man who with having worn undersized shoes for years and years, of a day discovered a bigger size to be a much more comfortable fit for him. Imagine, he had all that long time thought the smaller sized was the correct size for him. I think we could say the same of ideas; in that often have we confined them within certain boundaries, believing them at the time to be a comfortable fit, only to come to the realization of a day that all the while they have been of the wrong sized.

§Anec.130§ A thought came to me the other day: That even though a person were to be living on their own in a grove by a stream, they are a community unto themselves, with their many ideas and sensations. In similitude are they unto any two, three, five, nine or ever so many the more people living together. And there are obligations with living within a community, such as the no taking of unilateral decisions by any one member or the doing of things clandestinely that have either an immediate or long-term effect on the other members. There always needs to be, some form of consultation and the coming to a decision that is as much as possible, acceptable to everyone. Without fundamental obligations, responsibilities and considerations, a community will not be at peace with itself; apprehensiveness will be the modes of the day while turnings and twistings those of the night.

§Anec.131§ Was watching a dog across the way. He is enclosed in a long lovely garden, of which he has the complete freedom, to walk up and down and about it all he wants, all day long; no strings attached. He has fresh water and his food is served to him daily. The garden has a large double see-through wrought iron gate, which is always kept closed. But now for some reason this morning, the owner being mindful of other things, must have forgotten to close it. And the dog was somewhat anxiously walking up and down and looking over at it and letting the odd bark out of him at it. He even came over and sniffed at the gate; the opening part of it and even licked it once or twice, before backing back from it and going to sit down and be looking over at it. After awhile, he just laid back down for himself as he had enough of it seemingly; enough of being concerned and thinking about it. After about four or five minutes, however, he suddenly rose to his feet and loudly barked three or four times over at it and began to run towards it, with his tail wagging in the air. And I was looking forward to this and expecting that he will definitely have a run out through the open gate, into a big yard. But no; no he skidded himself to a stop, right at the opening and raised a hind leg and blessed it before sauntering back, with his head and tail down, to where he usually stretches himself out. Soon he fell asleep and there was no more out of him. Perhaps, he was I imagined, happily dreaming of running way out beyond the gate. And I asked myself, is it possible, to become so used to confinement; so used to captivity as not to even want to avail of a given opportunity to set oneself free from it. Maybe, I thought, he is one very clever dog who well knows and is very contented with his blessings and wouldn't do anything as foolish as go check out a bigger world, than his known world; preferring by far his captivity and its regular comforts. Pitiful; truly pity pitiful is that of the happy slave mentality.

§Anec.132§ Observed two mothers in a supermarket. One is in her early thirties or so and she has with her, a daughter and a son, ages about seven to nine. They are happy being out and about together and appear to be very busy. She has a long list of items written out and she is reading from it and delegating to her children, to go about and locate some of the items and bring them back; show them to her and then put them in the trolley. In the

meantime, she has also been selecting some items and when they return with theirs, she shows them to them. The second mother is in her mid twenties or so and she is with a toddler; a girl and she has her sitting in the child's seat in the trolley. They are happy and they are constantly chatting away to each other. They are really taking their time and every few steps, the mother picks something off a shelf and gives it to her daughter to hold a moment and then after the little girl says something about it or calls out its name, the mother places it in the trolley. Two mothers with two different approaches but both having the participation of their children in the experience, be the key ingredient. How very admirable and beautiful.

§Anec.133§ In a vision of the day heard two people talking away: "I read somewhere, where five people in different parts of the world, were of a weekend, feeling down in themselves; feeling melancholy, feeling depressed, having withdrawn from years of being on the Social Media validation loop." "Did it say how they dealt with such feelings?" "It did; it did, indeed." "What did it say?" "It said, one decided to go to the local pub: the local drinking house as it called it; another went out and got as high as a kite, another visited a psychologist and another, even attempted suicide and the other read some drama scripts and poetry." "Did it say how they were feeling come Monday morning?" "It did; it said that only the latter: the one who had read some drama scripts and poetry was feeling a whole lot better." "It just goes to show you doesn't it that there is nothing like a bit of roleplaying and reflective thinking, to make a person feel good about themselves and the world." "There is nothing like a drama or poetry reading a day; be it of a weekend, to eventually get rid of such feelings. They can be awful, so they can as you well know." "Don't I well know it? Wasn't it the way, when we were growing up that we were advised to have an apple a day to keep the doctor away?" "It was the way." "It seems the same could be said when it comes to getting rid of those blues for when I first started reading drama scripts and poetry, I was doing so, solely for the purpose of getting me through Social Media withdrawal symptoms but now I am reading them for the sheer joy of it and for the insights they give me into life, reality and myself. Rediscovering myself is the best part of it, truly." "Sure wasn't it, Socrates there of

old who said that with everyday knowing yourself a little bit better, you will never have a dull day in your life?” “We could have told him that ourselves, couldn’t we?” “We could; we could indeed.”

§Anec.134§ Saw a sign which read: ‘Special Offer while Stocks last!’ I wonder, could I consider thoughts and ideas like that, in that they are now available for my consideration. If I were to leave them; that is don’t consider them, then the moment passes and they are no longer readily available. They have already been stored somewhere in my mind and can be easily accessed and retrieved again any time in the future, if I use the right associative keys. Otherwise, they will remain safely stored, perhaps never to be explored.

§Anec.135§ Watched a crow flying towards me from the distance. As he or she came closer, I noticed he had some food in his beak. He flew right on over me and continued on over the trees into the distance. And I thought, how is that anything different, from I carrying the same ideas with me from ten, twenty, thirty or more years ago: ideas I had found somewhere but have never stopped to eat them; always though with the intention of, I will just fly on another little bit, before alighting to savour them. Well from now on, I will all the more often alight, to enjoy their well-seasoned goodness. Perhaps, they are waiting to have their own day.

§Anec.136§ Beautiful old trees outside the place of my birth; trees that I have known all my life; trees which were surely over a hundred years old, have been desecrated by so-called experts, in the cutting off of treetops, limbs and branches that might say of a windy day be nearing too close to telephone cables. They lowered their majestic heights by meters; removed so many of their graceful branches and cut them back so tightly to the trunks as to make them appear no longer to be trees. Tears welled and brimmed all the more over at the sight. And my thoughts, then flowed on to consider, if we were to remove from us that which makes us most human, namely our humanity, would we still be expecting to call ourselves human?

§Anec.137§ In a sound of the weekend; be that sound within my head alone be heard, happened to hear two people conversing away, saying: “You’ll never believe where I found myself to be in a

dream last night.” “Try me.” “I found myself to be in Jerusalem.” “Jerusalem? Ideally that is not a great place to be finding yourself to be in these days.” “I know that but it wasn’t the Jerusalem of today but of long long ago.” “How so long long ago?” “The Second Temple was still standing, because I could see it over the ways from me.” “Were you there on your own?” “No, there were lots of people around and they seemed to have come from many different regions far and near. There were people from Phrygia, Pontus, Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Persia, Parthia, Media, Elam and Mesopotamia; those in from Phoenicia, Galilee, Samaria, Judaea itself; Peraea, Idumea, Nabatea and Arabia and all the way over from the cities of Heliopolis, Amarna and Thebes. And this may sound a bit strange and even in the dream it appeared strange to me to be that, seemingly, I was the only one there from the Celtic isles.” “Why were you there?” “At first I had no idea; then I discovered we were there because of some expected event; some extraordinary event was about to take place there.” “What time of the day was it or was it night time?” “It seemed and felt to be as if it was midmorning; the Sun was shining and there were some white clouds here and there about. Then we all began to hear some very soft sound as if it were descending from the high sky. And as we looked up and saw it; saw this what I can only describe as a huge craft of some sorts, parting the clouds and slowly descending towards us.” “Weren’t you all frightened?” “Strangely somehow, no.” “Then what happened?” “The craft stopped descending and was just there above us; above the entire city. Then there was an absolute silence. I could hear myself breathing; even it felt as if I could hear my heart beating. And without as much as a moment’s notice, it vanished! We started turning to each other and asking what had just happened. And the amazing thing was that, we all found ourselves to be very comfortably speaking to each other, in a new language; a language which did not sound to be of this world. It was so beautiful; so expressive; so musical and refined. I found myself conversing in it freely with the people from Phrygia, Pontus, Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Persia, Parthia, Media, Elam and Mesopotamia; those in from Phoenicia, Galilee, Samaria, Judaea itself; Peraea, Idumea, Nabatea and Arabia and all the way over from the cities of Heliopolis, Amarna and Thebes.” “That must

have been something.” “It truly was and I felt therein that there was nobody I couldn’t comfortably converse with in this new language; even I thought to myself, if visitors were to come from the moon or the stars, I would be able to have a conversation with them. And I had the strong desire to keep on speaking in it but it left from me or seemingly it left from me, when with the fluttering open of my eyes.” “Would that I could have such a fantastic dream.” “Who knows, you will.”

§Anec.138§ Saw a sign which read: “Start Every Day the Irish Way.” While it was with reference to starting your day, with an Irish style breakfast, I would like to extend it and have it to mean: to start the day with an Irish way of looking at life. Yet, even with I saying that, there is plenty I find in that way of looking at life that I have long discarded as being way too smallminded for me, to be giving it any further play, in this my own day. Prefer, I now to be saying: let my way of thinking this dawn; this morn, this midday, this afternoon, this preeve, this evening and this night contain, yes, the beauty of the Irish way but let my overall way be the Cosmic Way. And ever do I desire to have the feeling that I am but yet dipping my toes in the Great Ocean.

§Anec.139§ Of a dawning and with watching the Sun slowly appearing through a very greyish horizon; it could well have been the moon rising, saw it in no time rise free up and out of that greyness and it was clearly heading for the high blue sky. At that scene, the thought came to me that it was not meant just to be rising and remaining in the greyness; it was meant to journey up and beyond it and leave it behind to form and reform itself whatever so way it would. Sometimes, I feel my thoughts are of a greyish horizon bound but then I just keep on raising them up until they can see the high blue sky. When that happens there is no stopping them. And the same may be said, when they like the Sun, can see the horizon of setting: they head for it and right down through it go.

§Anec.140§ I read an article, in a newspaper of my mind, where it said: There was once this couple: a man and a woman in a faraway land way off to the west and it didn’t make any mention as to whether they had any children or not, who whenever they went

to a hypermarket and when with ever seeing something new therein, they would always buy two or three of them; even though, they had no present need for them whatsoever; they would buy them for, the just in case they might have a need for them sometime. But cometh the weeks and the months they would inevitably be having to let them all go, either into the bin or to a charity shop. And now, this concern for, the might need them sometime idea, didn't stop there for they had, it said, second and third possible husbands and wives lined up, just in case, they might have a need for them and that was by mutual agreement. In the local cemetery, they had bought a number of plots, just in case they might have use for them. And it said that when they had reached their early nineties, they found each other still faithfully by each other's side and devotedly loving each other as they did that first day, when they had set eyes on one another to almost all of seventy years before. And it was only then, had they come to the realization that to be living for, the just in case we might need them was no way to be living at all. From that day forth and for the next ten years, they happily lived everything in the fullness of the given moment and it was as if, each day was unto them, a year in itself. They had sold back the plots save for one.

§Anec.141§ Here on the island, people are always talking about the weather; why they talk about it more than anything else; making this comment and that comment about it and the majority of those lean towards the negative. I wonder, do the cattle in the fields as they are grazing along and with the Sun shining on their backs, are they saying to each other in some way: "God it's nice today, isn't it?" Or the sheep and the horses and what about the birds of the air and the butterflies. Do they all make some comment about the weather to one another? Are we the only ones, who make all this thing of the weather; the only ones who single it out from the rest of the abundance of natural phenomena? I think it is better just to forget about the weather altogether and to get on with the whatever we are doing in the given. That is what I try to do and well it works for me too.

§Anec.142§ Heard a voice upon the breeze at the weekend, saying: "Allnewia, allnewia! Glory be to my Ancestors and to Me and to my Descendants; of the lineage that was that is and that is coming. Allnewia."

§Anec.143§ When out strolling of an afternoon of late along a country byroad, I heard the sound of a dog panting coming up behind me. With turning, there was a lovely golden Labrador happily coming towards me. And I said: “Hello, there handsome?” and he played around me for a little while. I rubbed his head and looked into his bright brown eyes and he being well pleased with the visit, continued on upon his way. Then his owner came on along and he was as he usually is, either on foot or horseback, in what comes across as only impoliteness; rudeness, in that he hardly acknowledged my existence. And but for I greeting him, he would have without a doubt passed me on by as if I wasn’t even there. I cheerfully greeted him anyway by saying: “The doggy is very happy.” And he didn’t really want to reply to me, so he said, “Beautiful wild garlic; absolutely beautiful!” And that was said without he turning his head my way or a slowing down in his stride. In his left hand he was holding a thick bunch of white flowered garlic. And he kept on walking on his way; with the doggy running well out in front of him. I like at times a barely detectable scent of wild garlic on a breeze, otherwise it is just too much. One time and not being fully in the know, dug up some wild garlic in a grove and brought it home and planted in our garden. The next spring it came up with a vigour and no sooner had it brought itself into view, than its fragrance became apparent. And the fragrance only got stronger and stronger. Not being able to stand it anymore, I like a dog dug down and uprooted it. The roots were quite deep and they had already wrapped themselves round the roots of a rose bush. I find fragrances to be very important to me; nice fragrances make me feel very happy, sensual and inspired. I love the scent of a refinedly perfumed woman. Also, fragrances, scents and smells have a way of taking me back in time; to the scent of say, golden onions drying on a galvanized shed or newly pulled carrots or a favourite memory scent that of cowslips: wild primroses. Love the smell of thyme. Of course there are memory smells too that don’t make me feel at all so good.

§Anec.144§ In a vision of the day: Saw a man who deals in Social Media Marketing drive away off up into the hills in his truck, to visit some rural villages, with the intent of getting the inhabitants, to sign up to as many of his Social Media platforms as possible.

Now, late of an afternoon, he arrived in this village and he parked his truck in the square. He took out his electronic equipment; his gadgets and whatnots and transformed the side of the truck, into a big monitor. And he then went and stood out front and power-pointed away to the people, who were gathered there in the square. And this is the gist of his presentation: “See; see you, see you all! Come you all great and small; nothing personal intended at all but I am here to set you free! I want to interest you, in the latest and greatest digital means, of living a truly happy life. I have; as you can view here on the monitor, the following Social Media platforms for your consideration and deliberation: I have: MySpaced, YourSpaced, TheirSpaced, AnybodySpaced, Facebookly, Headbookly, Heartbookly, WhatsHappery, Insbagramuj, Indenrylink, Irongage, Woodenfence, Plasticctank, Twitbetwatter, Cawbecrow, Eaglebeclaw, Hawkbeadyeyed, Barkingfish, Meowingweasel, Clickingelephant, Chucklebats, Moosebuzz, Dolphinsquawk, Rhinobleats, Blinkedinery, Blinkedoutery, Lockedupery, Lockeddownery, Pintheinterest, Lazertheinterest, Markettheinterest, Stockstheinterest, Doorwindowpanesshut, Gardenshedchimneykeep, Educationreplaced, Hospitalhomemade and Politicssweet. And then of course I have a wide range of betting platforms for you: such as Leaveyourmoneybet, Cashintotocashout and Savetomakethebreak. And I have aa mm . . .” And he was about to go on to list a whole lot more of other Social Media platforms, when a girl of seventeen, said to him: “What you speak of is of no use to us. We are already free; already very happy. We have one another about us. When we want to have a chat with someone, we come sit here on the bench or stand at a door and just enjoying talking away. Sometimes we phone each other. And whenever we need something, we either ask each other where it can be got or, we go to our local or nearest store for it or order it online and it is delivered to us in no time at all. And there is no time when we come out and about, when we don’t greet one another. We are happy with each other; and happy we are too, to be chatting with visitors from other parts of the island or from faraway lands, for everyone has a story to share; everyone has a story to listen to.” Others about her, courteously voiced similar words. And so he dismantled his whatnots, gadgets and equipment; closed

down the truck-side monitor and departed the village without a single person there, having signed up to any of his platforms.

§Anec.145§ Dropped a quality item into a charity shop. And the girl there, who was somewhere in her mid-twenties and with a lovely brightness and lightness in her smile and voice, spoke to me, saying: “Thank you so much. And how much do you think, we should resell it for?” “Follow your heart.” “I love you! Stay with us here all day.” And with softly touching her arm, I smiled to her eyes and went upon my way. Lovely it was surely and most interesting and delightful was that feeling of having an unknown person; an unknown woman; an unknown young woman out of the blue word to me: “I love you.” Grateful most grateful I am to be, of the life of a woman, who loves me totally: in heart, senses, body and words does she love me day nightly; my precious Sunshine Castle from the beautiful land of three thousand li.

§Anec.146§ Read a sign: “Quality and Freshness checked throughout everyday.” Although I thought it would have been more appropriate to have it say: ‘Quality and Freshness checked throughout the day’ still it appeared to me, to be a very nice way when it comes for me, to be checking in on my ideas throughout the day: checking in on their quality, their relevance, freshness and potency.

§Anec.147§ One day, Mary Michael Language and John Colette Imagination, being the very best of friends, were strolling along and enjoying chatting away about so many things. And with the combination of sights, sounds, scents, strolling and the ambiance of the place, they found as they so oft did that while they could quite easily enough communicate with each other, to varying depths and heights, there were still some vast distances, which couldn’t be crossed by either of them, when it came to getting certain points of view over. Such places seemed to them to be way beyond their capabilities for, however much imagination, Mary Michael Language used, she couldn’t, on such occasions, reach John Colette Imagination and likewise, however much language, John Colette Imagination used, he couldn’t, on such occasions, reach Mary Michael Language.

§Anec.148§ My favourite flowers have always been those

which aren't planted by humans: those that grow in rock pockets or between stones in hundreds of years old walls; flowers that grow in seemingly difficult or very awkward situations. Unfortunately, these very same flowers are oft sprayed by humans or pulled out and tossed away. Always I feel very sad should I happen upon such a scene.

§Anec.149§ A thought came to me: What if I could, all in a day; be it all in a night, experience in its absolute fullness that which I would love the most to see, to hear, to scent, to taste, to feel, to think or to senseua. I imagine that would be marvelous; truly wondrous.

§Anec.150§ The spring grass with its host of different flowers; be it then the summer grass with its own host of different flowers, covers up any tree limbs, branches or roots that might be left lying in a place. They provide a certain new beauty to such scenery. I wonder are there areas in the mind too where, old discarded ideas become covered by new fragrant ideas, thus giving to such areas a certain new beauty.

§Anec.151§ With simultaneously seeing a very small bird and a crow flying along, I noticed that there were moments, when they weren't flying but gliding. And I thought that, however small or great a bird be, there are moments when it can just glide; flying being just one part of the airborne experience. Perhaps our ideas are like that too, in that they have a variety of ways to experience being as it were airborne in the mind; sometimes moving this way, sometimes that; sometimes remaining still: enjoying the variety of options open to them.

§Anec.152§ From yesterday and running right through to Sunday, there is a meeting taking place in Turin of Italy: the Bilderberg Meeting. No surprise is it to me, though to many most likely it will be; nor neither a timely coincidence do I take it to be that His Eminence Cardinal Pietro Parolin: the Vatican Secretary of State was invited and in attendance will be. There is more to this simplicity believe you me; just wait you see: white smoke in the lone chimney.

§Anec.153§ Read a sign on the back of a truck: "Highway

Maintenance". Right away thought I, it to be referring to the upkeep of the mind; to the maintenance of its idea highways and byways.

§Anec.154§ Overheard in a supermarket, a seven to eight year-old daughter jokingly say to her mother: "Mammy?" "Yes, dear?" "Mammy, can I abandon you here?" "What, abandon; abandon me? No you can't; it's only parents, love, who can abandon their children; children can't abandon their parents." "I only meant, Mammy, can I abandon you here a minute while I go round to the next aisle to look at some things. That's all. I'll be back again to you before you know I am gone." "Ah well, in that case, love, you should have used some word like 'leave' if that's all you meant. Then go ahead. And now, don't be too long, all right?" "I won't, Mammy, I won't, I promise. And you will be still here, won't you when I come back?" "Of course; of course I will; I'll be right here waiting for you, just like I am always, love, waiting for you, aren't I when you come out from school?" "I think, Jenny's Mammy, Mammy is going to abandon her soon because she only sometimes is waiting for her after school. I'll be back in a minute, Mammy." "Oakly, love. Here, let me give you a hug first." "Your hug, Mammy is the best."

§Anec.155§ This is the first June ever in my life that I feel this is summer. For my entire life, my mind has been for all the world, programmed since my primary school days to believe that summer only begins in July, when we got the holidays. And so effective and powerful has that programme been that it is only now that I have the very real feeling that this is summer; that it has been so with the last three weeks or so and that it will continue on throughout July and a little beyond. How came this programme to have disappeared; no longer having a hold on me, though every year I have fought against it; trying to convenience myself it is summertime in June. Up to now the programme had always been winning out. How desperate it is, to have the mind be so controlled and programmed for years and years, by some set thought that was deliberately planted there, at the dawn of youth; my youth. How desperate and awful a thing to have done to me. I wonder how many other programmes in likeness were there implanted in my mind; are they still there, ever subtly active or even waiting to become active?

Howsoever; Yeah! It's summer time in my own time!

§Anec.156§ I like going to mass; every Sunday morning do I like going to mass. It is something I have been doing since childhood. Back then I went because my parents would have me to go but I go now because I feel a certain need to be there; want to be there; I want to be there to listen to the Readings, to the Homily and to contemplate the mystery that is the Eucharist and the sacred mystery that is me. I like the beauty of the place, the atmosphere; the sense of tradition and pageantry. At a time when so very few are given to attending mass, I like making a social statement: that Catholic Christianity, though it has many problems; and no doubt it has so many problems both of a doctrinal and human nature, it still holds some intrinsic worthwhile values for me. Our parish priest likes to do 'Ferrari' style masses while he oft gives very encouraging scripture-based homilies. At times I feel though he is somewhat disinterested in the Liturgy of the Eucharist; happy to be getting it done with as quickly as possible. His stand-in priest does snail pace masses with his own numerous add ons coming from a bygone era; the sound of his voice and his particular selection of words and phrases are more like a numbing of my mind. His Liturgy of the Eucharist is by the book than by the heart; though of a sincerity he seems to be full part. At times both priests make me feel I am attending an a once-upon-a-time very powerful religious cult, with I wanting to get up right in the middle of it and walk out the door into the ever-welcoming light of day; never with it again to associate but then come the next Sunday morning, I am happy to be again strolling down to mass; happy to be saying hello to the few people I happen to meet along the way. I attend with mindfulness for my precious family's wellbeing and that of my own. I have some expectation I will hear something or have some very interesting inspiration present itself to me while being there as has happened so many times. What then is my faith, you might ask. Private it is; within my heart it is.

§Anec.157§ Thinking I have been about elderly farmers: both men and women, who have been placed; who have been abandoned in nursing homes, by their sons and daughters, under some vague medical pretense, in order to cheat them out of and take possession of their land, money and even their house: their lifelong home; take

possession of it all. In the nursing home, such parents get angrier by the day and throughout the length of long lonely nights; making themselves quickly deteriorate into irreversible bad health. What kind of sons; what kind of daughters are they; that when they do on occasion visit the nursing home, they without as much as blinking an eye, keep telling their shattered; their heartbroken mother or father that they will be bringing them home now real soon; maybe even tomorrow, oh, but definitely by the weekend? Are such children really people at all? Those parents will never again be given to seeing in this world their beloved homes and precious land. Is this kind of abhorrence only going on here in Ireland or is it a global occurrence?

§Anec.158§ In a vision of the weekend, watched a man climb a mountain; disappeared from out of view he did awhile up into the clouds, before reappearing above them. And he kept on climbing, until he had reached the very top of the mountain. There he took out a hammer from his bag and chipped a hand-sized piece from the mountain. And with it held high above his head, he floated: he ascended way up into the sky; up through and beyond the atmosphere he went. And there with lowering and holding the piece of earthly mountain rock before him, he breathed into it and it slowly moved out from him and with it doing so, he disappeared from out of my view. The rock began to take a shape and shape and shape, until it found itself at first to be a satellite; like unto the moon and it orbiting about the planet, before leaving it and moving on out into an orbit of its own about the Sun. In likeness in size was it unto Neptune. And in a moment it disappeared into invisibility, while fully remaining in existence, like so many and such and the like wonders, of the about near and far be never-ending spaciousness of space.

§Anec.159§ Passed by with saying, hello to an old man walking along the mid-morning street; could hear I could that he was talking away to himself and seemed as if he wanted to be left that way to be and his words were flowing freely: “It’s a long long ways I have come and not very far is the ways I have to go. Better now it is for me, to be taking all things real nice and slow. Let my eating be real slow; my walking real slow; my thinking alone, I’ll keep fast for ever it likes to run like a border collie. Let my chatting

with anyone at all, be taking as long and as long as I can make it go in real slow, without making myself a bit of a bore. Sleep less at night; can more be thinking and doing with being wide awake. Take long at gazing at the rising and setting Sun, moon and stars. Nice day it feels like it is going to be; must enjoy every moment to well into the future see. I have had enough of the past where nothing lasts; the present is all I have and the future, well; well, well, I will just take my time approaching that unknown identity; wiser that way would it be for me.”

§Anec.160§ Parents or teachers might be heard to say to a child: “Oh, listen; listen, listen to the wind. Can you hear it; can you hear it?” but we can’t really hear the wind, rather something invisible that has a force to it, which when brushes by things or through things, causes them to give off a certain sound, such as the rustling of the leaves or the singing of electricity wires, hollow iron gates and crevices. With a careful listening to what we say, we might be able to identify many such: not-fully-true sayings. I wonder, do I use such sayings quite unbeknownst to myself.

§Anec.161§ Two whys I have this day: First: Why it is I know not but I have a tendency to notice thoughtless; couldn’t be care less what others think or may feel, things that people do. Everywhere I go, I notice such things. Sometimes I have to look away and gaze into the sky to give myself a welcomed break. Such thoughtlessness may not alone be directed towards the people around us, either in the home, the workplace or in the streets or along by the rivers and fields but also to any and all lifeforms that cohabit the planet with us; even to the coming and going visitors from beyond. And my Second, why is: Why it is I know not but I have a tendency to notice thoughtful; ever concerned about what others think or may feel, things that people do. Everywhere I go I notice such wonderful things. Such thoughtfulness may not alone be directed towards the people around us, either in the home, the workplace or in the streets or along by the rivers and fields but also to any and all lifeforms that cohabit the planet with us; even to the coming and going visitors from beyond.

§Anec.162§ Saw a sign which read: “Restaurant & Take Away” and I wondered what the take away was for me from seeing

it. Yes; a mind of ideas and take away ideas. This mind of mine ever needs to be of a lovely fresh, welcoming ambiance; the quality of its ideas be of the very highest standard and all to be served courteously and generously with gratitude, pride and joy.

§Anec.163§ Happened, in out of reality, to hear two men in their mid-fifties: two not so well to do farmers, talking about cars in a carpark: “Cars have all sorts of old wires inside them nowadays; crisscrossing themselves all over the place. Sure, you wouldn’t know where to begin if you were trying to fix one of them.” “That’s true; that’s true, that’s very true even of the life in these days: it’s neither here not there; all over the place so it is. Do you know what but they’ll be crisscrossing humans with all sorts of wires too, if they get half the chance.” “It’s chancers that are always taking and making the chancy changes, isn’t it, with the new gadgets and the what you may call it and things like that? Before we’ll know it, we’ll be walking around like cars all wired up, so we will.” “And who’s going to do anything at all about it?” “No one; no one. Sure, listen, there isn’t anyone left in the government, in the country anymore, who is for the genuine welfare of the ordinary everyday decent man or farmer like ourselves.” “Listen, I’ve got to go as me missus is waiting for me to bring the few eggs from the shop.” “Sure, I am the same meself when I come to think of it and half of the heavens have immigrated; can you believe it?” “Where to to to for God’s sake?” “Ah, sure you know yourself for God’s sake, to one of those places over the seas.” “It’s a far ways to be going all right only to be coming back home again when things start to shift and change about in them places too.” “True. Mind yourself and be good now.” “Be good now and mind yourself. Nice it was having the ould bit of a chat with ya.” “I’was; t’was and all that so it t’was.”

§Anec.164§ While sitting in our beautiful garden, I happened to notice over from me, a strand of my hair caught in a spider’s web. It must, I thought, have floated there upon a breeze during the night; having been picked up by it from some other part of the garden or even from off the clothesline. I have at times found my hairs too on the clothesline among the rows of rain droplets; wrapped about them and along them like a single, double or even treble DNA helix. What will the spider think when she comes around and sees it, I wondered. Will she think it to be a thread of

her own web that somehow she must have left out and untied when weaving it or will she think she can use it to add an extra feature to it or will she try to remove it altogether, considering it to be a possible affront to her masterpiece: some kind of unknown style of web, intended perhaps even to catch herself? A doggy, I thought or a puppy facing a similar situation, would most likely bark at it a few times, before walking off and leaving it there where they had found it. But then again, spiders are not doggies; neither are doggies spiders.

§Anec.165§ With strolling in the midmorning sunshine, along a street in a frequently visited lovely coastal town, I found myself to be seeing things beyond what I can see: seeing them as it were in their entirety. With seeing, for instance, a thirty to fifty year-old tree with abundant foliage, I found myself to be seeing it in autumn, winter, spring and again in summer and in all the autumns, winters, springs and summers which it would be given to have, until of a day, either due to a storm or being too old it fell or was brought down and laid low by human hands. With seeing, a present being lived in, two to three hundred year-old house, I could see the plot of ground where it was built on; could see it being built and is as it is now and then I could see it into its future and to it being abandoned; the slates falling from it and the roof itself collapsing in and all on along could I see it, until it was no more. And then I saw a mother carrying her, maybe six-month old baby in her arms and I could see the baby a toddler, a primary school child, a teenager and an adult, a middle-aged person and an elderly person and in a day of last goodbyes. By inference and association with these saw I many other things too in their entirety. While this seeing beyond what I can see is indeed a most precious gift, it does at times bring with it a certain heaviness of heart. Saw I a reflection of myself in a shop window.

§Anec.166§ With sitting here in a very warm morn carriage of the Sun; hearing I am a myself of myself unto myself temptingly say: “You know; you know, perhaps, you have been toiling away in vain at writing and being ever so generous, with casting your leavened words upon the wavy airs and the surfing waters; perhaps exhausting yourself alone you have been and all for what, it may be asked; maybe all for nothing at all, in may be said, when you could

just as well be doing something easier and more tangibly rewarding; allowing you to have a whole lot more leisure time.” “What are you saying? For, far from it; for far from it for all the while my work is ever with me alive, fresh and loving; my reward for it being my joy at knowing I am privileged, to be day nightly hearing words from beyond this beautiful orb; to be able to write them and them speak.” “Perhaps; perhaps you are but hearing yourself alone speak as we here now do speak.” “You may say so it to be and even think it so to be if you wish; nothing at all out of place is it for you to be, wishing away, frequently.”

§Anec.167§ Happened to overhear in a carpark, a middle-age man: a builder, speaking on a mobile phone. And he was speaking as if there was nobody else in the carpark but himself: no man, no woman nor child. The amount of; what I would consider to be foul language he was using was quite unbelievable. This was seemingly a normal conversation he was having with a fellow builder about a job he was working on. Perhaps he wouldn't be speaking in such a manner, I thought, I hoped, to say to his wife, mother, grandparents, sisters or daughters or sons. There is a possibility that he wasn't even aware of himself using such vulgar language; this being his regular way of speaking to a fellow builder who would also have a habit of speaking in such a way. I am sure that not all builders though speak in such a way. I have found an interesting phenomenon. Seeing that I don't use foul language when speaking to anyone, nobody uses foul language to me even though to someone who would be using foul language they would pile it on. Sometimes colourful language can be quite funny depending on who is using it and in what context. It is amazing too that the same curse used in any of the different English speaking countries sounds different and causes a different feeling or impression. Perhaps, there are times when the only word that can best express how you feel about something is a curse but the problem is, it can so very easily become a habit and one can even forget they are using it. I don't need to use foul language; I work very well both in spoken and written word with what I like to call refreshing language. As I very much believe in the power of words and phrases I am very careful about what words I use and the intention and silences I bring to them.

§Anec.168§ I am hearing in a fragrant breeze of this lovely summer's day, a wandering sage here on the isle of way back in the day, confidently, yet ever so faintly melancholily refraining away: "Whether you the treasured peoples of this my native island home listen at all to any of my words: give heed even to some few of them or to none of them at all; may it be that you shall come to know though that I once dwelt, moved, taught and wrote among you and not alone so but I in the midst of your descendants hope yet still to be found to stroll and ever among the generations to be dispensing fragrant words untold, whether they like you, will listen to me or no; good words continually I will sow, come heat, come frost, come hail, come rain or snow." And I to his words did find myself confidently, yet ever so faintly melancholily too refraining away, this augmentation: "Whether you my beloved siblings; whether you my cherished relatives near and far; whether you my dear childhood neighbouring friends; whether you my precious village people; whether you the treasured peoples of this my native island home; you of this my native continent; you of this my native planet; you of this my native orb solar gathering; you of this my native galaxy listen at all to any of my words: give heed even to some few of them or to none of them at all; may it be that you shall come to know though that I once dwelt, taught and wrote among you as did he the sage of old and in likeness of he and me going way back aback to the so far, to the so far as to be known and not alone so but I in the midst of your descendants, hope yet still to be found to stroll and ever among the generations to be dispensing fragrant words untold, whether they like you, will listen to me or no; good words continually I will sow, so long as galaxies come and go."

§Anec.169§ In a vision of the day, overheard an old man to himself, say: "Why do people do this; why do people do that: do this and do that and not the other? Why did they put that sign here and not over there? Why don't they give up on making the same old mistakes year in year out? Why do they surface roads in the rain? Why didn't they think of that before them doing it? It defies proper logic, so it does. Have they no sense of tradition at all? Have they no pride; no sense of cultural identity about them? Where has good old fashioned pure common sense gone? Honestly, I can't

understand why they did that. Wouldn't you think now that they would have a bit more wherewithal about them? Who in their right mind; what committee would sign off on having 80kph speed signs placed on bends in countryside roads? Is there no common sense logic left in the world? Am I the last logical person left standing? Why must everyone be going about with only a bit of logic; why isn't there a standard universal globally agreed upon logic? It defies comprehension, so it does. Why; why doesn't the world think as logically as I do?" And I did say unto him: "Just as I would have no use for their various kinds of logic, so too would I have no use for yours." "Why; for aren't I the most logical-minded person about?" And I smiled at him, with I going upon my way.

§Anec.170§ A thought, instantaneously presented itself to me for my instantaneous attention to well see. The very last human to have existed on Earth was millions and millions of years ago, so would the stories of old have it go. To find out though, who the first human was, we have to let such a notion go; instead we to the future must look so. The first human will be found in the future. How so do you this know? I know it to be so for both the forwarding and returning movements would let me it to know. Fully confirmed in your opinion then is it so? So fully it is so; every pecking hen and grazing deer these two of a kind movements do assuredly know. Look to the way they contentedly be: future seeking see they be. Then is the first deer and hen too to be found in the future? As sure as the first day will be; the first night; the first night; the first day. The last day; the last night are to be found in what you would call the past; no longer any need is there for such an erroneous way of thinking to last. Let it go; let it go for anew does the great story need to be told.

§Anec.171§ While in my inner world strolling and coming to a standstill, I found myself gazing at a hill in the near distance. There in the in between, I noticed an oak tree growing. Then I became aware of myself and with looking back down behind me, saw a pretty weed and beyond it a little ways, a ladybird strolling about. And I thought, each one of us surely, is aware of height according to our own height. The weed must think it is pretty high, compared to the ladybird; I would think I am pretty high, compared to the weed; the oak tree to me and the hill to the oak tree. In the

symmetry of likeness, each one of us, is aware of low, according to our own lowness. The ladybird must think it is pretty low, compared to the weed, the weed to me, me to the oak and the oak to the hill. Onwards and onwards did my thoughts wander to consider that from the pre-eminent intellectual, right down to the least learned, each one would be aware of the height of knowledge, in accordance with their own limited or extensive learning experience. In the symmetry of likeness, each one of them, would be aware of not knowing, according to their lack of learning. Yet when all things are weighted up, none of them know for absolute certainty, say: what reality is or is not; what existence is or is not; even what they themselves are and if or not, their existence has meaning. Full sure it is nobody knows for full sure. Nobody knows, yet so oft do people speak; so oft do people write and do as if all things within their chosen field they undoubtedly know. Perhaps at times it is all but for show and some monetary flow; who might this unequivocally know? Would even they themselves know? Know they would; know they would.

§Anec.172§ Arose in the first dawn of a weekend; mind was fresh and clear and excited about writing and developing some ideas that had come to me in a dream. Then to howsoever, didn't I momentarily become distracted from the outset and found myself to be surfing on the wavy world wide web for something I thought I might need for my writing but in truth I didn't. Before I knew it, three hours of my precious dawn writing time had left me and I became saddened to discover that I had allowed myself to get so distracted; heavy of heart was I that I hadn't written a single word. And then I found myself asking myself; almost as if to try and get over myself: could doing nothing productive have a value of some kind? I concluded that it had very little if any value at all. Ultimately, it was meant to take my mind away from writing. Oft have I felt, while there is the presence of someone who subtly encourages me in my thoughts and nudges my writing, there is also or there are also those present who never want me to write a single word. One of the methods they use on me to achieve this end is the Big D, namely, distraction. Arose in the second dawn of the weekend and managed to get some great writing done. Why was I able to do it this dawn and not yester dawn? The answer is simple: I was of an

unalterable determination to write; there was nothing or no one that was going to stop me. The only exception, of course would, have been if my beloved or my family had needed me for anything. I always have them take precedence over anything I do.

§Anec.173§ In a vision of a weekend, I found myself to be in a desert, where therein I happened upon one, who was leading a handful of people. And they were coming on along some distance behind him. They were grumbling and moaning away among themselves. Then the one who was leading them, stopped walking and waited for them to catch up and he spoke unto them, saying: "What is it, you are constantly grumbling and moaning away about among yourselves as you come along?" "When we were captives in the land of the Arrow of Time, we always had a glimmer of happiness; at least we knew how to easily interpret reality. We knew what was the past; we knew what was the present and what might be the future. And we could eat of this sound knowing whenever we so wished and to our hearts content. It was the same knowledge of which our ancestors ate and we were contented with knowing that what was good enough for them was most assuredly good enough for us too. We greatly miss that way of life; that way of looking at reality. Out here in this wilderness, we are but eating abstraction and nihilism. We feel we have somehow dishonoured the wisdom of our ancestors. Look, rather than be leading us on any farther into this unknown; this uncertainty, please turn about and lead us back to from whence we came: lead us back to the land of the Arrow of Time." "I know it is difficult for you but if you can but walk with me through this transition; walk with me till we reach to the: at present out of sight seashore, you will I promise, be able to eat a new kind of knowledge: a knowledge the likes of which you have never tasted before. And even with having fully tasted it, you still want to be returned to that land, I will lead you back through the desert to it. Is that fair?" "Fair it is. Lead on to the seashore; we will follow you." And they with somewhat less grumbling and moaning followed him to the: at present out of sight seashore. With reaching it and tasting the new kind of knowledge they spoke unto their leader saying: "The ways of the land of the Arrow of Time we willingly let go. Here we will remain and our lives anew begin to sow."

